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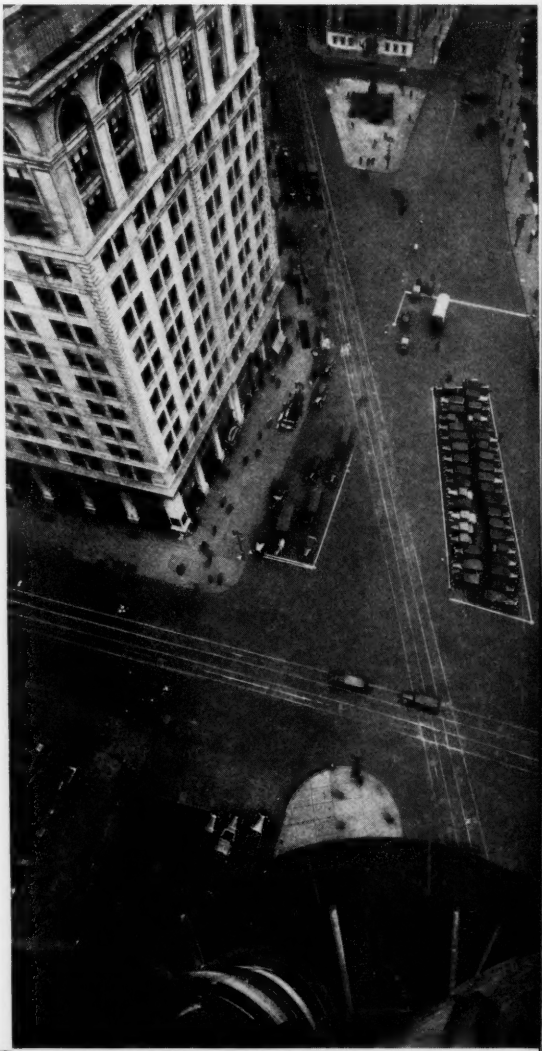

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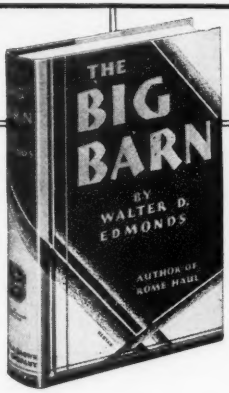

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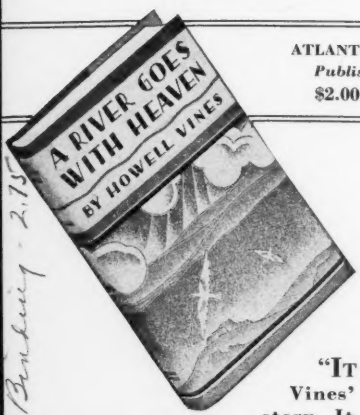

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THE MAN *of the* MONTH

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

A Roving Commission

[Scribners, $3.50]

A Roving Commission is the story of Winston Spencer Churchill's first twenty-six years on earth. It is not a solemn book. The author evidently derives a good deal of humorous satisfaction from the contemplation of his youthful self. He records with a chuckle the continuous examples of that push and 'bounce' of his which so disturbed his contemporaries and elders; he is quite without shame in his admissions of wirepulling, and the indomitable and persistent pestering of superiors which refused to take no for an answer. It may be said, parenthetically, that only in Kitchener did he meet his match. There the irresistible force met the immovable obstacle and was obliged to go around it.

Envy, Churchill admits, dogged his footsteps. 'The expressions "Medal-hunter" and "Self-advertiser" were used from time to time in some high and some low military circles in a manner which would, I am sure, surprise and pain the readers of these notes. It is melancholy to be forced to record these less amiable aspects of human nature, which by a most curious and indeed unaccountable coincidence have always seemed to present themselves in the wake of my innocent footsteps and even sometimes across the path on which I wished to proceed.'

This driving energy, this intense ambition, were part and parcel of his nature and the motive force of his great career. Even for the grandson of a duke and the son of a lord, even if his father was a great figure in English political life and his mother an indefatigable and charming hostess, even with all the advantages of such a background in pre-war England, his accomplishment remains amazing. At the age of twenty-six he could look back on a record as successful as it was varied. After ineffective years at Harrow, where his inability to learn Latin or mathematics forced him into a military rather than an academic or legal career, he went to Sandhurst, where he changed overnight to a successful student of his profession and a keen sportsman.

Then followed service in the Fourth Hussars, a trip on leave to Cuba, where Marshal Martinez Campos was dealing rather ineffectively with revolution, then service in India as a subaltern, quartered at Bangalore. It was in this period that Churchill really educated himself, reading resolutely and hungrily, in the intervals between his polo and his military duties. In characteristic fashion he wangled his way into the Malakand Field Force and fought through the campaign on the Indian frontier. This experience he promptly capitalized by writing a book, *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, which was very well received.

Sir Herbert Kitchener, who was then organizing the Sudan campaign, did not want Mr. Winston Churchill in his army, but by great ingenuity and persistence Mr. Winston Churchill got himself into a branch of Sir Herbert Kitchener's army which was not under the latter's direct control, and so managed to take a part and a fairly important one, in the fantastic battle of Omdurman. This too he capitalized by writing and publishing *The River War*, and after playing on the polo team which won the Inter-Regimental Tournament of 1899 in India he resigned from the army to devote himself to letters and politics.

After contesting and losing a by-election as a candidate for the House of Commons, he was engulfed in the Boer War. As a war correspondent, he worked and wrastled his way into the thick of things. It was n

A Roving Commission

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A bewitching book from the st word to the last. . . . There e whole passages that ought to read aloud: the skirmish in the amund Valley—the cavalry arge—and best of all, the ung subaltern of the Fourth ussars at the bedside of his ing nurse. This is Churchill's st book."—*New York Sun.*

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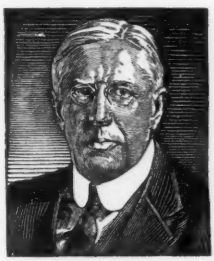

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enough to be made prisoner in the famous 'Armored Train' episode; he must be captured personally and alone by the most famous Boer who ever rode the veldt — Louis Botha. By escaping from Pretoria he became front-page news, and making his way to Portuguese East Africa, and then to Durban, he found himself, not without satisfaction, a popular hero. Adventure and advertisement!

There followed service as a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse, campaigning in Natal, at Spion Kop, and the relief of Ladysmith, and in the Orange Free State with Lord Roberts to Johannesburg and Pretoria, acting in the double capacity of obscure subaltern and popular press correspondent. After the capture of Pretoria, he resigned his commission and returned to England to be triumphantly elected member for Oldham. He became a 'star turn' as a speaker at campaign meetings during the election, and for three weeks had what seemed to him 'a triumphal progress through the country. I was twenty-six. Was it wonderful that I should have thought I had arrived?'

With no means of support except the results of his own effort, he turned to lecturing, and after touring England and the United States he emerged with the rewards of his writings and lectures, 10,000 pounds, which he turned over to Sir Ernest Cassel 'with the instruction, "Feed my sheep."'

There we leave him, at twenty-six, the veteran of three campaigns and one war, author of three successful books, Member of Parliament, a national, almost a world figure, and the proud earner of 10,000 pounds. This, I submit, is achievement.

A word as to Mr. Churchill's style. He started to learn to write good English at Harrow, where he discovered himself to be a hopeless duffer at Latin. As a young author and correspondent, he worked constantly to improve and clarify his expression, and with very happy results. He writes easily and gracefully, with no touch of pedantry or swank in a style which is as clear as his thinking and as intimate as conversation. Only occasionally does he turn to metaphor, but always on such occasions he is picturesque. Speaking of the dreadful heat of campaigning on the Indian frontier, he says: 'You could lift the heat with your hands, it sat on your shoulders like a knapsack, it rested on your head like a nightmare.' Moreover he writes with humor, with the tolerance of experience, and the wisdom of one who has dealt with great affairs and lived with the great men of his time. The result is a book intensely interesting as a story and a picture of a day that is past, and as the expression of a most vital and vigorous personality. You close the volume with a feeling of real respect for the author and a real liking for young Mr. Winston Churchill.

RICHARD DANIELSON

In this day of speed, machines, and no time, it customary to think of our ancestors as enjoyi greater happiness than is our lot. Within rec months two books have been published wh seek to analyze the source or failure of conte ment. For their explication we have turned to Henry Murray, who is in charge of the Psych logical Clinic at Harvard University.

HAPPINESS IN OUR TIME

The Conquest of Happiness by **Bertra Russell** (Horace Liveright, $3.00), within its lim as a primer of self-regeneration, is a most exc lent book. Although it is especially fitted for emoti ally unprecocious sufferers, this manual of systemati common sense, sane and forthright, should be read every parent, teacher, minister, and Congressman in land. For no one who is unfamiliar with its contai truth should be allowed to direct or in any way tam with the lives of others, particularly with the ev malleable lives of youth.

When he was a child Mr. Russell's favorite hymn 'Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,' and dur adolescence he contemplated suicide, but now, in Indian summer of his life, he finds himself a happy m The experience gained in this passage from misery contentment has provided the data for the speculati incorporated in the present volume, which was writt so he tells us, that 'men and women who suffer unhap ness without enjoying it may find their situation di nosed and a method of escape suggested.'

The author begins by enumerating some comm causes of unhappiness: ennui and fatigue, the comp tive compulsion, envy and malice, guilt, cosmic desp the fear of public opinion, and the delusion of perse tion. Russell's analysis of these ailments is streng ened by ligaments from psychoanalytical doctrine, s as the concepts of the unconscious, repression, nar sism, inferiority, overcompensation, and rationalizati This makes of it a more substantial volume than m 'Why worry?' books for nervous people.

Russell considers that the greatest blight to joy wisdom is that grim legacy of Christian faith, the c sciousness of sin. Hence the very idea of Sin, as well that of Sanctity, must be eradicated as a determina Rather would he be an animal 'so placid and self-c tain'd,' for animals, he says with Whitman,

> . . . do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their si
> They do not make me sick discussing their duty to G

We are so accustomed to Bertrand Russell in the r of a moral mutineer that his present even-tempe advocacy of zest, work, love, parental affection, impersonal interests — a theme which might almost placed as a companion piece to the less vigorous tough-minded *What Men Live By* of Dr. Cabot prises us by its very commonplaceness. We cannot t

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exception to what he says any more than we can take exception to our own skeletons. For better or worse these are the bare bones of existence.

In many respects this book may be considered an auxiliary to Lippmann's more eloquent *Preface to Morals*. It takes, for instance, the same position when it maintains that the happiest men at the present day are the emotionally simple men of science — an opinion which may be used by his readers as a gauge of the level of happiness upon which Russell is willing to rest. Some persons who know to a nicety what sort of contentment the scientist enjoys may not be willing to remain in that state continuously. But it is not Russell's intention to address such seekers of intense delight.

The other book of the two, ***Civilization and Its Discontents*** by **Sigmund Freud** (Cape and Smith, $2.25), is more difficult for me to review, since I cannot detect its central purpose.

Dr. Freud commences with a consideration of the feeling of 'cosmic belongingness' which a mystical friend of his asserts to be the basis of religion. Freud, however, traces this 'oceanic' feeling to a reactivation of that state of limitless narcissism which exists in early infancy before the Ego has come to distinguish itself as a separate entity in the world. The mass delusion known as religion he traces to the child's need for a father's love and protection. This delusion of the loving Father granting immortal life is, as he says, 'so patently infantile, so incongruous with reality, that to one whose attitude to humanity is friendly it is painful to think that the great majority of mortals will never rise above this view of life.'

For the intellectuals who hypocritically use the name of God to stand for an impersonal, shadowy, abstract principle, Freud has nothing but reproaches. 'Some of the great men of the past,' he remarks, 'did the same, but that is no justification for us; we know why they had to do so.'

'The intention that man should be "happy" is not included in the scheme of "Creation,"' says Freud, and with this as a basic assumption he proceeds to review the various modes which men have adopted to protect themselves with partial success from pain, or to capture an occasional rare moment of intense pleasure.

In reading this discussion — which is for the most part a repetition of former statements and sentiments — one communes with a spirit very different from that of Bertrand Russell. Freud is speaking — manfully, to be sure — from the depths of a black despair, and we cannot refrain from attributing, by the use of psychological laws which he himself has called to our attention, the darkness of his vision to his own present most grievous physical state, and also to a disheartenment of a deeper sort which I shall not attempt to analyze. In the presence of misery we stand with bowed heads. But it is to our peril if we allow such instances of private suffering to color our entire philosophy.

After indulging in a few fantastic and provocative speculations, Freud approaches the problem of guilt and the aggressive tendencies. The aggressive tendencies are manifestations, he states, of the death instinct. The life instinct (love), represented by Eros, binds elements together; whereas the death instinct (hate) breaks them apart. The death instinct, which appears most explosively in war, is antagonistic to our culture, and if it were not for an internally active and aggressive Super-ego (conscience), which is the representative of culture in the personality, there would be no control of the death instinct. The self-castigations arising from the Super-ego explain the painful experience commonly known as guilt. 'What an overwhelming obstacle to civilization aggression must be if the defense against it can cause as much misery as aggression itself!' the author exclaims.

I shall not pursue any further the giant allegory of two contending forces which the ever-fertile but undisciplined mind of this great man has constructed. At present it is a religion in disguise. Suffice it to say that Freud ends his book on a single hopeful note. 'And now it may be expected that the other of the two "heavenly forces," eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary.'

HENRY A. MURRAY

To caricaturists the world over John Bull is a jovial, beef-fed fellow, blundering his way along and this despite the fact that England seems to produce more individualists than any race under the sun.

JOHN BULL

HERE are three biographies of Englishmen, two of them by Englishmen, the third by a writer, French at heart, who has made himself in speech and manner an Englishman. How do they compare with our contemporary writers of American biography — with the lives, let us say, of Mad Anthony Wayne, of Daniel Webster, of William Howard Taft? Is there real unity of culture beneath the common language and shared literary tradition, or is there a contrast of spirit and method?

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The BOOKSHELF

he had the dramatic form ready to hand in the Shakespearean play, and in general he conceives the leading actors on the same lines. The Shakespearean Henry VIII is somewhat stronger, but Belloc follows the traditional view of Catherine, of Anne, of Wolsey himself. The climax of his book is already in the great soliloquy, with its conclusion: —

> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, He would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies. . . .

The figures are the same, but for Hilaire Belloc they are swept along in a mighty flood which lends a fateful significance to each event. Apart from the religious conflict there emerges the great figure of Wolsey as a representative Englishman, toiling with success to build the administrative foundation of modern England. His spiritual kinship is with the masters of British statecraft in India, rather than with the statesmen of England, with Warren Hastings, Lord Cornwallis, and that great company; in some degree with Marquis Curzon. And he shares with many great Englishmen the love of money — for the power and glory that it gives.

It is curious that **John Drinkwater,** writing of ***Pepys*** (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00), also reveals a representative Englishman. If we formed our estimate of Samuel Pepys from this book, knowing only of the famous *Diary* from Drinkwater's pages, we should at once place Pepys among the notable administrators of England, a conspicuous actor in a decisive epoch, watching the tragedy of a martyr king, knowing intimately the two sons who in turn succeeded him on the throne, closely bound up with the remarkable men of the time, one of the effective creators of that tremendous factor in world history, the Royal Navy, which moulded the fate of continents. More than that, we might think of Samuel Pepys as one of the founders of natural science in England, for he was not only a Fellow of the Royal Society in its formative years, but its president at the time when it sponsored the *Principia* of Isaac Newton, the parent of so much of modern science. It was only on the death of Pepys, in 1703, that Sir Isaac Newton became president of the Royal Society.

John Drinkwater has done good service in showing Samuel Pepys as an important historical personage, highly esteemed and genuinely influential in his time. But the delightful diarist survives; he is the enduring Pepys, the humorous gossip, despotic yet with treasures of gentleness, deeply in love with his wife, yet repeatedly walking, rather than falling, into casual amours, and — at the same time — a notable collector of books now in the library which he donated, with other treasures, to Oxford; a connoisseur of art, a musician.

Drinkwater might well have called his book 'Pepys's Place in English History.'

Writing his memoir of Edward John Trelawny, *A Friend of Shelley* (Appleton, $3.50), **H. J. Massingham** gives us a book saturated with personal feeling, but it is the feeling of the author more than of his subject. Hilaire Belloc is a historian, but he builds as a dramatist; we think of Drinkwater as a dramatist, but he writes not dramatically but like one of the old annalists, line upon line, little and great events gathered up day after day, year after year. There is an equal contrast between Drinkwater and Massingham; one is serene, detached, revealing himself only by his skill in line and color; the other nervous, sensitive, highly wrought — seeing events of the early nineteenth century through the somewhat hectic atmosphere of his own day and hour; one might say that he is haunted by a ghost which he calls Victorianism, and at its every appearance his hair stands on end. He is anything but detached in his repeated cudgelings of unhappy Mary Shelley after he has vigorously hammered the equally unhappy Lady Byron; he is fiercely partisan for or against the persons he describes.

It is a vivid and fascinating study, but one is inclined to think that he burns too much incense before the two major prophets of our time, Freud and Einstein, thus in a way dating his work. After all that he writes concerning the 'inferiority complex' which Byron injected into unfortunate Trelawny, one may remain quite unconvinced that this is the real secret of much of Trelawny's weakness and misery. Massingham is far happier when he is showing us in Shelley's influence the source of Trelawny's somewhat stormy idealism. Trelawny has his prototypes and antitypes throughout the history of his country, from the days of the still more piratical Drake and Hawkins down to modern figures like Chinese Gordon, Rajah Brooke, Sir Samuel Baker, and his brother Baker Pasha: all saturated with adventure and Orientalism, like Trelawny, and each with his strongly imaginative side.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

Is it perhaps a paradox of efficiency that, in a day when the radio has made it possible to speak before millions, no orators are to be found? The golden tongue has given way to the 'squawkies,' the vocal power with which Webster used to sway his audience has been reduced to the hysteria of Billy Sunday or the wise cracks of a popular announcer. To read one of the recent biographies of Daniel Webster is to realize what oratory once meant in the world.

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eration; a lawyer whose arguments dealt chiefly with constitutional law, a branch unfamiliar to the great mass of lawyers; whose personal letters are not notable and whose diplomatic dispatches are read only by scholars. And yet here is an American whose name, proposed in 1900 for a place in the Hall of Fame in New York, received the same number of votes as Abraham Lincoln and only one less than George Washington — a man regarding whom seventeen books have been written in the past thirty years (including three in the year 1930).

Three things account for this tenacious hold upon the American consciousness, and each is emphasized in Dr. Claude M. Fuess's biography of Daniel Webster.

In the first place, Webster was a very human person. He loved his farm and his cattle (he was an early 'dirt farmer' in politics); he loved fishing; he loved liquor (sometimes too well); he was careless in money matters; he understood and was understood by the average man. With these foibles and personal characteristics, he was an appealing character; he had none of the forbidding aspects of the reformer in politics; while people knew that he was great, they knew also that he was human and that he did not assume to be a superman.

In the second place, he was a distinctly romantic figure in politics, a rare thing in our political history. With all his human qualities, there was in him something that touched the imagination of the American people. The term 'the Godlike Daniel' was applied to him not without reason; for his massive head, his deep-sunken eyes, his organ-like voice, his dignity of bearing, marked him out as an exceptional character. He thrilled the American people. To Sydney Smith, in England, he seemed 'a small cathedral all by himself'; to Carlyle he appeared 'a magnificent specimen.'

In the third place, he was for twenty years to hundreds of thousands of Americans the living symbol of the desire for national unity. It was just one hundred years ago, on January 26–27, 1830, that Webster delivered his famous Reply to Hayne in the United States Senate. In that oration he developed the idea that a government called into being by the people of the United States could never and must never be dissolved by action of some of the States. Whether Webster's doctrine had historical foundation or not, it struck a responsive chord throughout the country. It sounded the clarion call in the struggle to maintain the Union of the States which culminated at Appomattox. It was that doctrine, supplemented by Webster's Seventh of March speech, which inspired Lincoln's policy.

Only by appreciating the potency of the influence of Webster's words can one understand the history of this country between 1830 and 1860. One must realize that not only were the men of that period familiar with those words, but that every school child, boy or girl, read and learned them by heart in McGuffey's and other school readers. Professor Fuess has done well, therefore, to emphasize in his book the part which Webster's two great Union speeches played; and in no other book can there be found so adequate and picturesque an account and an appraisal. In fact, the term 'adequate' is a very exact one as applied to this whole biography. Dramatic it is not; penetrating it is not; but candid and thorough it is.

Professor Fuess's previous researches in connection with the lives of Rufus Choate and Caleb Cushing have particularly fitted him to deal with the politics and the social and economic backgrounds of Webster's career. While his views of the political moves of some of Webster's contemporaries may not be fully accepted, the picture which he draws of Webster in politics is fair and without omission of his vacillations and weaknesses in that field. In his description of the qualities and ambitions of the man himself, great and weak, noble and practical, there is also a candor of treatment which does not blink, but which also does not overemphasize. Professor Fuess pays more attention to Webster as a lawyer than many previous writers have done. Webster's pre-eminence in court, even in cases which he lost, was due to his intellect and his reasoning powers rather than to his research among precedents, and in the present era of lack of profound thought it is well that this aspect of Webster's genius should be emphasized.

Possibly Webster's influence on our constitutional law might have been more thoroughly discussed; possibly also Webster's career in Congress might have been more dwelt upon; for the chief source of his success and influence as a statesman is found in his transcendent powers of speech. Again, Webster's work as Secretary of State has been treated more carefully by other writers. These are few shortcomings, however, in an extremely satisfying book; and one may justly write of it, as Henry Adams did regarding Henry Cabot Lodge's biography of Webster in 1883: 'I have but one test for a popular book. Is it interesting? . . . I did not expect Webster to be so, for all Whigs were bores. In reading it, I find myself mistaken; it reads well.'

CHARLES WARREN

As a race English novelists have certain advantages which do not come easily to American writers. They have a tidiness and an economy about their writing that make some of our novels seem rambling as a tramp; again, they cultivate the oddities of life in a way to make them seem both natural and amusing; and finally, they can, when they choose, indulge in irony such as is too little prized on our side of the water. These resources are to be variously observed in the three English novels before me, and I cannot help wishing that without sacrificing our freshness and vitality we might acquire some of this English skill.

Miss Mole by **E. H. Young** (Harcourt, Brace,

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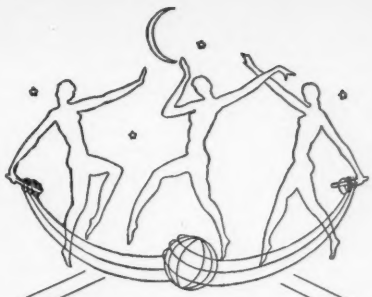

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$2.00) is an exceptionally neat and skillful book. To hear me tell it you would think it is built of thin material: a spinster of thirty-eight housekeeping for a Nonconformist minister, teaching his motherless children to hold their heads up and incidentally making herself the talk of a sleepy English town. There 's a plot so small it could easily be lost in Rhode Island. But give Miss Young a chance: read fifty pages and you will find that Hannah Mole, for all her oddity, is a person of mettle and spirit; sharp and tender by turns, she invests the novel with animation: in her presence the characters unfold, the country assumes a real beauty, and the story, never without its humor, rises to a struggle which is hard-felt. In her valiant, eccentric way Miss Mole is one of the most attractive women I have met in English fiction.

I must add that the author, E. H. Young, disappoints me occasionally. I think there is a needless eccentricity running through the opening pages which we must know Miss Mole to forget. I object to so purposeful a villain as Mr. Pilgrim. And toward the close the author is too pat with her love story. So keenly observant in every other respect, Hannah would never have been so slow to understand what Mr. Blenkinsop was trying to say to her. When a book is so good, so neat and so clear-cut, I hate to see flaws.

It is the picaresque, not neatness, that recommends **A. P. Herbert's** ***The Water Gipsies*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Of Mr. Herbert's versatility, Mr. Punch and several too-little-known books give proof. Within the scope of his present story he distributes his favors as generously as did Mr. Priestley in *The Good Companions*, though with not so great a talent. Herbert likes 'the ends and odds' of life; he likes the simple folk who live on the outskirts of London in the whereabouts of the Thames; these are his Water Gipsies, whom he gives to you as they drift up the 'cut' on their barges, gossip and drink 'old and mild' at the Black Swan, play skittles or make merry and sad at the Derby.

Leisurely, affectionately, and in much dialogue that is a delight to read, he invites you to follow the fortunes and misfortunes of two sisters, Jane and Lilly. Their loves lead them into complications that are often diffuse, but so easy is the reading that one hardly objects. One should expect of this story not loud reality but that gentle charm, half humorous, half quizzical, which suspends credulity and opens our eyes to people we shall never know.

As if to make up for past neglect, the critics have been buttering this volume pretty thickly. It is, I think, an injustice to this unpretentious book and to Herbert's earlier work. The dialogue in *The Water Gipsies* is surely no better than that in *The Old Flame*, and the serious writing never reaches the level of the author's first novel, *The Secret Battle*.

About ***Cakes and Ale*** **by Somerset Maugham** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) you will hear a good deal of gossip. Rumor has it that this satirical novel is pointed at two well-known figures in English letters, one dead, the other living. Those who believe it call the book 'savage.' Aside from a natural curiosity I don't think the charge matters a fig. Whatever the aim may have been, this book is masterful in its terseness, its irony, and its power of characterization.

Three writers are involved in a story which deals with the literary landscape of London and Kent: the narrator, Ashenden, a playwright and novelist of a sardonic turn of mind; Driffield, a novelist, recently deceased, who before his death had become 'The Grand Old Man of English Letters'; and thirdly, Alroy Kear, writer and lecturer, who amiably, and always with his eye on the main chance, has prostituted what little genius he possessed. The woman in the case is Rosie, Driffield's first wife, mistress at one time to the narrator, as warm-hearted and generous as Nell Gwynn.

These are all the elements you need to know; to tell more is to destroy the suspense of a narrative whose subtlety is most tempting to follow.

The story, which is absorbing in itself, impinges hard upon the world of letters. Its pungent criticism of writers real and fanciful, its deft deflation of literary pomposity, its wise comparison of the golden '90s and to-day — like the cold spray of a needle shower these penetrating observations of Mr. Maugham make the reader sensitive and stimulated. We are so often gullible and pretentious about our books to-day that a little cold water of this sort may wake us up.

Under Maugham's cool and sardonic touch the book becomes exhilarating. Rosie, Ted Driffield, Lord George, and Ashenden are people you feel and will remember; and if you will give yourself pause before shelving the volume you will observe how neat has been the design, how sharply cut the phrasing, and how sage the reflections which have gone into its making.

Edward Weeks

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1931

'THE LEVEL OF THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLDS'

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

THE striking adventures of the two young people in the nursery epic who set out in quest of liquid refreshment furnish a sad example of the instability of popular interest. The tale is singularly incomplete. Whether Jack ever got any water, what happened to his thirsty friends and relations, and the mysterious disappearance of one of the principal characters, were surely matters of some moment. Yet the silence of the legend on these points has been universally ignored by the commentators.

Lest the story of radio should go down to posterity in a similar unsatisfactory condition, it may be well to remind ourselves, before it is too late, of its opening promise. A few years ago we were hearing, from admirals, generals, politicians, inventors, and even quite normal people, ecstatic prophecies of what the industry would accomplish for 'the glory and honor of our country,' 'the cause of international understanding,' and the dissemination of culture and enlightenment on every hand. It may, of course, be true that the subsequent development of radio fulfills General Harbord's conception of 'the glory and honor of our country.' It is certainly true that a foreigner listening in at random will get a very vivid understanding of contemporary America — though not perhaps the sort of understanding Mr. Baldwin had in mind. But whether we can accept recent assurances of the broadcasters as to the culture and enlightenment is not so certain.

There is another feature of the nursery epic that has escaped notice. Considering the aim of the expedition, the party seems to have set out in a somewhat surprising direction — a fact with which its subsequent fate was not unconnected. Broadcasting in America began, and has largely remained, in the almost unchecked control of the owners of radio patents and the manufacturers of radio receiving sets. If people were to be induced to buy the sets, there must be something on the air for them to listen to. It was at this point that the governments of other countries took hold. But the United States Government did not manage to get an effective control even of wave lengths until 1927; and by that time the good old dogmas of individualism and noninterference had built a ring fence around the broadcasting business.

For a business is what it very rapidly became. The manufacturing concerns which had originally regarded broadcasting as a necessary expense inci-

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dental to the sale of radio sets conceived the idea of turning the sales force into an independent source of income. The one demand for the use of radio channels that had money behind it — the government being barred — was that of the advertisers; the size of the demand, and the amount of the money, exceeded all expectations. Accordingly 'unsponsored' programmes, — that is, programmes provided and paid for by the broadcasting station, — which were at first the mainstay of broadcasting, came to occupy a mere fraction of the time, used to fill in unsold hours and to maintain a modicum of more or less uncommercial interest for the goodwill of the public and the reputation of the station. But the main business of the six hundred odd stations now licensed is simply to make money for their owners.

That is as much their main business as it is of any other advertising concern. Managers, entertainment bureaus, contact men, programme directors, continuity writers, publicity departments, are all organized to that supreme end. Broadcasting is more expensive than ever; but it is no longer the makers or the buyers of radio sets who pay that expense — it is the advertisers. They pay, for example, two hundred dollars for thirty minutes' evening time of the New England Westinghouse stations (and are shortly going to pay double). They pay over two thousand dollars for a half hour on the blue network of the National Broadcasting Company, over three thousand on the red. For the coast-to-coast chain with both systems they pay over twenty thousand dollars an hour. And the demand for time is, on the whole, steadily increasing.

Let us see it at work. Here is Mr. Makem, let us say, small town manufacturer of something we will call the Gadget — to specify would be invidious, since in point of fact it may be anything from bonds to banana oil. Either by the radio contact man or by his own advertising agent Mr. Makem is introduced to the idea of broadcasting the merits of the Gadget. He must promptly decide to what sort of public the Gadget will best appeal, since this (with the length of his purse) will affect his choice of hours and days. If the Gadget is mainly a woman's affair — dress, kitchen, or housekeeping — he may content himself with the less expensive daytime hours. If it has a family appeal he had better try for a booking in the early evening, when both father and the children may be listening in.

At this stage Mr. Makem perhaps begins to wonder whether a little press display might not serve him as well at the cost of less money and trouble. He is (or should be) reminded that whereas his press advertisement might or might not be glanced at, by one or two members of the family at most, his broadcast will have the undivided attention of his audience while it lasts (machines not yet having been devised to render two programmes at once — not intelligibly, at least); and further, that the computed radio audience is over four persons per set — over four and a half million living souls in New England alone. (Official confirmation of these estimates by the census returns would of course be very useful to the broadcasters; and people like Mr. Owen Young have a good deal of influence.)

Thus fortified, Mr. Makem proceeds to cogitate on the innermost excellencies of the Gadget; for it is these that will determine the nature of the programme.

Is it a smooth, suave, seductive sort of Gadget that can be woven into a Fantasy of the Dreamy East? Or is it a smart, snappy, peppy sort of

Gadget with an appeal to youth, health, and vigor, fun and adventure, and the Wide Open Spaces? Can the kiddies be brought in? Can it be dramatized, made to save broken bones, hearts, or reputations in the nick of breathless time (at a hundred dollars a minute)? These matters being more or less decided, the programme manager is discovered to have 'just the thing' (he probably has a file of prospects several feet long and a queue of auditions running into the middle of next winter). The continuity department is put to work, evolving a screed in which the smoothness and suavity, pep and virility, safety and sanity of the Gadget are tactfully alluded to — if tactlessly, the public will kick. The programme emphasizes, in content, style, and manner, the same intimate virtues; so must the voice and personality of the announcer. Rehearsals are arranged, the great night comes, and Mr. Makem tunes in, wondering, 'Will it sell?'

The answer is simple. If it has a good programme, it will; but it must have a good programme. The radio public is not the dumb, long-suffering beast that gazes year in, year out, at roadside posters. It cannot knock down billboards, but it can turn a dial. Moreover, it can, and does, write letters — thousands of letters. Let Mr. Makem offer to give anything away — it does n't much matter what — or ask for guidance, and he will be overwhelmed with them. If the Gadget is in fact or semblance worth anything — and a reputable station will not put it on the air unless its claims are reasonably authenticated — the rest is now a matter of decreasing costs versus increasing appropriations for Mr. Makem. Thus another spell of culture and enlightenment finds its way into the American home; and, incidentally, another fillip is given to the demand for radio sets.

II

Apart from the 'offerings' of the advertisers, air time is filled out with the 'sustaining' or 'unsponsored' programmes offered by the stations themselves. These vary all the way from the playing of victrola records to musical and news events of a very high order. Some of the items — national and international relays of significant happenings, for instance — cost a great deal of money. Others are furnished on a fifty-fifty basis, performers making no charge for their services and the primary broadcasting concern no charge for its time. Despite recent improvements in the quality of the advertising programmes, it is the sustaining programmes that furnish practically all material of genuine cultural or educational value. And the question naturally arises whether the growth of advertising will not eventually crowd out the sustaining programme altogether. A decided negative is given by an apparently inspired article in *Radio News*. 'The radio executives,' we are assured, 'are too conscious of their obligations to the listening public and would no more sacrifice their own time on the air than would the directors of a national magazine sell all space in their publication to advertisers.' The analogy is not quite accurate; but letting that pass, and accepting the assurance at face value, the fact remains — as no less an authority than the Federal Radio Commission has stated — that 'advertising must be accepted for the present as the sole means of support for broadcasting.' Such, by the way, is the Radio Commission's idea of the 'public interest, convenience, and necessity' which it was created to administer.

No other first-class power has so callously sold its heritage of technique for such a mess of pottage. Compared with other nations in its use of the new

means of communication, the land of opportunity looks more like the land of lost opportunities. The current American assumption that every advance in technique is ipso facto an advance in civilization has nowhere had so devastating an exposure. But the blame lies not solely, nor even mainly, with the broadcasting companies. It rests mainly upon the shoulders of the American people. Doing lip service to a degree that is literally unparalleled to what are supposed to be the higher aims of collective living, it has acted, and allowed its rulers to act, consistently on the rule, 'Seek ye first the maximum percentage, and all these things shall be added unto you.' And by the time it suspects they are not added, it has ceased to care much whether they are or no. For it must be emphatically asserted that the number of people who are concerned about the American situation in broadcasting is a small and weak minority. The broadcasting companies know this, however little the intellectual may like to admit it. The general public is pretty well satisfied.

Why should it not be? It has entertainment, distraction, in abundance. To call the entertainment free is to take liberties with economics; but the public is not called upon, as it is elsewhere, to pay directly. To expect cultural leadership, artistic or intellectual pioneering, from the mass is more than even Mr. Coolidge would venture. The mass may respond, but cannot initiate. Here is a recent official comment from the movie industry: 'Many artistically important films are box-office failures. Therefore, those which are ahead of general public taste must be sold in the same lot with box-office successes or they would n't be sold at all. At this moment the picture which of all pictures in the past year has been most lavishly praised by critics, public groups, and newspaper editors is having the largest number of theatre cancellations of any picture in the year's programme.' It is true that Mr. Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation, in a recent newspaper article, dismissed the claims of the intellectuals in a vein as cavalier as Mayor Thompson's, and pronounced the mass of people quite capable of doing its own cultural pioneering; but he neglected to explain how and adduced no samples. And if Mr. Sarnoff's views are representative, it is futile to expect this sort of pioneering from an industry that is commercially organized, and psychologically habituated, to rely entirely on mass appeal.

Take education, for instance, as viewed by the vice president of the National Broadcasting Company. 'What the public demands of radio,' said he to the Institute of Education this summer, 'is entertainment. If the educators on the air fail to recognize that fact in the development of education by radio, they are merely firing a blank cartridge. Every person entrusted with teaching by radio should be required to pass an examination on his ability as a showman. When education joins hands with radio it enters the show business.' Apparently that is the view of the Federal Bureau of Education, to judge from an instruction sheet circulated under its auspices. 'Write out your exact wording. Begin with one or more striking statements. *Present your specialty on the level of thirteen-year-olds. Do not overrate the intelligence of your listeners. Anecdotes, short and clearly to the point, are good.*'

Here, at any rate, is one of the reasons for the sorry story of radio education in America, as revealed in recent reports of a committee appointed (ten years too late) by the Secretary of the Interior and an investigation by the American Association for Adult Education. The kind of education that can be made to conform with the concep-

tions of Messrs. Sarnoff and Ellwood is not the sort of thing in which the best minds of the country can be deeply interested. Broadcasting stations with an educational aim have had, generally speaking, to confine their major efforts to courses of the 'home economics' or mildly vocational type, and even at that have had to do a good deal of padding. Seventy-seven out of six hundred and twenty-seven stations in the United States are owned and operated by educational institutions of one sort or another. Fifty-one of these reporting to the Wilbur committee show a weekly (not daily) average of eight hours on the air, of which two and a half are strictly educational. The precise extent of educational broadcasting in America is impossible to ascertain. A recent letter to the *New Republic* claims that the programmes of the 'American School of the Air' (a series of talks on history, literature, civics, music, art, health, and nature study sponsored by the Columbia system in conjunction with the Grigsby-Grunow company) are received by twenty thousand schools. The Wilbur committee, as the result of an inquiry directed to city school superintendents, reports 32.6 per cent of such schools — 1606 in all — possessing radio equipment. Great Britain, with one third the population and one fifth the national income, reports five thousand schools served by the British Broadcasting Corporation, and a circulation of the follow-up pamphlets for school use amounting to a quarter of a million.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is a public monopoly, ultimately responsible, not to a group of private stockholders headed by the radio manufacturers, but to the elected representatives of the people in parliament assembled. In contrast to the United States Bureau of Education, it proceeds on the assumption that a people capable of self-government will be largely composed of adults; and its activities provide a striking comment on the thirteen-year-old theory. It broadcasts, for instance, whole operas. But do the people listen? Well, the sales of libretti of broadcast operas run to close on one million annually. Realizing the deficiencies of radio alone as an educational or cultural medium, the B.B.C. issues a vast amount of supplementary literature. Its publications include two weeklies — one a programme guide, illustrated, with annotations, the other a literary journal centred around the more important cultural features — and their total circulation exceeds one and a half million, bringing an annual income of about half a million dollars. In the field of adult education, the formation of study groups is systematically encouraged, and summer schools are arranged for group leaders and radio lecturers. As a sample of popular interest it may be noted that a single talk last spring by Professor MacMurry on psychology brought 17,000 requests for the supplementary aid-to-study pamphlet, and one by Professor Burt on the study of the mind brought 26,000. Apparently the British like being treated as grown-ups!

III

State efforts in America to assist the educational use of radio have, however, more than the thirteen-year-old theory to contend with. There is quite another set of handicaps. Hours are limited, and air channels are limited. Education has no preference in either respect. It cannot afford to buy the evening hours that are necessary for reaching adults — in fact, it seldom gets the chance. The broadcasting systems do not accept lectures and educational talks between the hours of six and

midnight. Even for the daytime hours education is financially unable to compete with commercial customers. Broadcasting stations devoted solely to education are expensive to equip, and cannot fill enough time, or hold large enough audiences, to be sure of their licenses in competition with commercial stations before the Federal Radio Commission. The chairman of that commission, in a recent address, said bluntly that all available radio channels are fully occupied, and that if educators want more than the small number they now have they must persuade Congress to change the law, since the increase would mean closing down some existing stations 'without sufficient justification.' 'If education wants a share in broadcasting,' says the American Association's report, 'it will have to fight for it, and will have to secure it by entering the field of competition on an equal basis with other claimants.'

On the other hand, Mr. Aylesworth, the president of the National Broadcasting Company, speaks of the outlook in more hopeful terms. 'The pleasing progress that we have made in musical education,' he says in his last annual report, following a reference to the Damrosch series, 'leads us to hope that we shall soon undertake general educational work, but I feel very strongly that this should not be done until a carefully considered programme is prepared by nationally recognized educators of outstanding ability. When they are ready we will place our facilities at their disposal without charge.' This may be either altruism or the more familiar process known as 'passing the buck.' It must in any case be taken in conjunction with the repeated assurances of the broadcasters that the educators do not know their job from the broadcasting angle. Meanwhile the broadcasters point with pride to their own achievements in the direction of potted opera. 'For example,' says Mr. Aylesworth in the same report, 'we take a standard grand opera and cut it down to an hour because that seems to be about the right period for opera on the air. I hope for the time when we will create grand opera for radio broadcasting. Such an opera would be performed within the hour and not have to be cut. We have borrowed, and will continue to borrow, dramatic writings originally designed for the legitimate stage.' The Radio Guild, to which presumably Mr. Aylesworth refers, is an interesting case in point.

The Radio Guild, we are told by one of the trade journals, was originally a group organized by Mr. Aylesworth's company to present the old melodramas; but the public asked for something more. Accordingly the Guild has presented plays of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Pinero, Shakespeare, St. John Ervine, and other famous authors. And how! 'The Radio Guild productions are presented in the afternoon in order that an entire hour may be available for the production. The majority of plays selected, it has been found, can be adapted to the hour limit without sacrificing strength or important scenes.' What happens to the minority we are not informed.

To judge by these presents, it may be some time before Mr. Aylesworth's 'nationally recognized educators of outstanding ability' are able to agree on anything that will satisfy the broadcasters' ideas of successful programme material. But the root of the trouble lies deeper than that; it lies in the acceptance, by both the industry and the government, — yes, and even by the educators, — of the broadest mass standards as the only ones with which broadcasting should be concerned.

Education, however, is not the only issue affected. Perhaps it is not even

the most important issue. The American maxim — that every advance in technique is ipso facto an advance in civilization — exaggerates the social significance of applied science to a degree at which disappointment is inevitable.

The radio has brought no new asset of major importance to education, and its use involves serious disabilities. It provides a means for reaching people who could not otherwise be reached. It also provides a means for reaching people whose interest in what they are supposed to want is not strong enough to support any effort or sacrifice on their own part to obtain it. It can make available the voices of teachers who could not otherwise be heard (though they might be read) and can bring sound to reënforce teaching in cases like that of language or music, where sound itself is the subject matter. This is certainly much. Listening is for most people not only easier than reading, it is more stimulating; and an inert but well-disposed mind may sometimes be stimulated to a degree at which its reaction ceases to be purely passive.

On the other hand, radio tends naturally to encourage the passive attitude on the part of the learner — the one thing that educational theorists are united to oppose. It tends, the more definitely as it becomes more successful, to standardization of approach and content. It emphasizes the factual and informative rather than the reflective and analytical. And, despite the existence of radio personality, it can hardly compensate for the absence of the immediate teacher-student relationship. The British recognize these limitations and do their best to overcome them. But, when all is said and done, it is probable that the educational possibilities of radio have been much exaggerated.

IV

It is in respect of the everyday programmes that the American situation is at its worst. Whatever is done by way of education will reach only a fraction of the radio public and will fill only a minute part of radio time. But on this wider issue the ground of criticism needs to be very carefully defined.

It is not that programmes are bad. On the contrary, many of the presentations, both sustaining and commercial, are very good, and both are getting better. The trouble arises on ground much more fundamental than that; it springs directly from the commercialization of broadcasting itself, and the consequences which flow therefrom.

The wholesale exploitation of sound in the various perversions of money getting is a far worse thing than the desecration of the countryside by billboards. It is at once more intimate and more degrading. The unctuous bleating of the high priests of salesmanship would be ethically less intolerable were it their own wares they were crying. The fact that their voices, like their machinery, are for hire renders it a form of prostitution essentially akin to its older prototype. The corporation that affronts you with its posters has not only no soul, but no larynx; there is, at worst, a saving impersonality about its impudence. To become accustomed — much more, to become reconciled — to the standards and practices of broadcast advertising is to connive at an irredeemable insult to human decency.

Equally vicious is the conception of the public, and of the industry's relation to the public, to which its dominant aim gives rise. What that conception is, the utterances already quoted indicate. It is sufficiently epitomized in the remark of one of the leaders that the public will not listen to anything

for more than half an hour. It is further illustrated (if further illustration be necessary) in a statement of almost cynical candor recently given out by the National Broadcasting Company's programme director. 'The requirements of commercial programmes, of course, make it difficult to achieve perfect balance. In commercial programmes the primary object is to bring to radio as many listeners as possible — the kind of listeners that will most benefit the particular product which is being promoted [*sic*]. The development of these programmes, therefore, is based almost entirely on this consideration and without particular regard to other programmes scheduled for the same evening. The chief consideration is, Will this programme attract and interest the kind of people who will be influenced to buy the product? — not, Does this programme fit in well with other programmes which precede and follow it?'

One cannot help wondering whether it is to this sort of thing that the 'magic acropolis' — the phrase is from a *New York Times* headline — planned by the Radio Corporation is to be dedicated. Within three years, we are informed, the Rockefeller property between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first streets and Fifth and Sixth avenues is to become 'a citadel of radio,' housing broadcasting, television, and four great theatres — 'a city sired by science, mothered by art, nursed by an economic foster mother, and dedicated to a career of enlightenment and entertainment. It will exist not only for its immediate trade territory but for all the world. Its voice will be multiplied a thousandfold.'

This and other ecstatic prophecies issuing from the offices of the Radio Corporation are the more significant inasmuch as it is officially stated that the Rockefeller interest will be simply that of landlord. Will the voice be the same sort of voice, and the entertainment the same sort of entertainment, that commercial broadcasting has hitherto sent over the much-afflicted ether? A ray of hope is perhaps to be discerned in the report that S. L. Rothafel is to be the presiding genius of the institution. It was 'Roxy' who startled the entertainment world a short while back by putting the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and Strauss's 'Heldenleben' into his theatre programmes; it is Roxy who broadcasts the one weekly concert that is infallibly worth listening to. But if Roxy is the genuine enthusiast we take him for, it is a safe prediction that he has a strenuous time coming to him. For the conception of the public that necessarily arises from the commercialization of broadcasting is that of the mass; and this conception, so long as it is dominant, is utterly fatal to cultural advance.

So long as it is dominant. It would be too much to assert that there is no reality corresponding to this conception. There is, as pornography and war hysteria can always testify. Nor would one maintain that this mass is not entitled to its fair meed of distraction and entertainment. If no more is done for it, to that much at least it has a claim on its masters. But where the thought of it and its demands dominates and colors all other activity, civilization itself may ultimately be in peril. The redemption of the mass cannot come except from minorities.

V

There are two grounds of criticism which may be taken, though the first is hardly relevant to American conditions. It may be maintained — it is maintained by some nations — that the State has a tutelary responsibility toward its subjects; that its duty ex-

tends beyond the mere safeguarding of the status quo to the positive encouragement of continually better standards of living; that, in short, prosperity is not enough. This is, of course, the idea behind religious establishment, and to some extent the idea behind monarchy. We see it carried to a dangerous extreme in the European dictatorships. But perhaps the other extreme is no less dangerous. Perhaps the increasing demands that democracy makes, not only upon the intelligence but upon the moral calibre of the citizen, need for their accomplishment an increasing concern with his intellectual and cultural development. But this is dangerous ground. It is difficult to envisage an active concern with these matters on the part of government in America that should not involve a threat to freedom or an opening to venality. It is not impossible, however. The brilliant work done by many departments of government in the field of applied science contrasts strongly with their neglect of the non-economic values; but a day may yet come when it will be realized that these latter are every whit as important to national life as the former.

How far off that day is may be gauged from the report of the Wilbur committee. The most definite step the committee felt it could advocate was 'that an effort be made to secure from interested persons or foundations an amount of money [$200,000 a year for three years was mentioned] sufficient to bring to the microphone a high-grade programme in certain formal school subjects and to check carefully the results obtained.' For the richest nation in the world there is something almost shameful in the spectacle of education thus going begging.

The second ground of criticism above referred to is likely to be the more fruitful in the circumstances. It is simply that of the rights of minorities. I make no complaint that the roads are increasingly occupied by the majority who prefer to travel in automobiles; but if I am a member of the group that prefers to walk I claim that it should still be made possible for me to do so. I may go so far as to suggest that walking is in itself sufficiently worth while for my group to receive a little more consideration than that which would be based solely on its numbers or its spending power. In like manner, I refuse to cavil at the quality of the radio programmes based on the mass standards of the advertisers and the broadcasting stations; but I ask protection and service as a member of a group that desires something different.

This sounds unappreciative of such efforts as are now made by the broadcasters to serve minority interests. It is far from being so intended. The dilemma is that financial incentives, which are in the long run necessarily final for commercial broadcasting, do not permit of — let alone encourage — the kind or quantity of presentation that would be anything like fair to the group I claim to speak for. The stock answer of the broadcasters is, of course, that they are in business like anyone else and must sell their service where there is a demand for it; they have for years been fighting the idea of public utility status. But in fact they are not in business like anyone else. No less a person than Mr. Hoover has repeatedly insisted that 'radio communication is not to be considered as merely a business carried on for private gain, for public advertisement, or for the entertainment of the curious. It is a public concern impressed with the public trust.' The radio industry did not create, and does not own, the channels over which it operates. It is merely licensed by government to use them. Their number is so limited as to constitute a natural

monopoly, and that monopoly is being fully exploited. I maintain that Mr. Hoover's 'public' includes and has a place for me. That of the advertisers has not.

In England, this week in which I write, I could obtain at least one full orchestral programme every night, including whole evenings of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and modern work. I could hear the Mozart Festival from Salzburg and the Vienna Philharmonic under Baumgartner. I could listen to Eugene O'Neill's 'Ile,' to a first-class debate on the international language question, to various lecturers, including Dean Mozley on Christian theology and Mr. Francis Birrell on the cinema, to two or three recitals of modern chamber music, to a couple of revues (complete), to say nothing of dance music, political addresses, educational programmes, news, sports, humorous features, and the various local offerings. A few years back, orchestra in England was in a most critical impasse, times being hard and the supply of millionaires inadequate. Broadcasting has not only set it on a firm and wide foundation; it has given a better chance to young composers and young literati than they ever had before. And all for a license payment of two dollars a year, of which little over one half now suffices to support all broadcasting! I do not have to be highbrow if I am not that sort of person; though, even if I am very lowbrow, the chances are that curiosity will lead me to a growing interest in something a little better than claptrap. But as a member of a not inconsiderable minority I can still get enjoyment from my radio set for some hours of every day. And that is democracy. Where shall I find it in America?

There is no answer. The state has abdicated. There is no obvious reason why the advertisers that support broadcasting should also consider me. The Radio Corporation has my money, but does not need my vote. I am tired of turning the dial.

OUR SPORTING CONSCIENCE

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

In the third race of the fourteenth classic contest for the *America's* Cup, recently concluded, drama swept twice across the sparkling sea. First, *Shamrock V's* main halliard parted and cost the Irish challenger the day's race. Second, *Enterprise* tacked to clear the disabled yacht, sagged off her course, and appeared to be heading back to harbor. It seemed in that dramatic moment that her afterguard, refusing to take the race by default, was going home. But romantic appearances were deceptive. The defender of the world-famous yachting trophy was merely easing her sails and rigging of their tremendous racing strains. Immediately the tensions had been lessened *Enterprise* came hard on the wind again and sailed alone around the course to clinch the victory.

Thereafter from spectators and from those who only read the news arose a groaning chorus of lamentation. We,

America, had let slip a golden opportunity. We had failed to make the *beau geste* that would ensure future friendly relations between the United States and Britain. We could have thrown the race (which would n't have cost us anything, because *Enterprise* was the better boat) and demonstrated what sportsmen Americans really are. In short, it was a crying shame that the defender had sailed on to hollow victory.

Let me say at once that these popular strictures on the sportsmanship of *Enterprise's* afterguard are unjust.

Harold S. Vanderbilt, skipper and manager of the syndicate which owns the defender, was required to continue the one-sided race both by his obligations to his associates and by his club's agreement with the challenger. Although nothing in the race conditions precluded his throwing the race, he would, by defaulting, have established a precedent from which anything farcical might in future have arisen. Moreover, the gesture of withdrawing after *Shamrock's* accident could only have been truly sporting in the event that the challenger, having won three legs on the Cup, had been at that moment dangerously embarked on the fourth decisive race. As matters stood, with *Shamrock* hopelessly outclassed, default by *Enterprise* would merely have prolonged the agony.

Then why introduce the incident at all? To indicate in the most striking manner possible that after sixty years of defense of the *America's* Cup our sportsmanship is at last a positive quantity. At the risk of quixoticism we like to give the other man a chance. That we have not always liked to, and that sportsmanship was not spontaneously induced in the pure air of America, will be shown in the following analysis of the Cup's defense.

I

This Cup, it can hardly be forgotten, was won by the famous schooner yacht *America* in 1851 in a handicap race against British yachts around the Isle of Wight. It is pertinent to remark here for its bearing on a future point that the course led the racers eastward around the Nab lightship and thence around the Wight, keeping the island on the starboard hand. *America,* coming down on the lightship, was running wing and wing (a ticklish point of steering) and, with four English boats keeping her from getting through, did not pass around the lightship, but left it on her port hand.

The day after the race she was protested on the ground that she should have passed outside the lightship, leaving it to starboard. The protest was disallowed and *America* was granted the Squadron Hundred Guinea trophy when it was proved to the satisfaction of the regatta committee that she had not been specifically instructed to leave the lightship to starboard.

Complete details of this epoch-making race are lost to history or else locked in the vaults of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but it seems from geographical evidence that the committee was magnanimous to a fault in dismissing the protest. The Nab lightship lay (it has been replaced by a tower) three miles east of the Isle of Wight. As the owners of the *America* did not appreciate the necessity of leaving it to starboard (that is, passing around it) they were under no obligation to go anywhere near it. They might have left it a hundred yards to port, or one mile, or, by skirting the eastern shore of the island, nearly three miles to port, and gained a decided superiority over their competitors, who knew from past experi-

ence that the ship was to be left to starboard. Yet the *America* bore down on the mark in close competition with her fellows exactly as if her owners had understood the instructions, and at the last moment cut it to port. I do not give this episode as an instance of American lack of fair play, but as a precedent in the official treatment of a foreigner which we later bent to our own ends.

The Squadron trophy, subsequently to be known as the *America's* Cup, was brought triumphantly home, and in 1857 was deeded in trust to the New York Yacht Club by the surviving owners of the *America* as a perpetual challenge trophy for 'friendly competition between foreign countries.' Our Civil War intervened and the first friendly competition for the Cup did not occur until 1870, when one James Ashbury of the Royal Thames Yacht Club challenged with his schooner *Cambria*. The tone of his challenge was anything but friendly, and the manner in which we edited it and permitted *Cambria* to try for the Cup was of like texture. Swords were halfway out of their scabbards before, during, and after the race, in which we successfully defended the trophy.

Ashbury virtually demanded that we sail the race under English rules. We naturally refused, and when it became apparent that the terms of a match could not be arranged by 'mutual consent' we fell back upon a clause in the deed of gift which offered the challenger the right to compete for the Cup against the entire New York Yacht Club fleet in its annual regatta. The challenger protested that to pit one boat against many was unfair. We countered that in this way the Cup was originally won, the *America* competing against fourteen British yachts. Our statement was true enough, but had nothing to do with the dispute.

America raced against a fleet each yacht of which was striving for individual possession of a prize. *Cambria* raced against a fleet of twenty-three Americans, all striving their mightiest to keep the lone challenger from winning the prize. *Cambria* was thus beaten at the start and was lucky indeed to finish in tenth position.

Although it seems strange that such an unequal contest should have been entered into either by challenger or by defenders, it must be remembered that in those aggressive days fair play was in an embryonic state. Racing by amateurs for cash prizes was an accepted thing, and in the small classes, I am told, it was not considered impolite to cut a competitor's halliards with a sickle (carried for that purpose) if you were lucky enough to come near him. Even within the memory of present-day racing skippers sand ballast was surreptitiously dumped overboard to lighten ship, and crew members accidentally fell in and swam ashore when the weather fell soft.

That Ashbury did not feel that he had been too outrageously used was evidenced by his second challenge the following year. But he did take a positive stand against racing one vessel against America. So vehement was his protest that the New York Yacht Club laid it before the surviving donor of the Cup, George L. Schuyler, to learn whether we might, with due regard to our tenure of the trophy and our holy obligation to keep it at all costs, pit a single boat against the challenger. In a sportsmanlike statement, so full and so logical that in the light of modern standards it seems naïve, Schuyler wrote that a match race, as called for in the deed of gift, was a race between two vessels and that we might therefore with entire propriety select only one defender to race against the challenger.

By this decision, which aroused vigorous public protest, American sportsmanship developed sufficiently to be visible to the naked eye. But it was still a small, pale embryo. When Ashbury sailed over in his new schooner *Livonia* he found that, while we were willing to make a match race of the second contest, we were formidably prepared to match any one of four boats against his. We had one boat for light weather, another for heavy weather, and two more for use in case of accident to either of the two regulars. *Livonia*, needless to say, had only herself for all varieties of weather and accident.

In a friendly atmosphere heavily charged with the most amazing ultimatums from both challenger and defending club, the series of four out of seven races commenced, with *Livonia* pitted against our light-weather boat, *Columbia*. The weather was light, and *Columbia* won. In a freshening breeze she also won the second race, but under circumstances presently to be related which can only be called discreditable.

Livonia, however, won the third heat in hard weather, because, despite our warlike preparedness in number of boats, the condition of the navy was below even a peace-time standard. One yacht was in dry dock, another had torn her sails beyond hope of quick repair, and the third, the selection for the day, was damaged while actually towing to the line. It was suggested that *Magic*, winner of the previous year's free-for-all, be drafted in the emergency, and Ashbury acquiesced. But the race committee, with a noble sense of justice, handed down the decision that we must stick to our original four. In this exigency we had to fall back again on *Columbia*, which had been strained by her two victories and whose paid crew had been celebrating. Against such initial handicaps and with subsequent damage to *Columbia's* steering gear and rigging, not even our unconquerable American enthusiasm could prevail, and *Livonia* won by fifteen minutes.

Although *Columbia's* crew, having sailed three straight races, were rated as heroes by the sportsmen of the day, they were not put to the supreme test of meeting *Livonia* a fourth time. *Sappho*, our heavy-weather boat, was ready for that contest. Sailed in a spanking breeze, the race went to *Sappho* by an ample margin.

The fifth race was run over the inside course starting in the Narrows of New York Harbor, and we had *Palmer*, our second light-weather boat, groomed and waiting at the line. But the wind freshened before the start and *Sappho* was again sent away, justifying our generalship by winning handsomely in a strong October westerly.

This concluded a series from which Ashbury departed vowing that if he ever challenged again he would bring a lawyer with him. By certain claims and actions the challenger had succeeded in making himself ridiculous before he left these shores; but that he required more than ordinary sporting spirit to cope with our yachtsmen was proved by the circumstances of the second race, above referred to as discreditable.

It was a leeward and windward race, the outer mark being stationed twenty miles seaward of Sandy Hook lightship. No definite instructions having been laid down for rounding this mark, the owner of *Columbia* boarded the committee boat just prior to the start to ask which way he must turn it. He was told that he might turn it as he pleased. As we interpret sportsmanship nowadays it thereupon became, if not the duty, at least the moral obligation of the committee to give the same oral

permission to *Livonia*. This was not done.

Livonia got away in the lead, reached the stakeboat first, and, in accordance with British custom in cases where definite instructions are lacking, rounded it to starboard. To do so meant jibing around. To jibe in the sea that was running, and with the big topsails she was carrying, meant losing time and windward position while she flattened in her sheets for the reach home. As the British boat was being set down to leeward in this manœuvre, the American defender came along, hardened her sheets before she reached the mark, and luffed around, leaving it to port. With both boats straightened out for the close reach back, their positions were reversed. The American led from that moment and subsequently won.

The owner of the British boat promptly protested, claiming the race on the score that *Columbia* had rounded contrary to sailing instructions. In this assertion he did not quite stick to the facts. The regatta committee no less promptly disallowed the protest, claiming that the printed regulations for the course left the matter of turning the stake optional. Again truth was slighted. In our search for evidences of early American sportsmanship it is proper to ask why, if the sailing instructions left the matter of turning the stake optional, the owner of *Columbia* had to row over to the committee specifically to inquire whether he might round it either way.

But this claim of the committee was tacitly abandoned in its formal report on the protest written the same day, when it related that since the inauguration of the club it had been the settled rule that the manner of turning a mark was optional unless specified to the contrary. And 'as far as it is known to your committee the same rule holds good in England now. It can be stated with certainty, however, that such was the rule when the *America* won the cup in 1851.' Whereupon the committee proved its rectitude by delving nineteen years into the past to quote the dismissed protest in the case of the *America* and the Nab lightship.

Let us briefly review these two cases to see if there really was any similarity between them. *America* was the visiting yacht. In the absence of specific instructions which were commonly known to her competitors, she cut a mark and left it to port. By so doing she gained something, though it may have been very little. She was protested and the protest was magnanimously disallowed. . . . *Livonia* was the visiting yacht. In the absence of specific instructions which had been given orally to her competitor, she rounded a mark to starboard and lost heavily by so doing. She protested *Columbia* and her protest was disallowed.

In short, the two cases were not parallel. In order to justify the committee's 'heads I win, tails you lose' standard of sportsmanship we can only assume that it lacked two very important senses — the sense of fair play and a sense of the ridiculous.

II

Yet the struggling spirit of American sportsmanship did not quite expire under this hard usage. England had had enough contact with it to leave us severely alone for fourteen long years; but in 1876, only five years after the Ashbury fiasco, Canada stepped forward with a challenge from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. It was accepted, and when the rival yachts came to the starting line for a two-out-of-three match it was seen that we had retained only one boat to

defend the Cup. By so much we had advanced, though even that little had not been without a struggle. In response to the challenger's ingenuous question as to whether he should have to race against one boat, or one of four, or a whole fleet, we told him that 'a yacht' would be on hand to sail each race of the match. (At least we have not lacked a sense of dignity.) Later we unbent, and in the face of much popular opposition the defending club, by a vote of eleven to five, agreed to race only one yacht throughout the series. That one, as it proved, was enough, and the challenger was soundly trounced in two straight races.

Although we had now defended the Cup on merit alone without benefit of casuists or of rear-guard interference, sportsmanship suffered a severe setback following Canada's second challenge in 1881. The second challenger, like the first, flew the colors of an inland lake club, though in this case it was the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club. She was late in building, and to get here in time for the match was dismasted, careened, and conveyed to New York via the Erie Canal. Late in building, this Canadian yacht was also late in sailing, and gave the defender almost no opposition. Again we had won on merit alone.

But the spectacle of a challenger attacking us through the back door, so to speak, was too much for an alarmed sportocracy. Early in the winter following the second Canadian contest the New York Yacht Club gave the *America's* Cup back to George L. Schuyler, the sole surviving original owner, and from him received it again with a new deed of gift. It has frequently been asked whether the club, having originally received the Cup in trust, had any right to give it back and whether Schuyler, not being the legal heir of the other owners of the *America*, had the power to reconvey it with a new deed. But that is splitting hairs, and, like James Ashbury, we should need a lawyer to decide the point.

The important facts are that by the new deed of gift the Cup was open for contest only by a foreign club having 'an ocean water-course on the sea or on an arm of the sea (or one which combines both)' and that 'vessels intending to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place.' By these two clauses we perpetually removed the menace of challenges from Canadian lake clubs and confounded their knavish tricks of sluicing yachts at us through inland waterways. The new deed was hailed as a great advance in yachtsmanship, in that it prevented the construction of challengers too light to race in the open sea. That it did not prevent us from building defenders so light as to be useless after a few months of highly selective racing was sufficiently proved in the nineties and nineteen-hundreds. Confident, in 1881, that our rear-guard defense of the Cup was adequate against future assault, we turned our faces seaward and hoped for another challenge from England, far, far across the stormy waters. It came in 1885, and with it a new but short-lived era in sportsmanship.

III

Sir Richard Sutton, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, challenged with his cutter *Genesta* and was met at the starting line by the Boston sloop *Puritan*. This is more than a mere figure of speech. Through innocent miscalculation of distances *Puritan* fouled *Genesta* a few moments after the preparatory signal and broke the challenger's bowsprit off short. The Cup committee immediately and prop-

erly disqualified the defender (for the fault had been only hers) and the challenger was informed that if she sailed over the forty-mile course and finished within the time limit of seven hours the day's race would be hers.

This stipulation of the race committee did not usher in the new era of sportsmanship, as we should have awarded the British yacht the race without the forty-mile string. So, at least, thought an American friend of Sir Richard's aboard *Genesta*, who questioned the possibility of completing the course in seven hours without a bowsprit. Our committee was engaged in explaining to this traitor how a spinnaker pole could be rigged to replace the bowsprit when Sir Richard cut the explanation short. He declined to take the race by default. Here, at last, was real sportsmanship that anyone could recognize. The committee gladly and quickly accepted Sir Richard's generous refusal, and the Cup was still untarnished by alien hands. Upon the completion of repairs the match was started afresh and was won by *Puritan* in two straight races.

Sir Richard's action so touched the warm heart of America that the very pinnacle of good feeling in international yachting was reached the next year. Lieutenant William Henn, representing the Royal Northern Yacht Club, brought over his cutter *Galatea* and was decisively defeated by a second Boston yacht, the *Mayflower*. No fouls and no recriminations marred the contest, and after a year's stay in this country Lieutenant Henn and his wife sailed back to England leaving a host of friends behind them.

The Cup contest of 1887, when a third Boston boat, *Volunteer*, defended against *Thistle*, a Scottish challenger, did not pass off quite as smoothly as the preceding one, as our democracy objected to *Thistle's* having been built behind closed doors. This secrecy was dictated by the failure of the syndicated challengers to attain beforehand an understanding restricting the size of the boats. A clause in the deed stipulated that a challenge, accompanied by a customhouse certificate of measurement, must be presented six months before the day of the proposed race. The challengers determined to derive what advantage they could from this clause and have their vessel well under way before her dimensions were published, thus leaving us only six months in which to design, build, and tune up a defender.

Already considerably roused by this secrecy, our indignation rose to white heat when *Thistle* arrived in New York, was measured, and found to be nearly seventeen inches over her designated waterline length. Although it is difficult and frequently impossible to foretell that a boat will float to her designed waterline, and although this extra length worked to *Thistle's* disadvantage in increased time allowance, our yachtsmen knew that we had become the victims of skullduggery. The Cup committee almost refused to allow her to race, and was only pacified when George L. Schuyler, still surviving, ruled in *Thistle's* favor.

The ensuing match was uninteresting, as the Boston yacht from the thrice-inspired pencil of Edward Burgess was much more than the equal of the challenger. Fair racing tactics were employed by both sides, and this, the seventh, contest for the *America's* Cup might not figure at all in the evolution of sportsmanship if it had not been for a curious aftermath. Directly following the conclusion of the match a member of the *Thistle* party, one Charles Sweet, submitted a tender for a new challenge. Almost immediately after the receipt of this communication the defending club altered its deed of gift a second

time, obtaining Mr. Schuyler's signature to a document which has been characterized as 'a mixture of bad sportsmanship, bad law, and bad English.' At the meeting which accepted the new instrument for the defense of the Cup, Mr. Sweet's challenge was rejected as not conforming to the deed of gift. This was tactless, as the club did not explicitly name the second deed or the third.

It was even worse than tactless. Mr. Sweet, a Scotchman then having business in and living in New York, was half owner of the 53-foot imported cutter *Clara*, which had never been beaten in its many races against local boats in American waters. *Clara* was a product of the designing genius of Will Fife of Fairlie, Scotland. It was thought by many yachtsmen that Fife could be as successful with a 70-footer as he had been with the 53-footer, whereas the ability of Edward Burgess to design unbeatable 85-footers was generally acknowledged. Sweet's challenge was for a 70-footer. Critics said quite openly that we were afraid of losing the treasured Cup.

They said more when the ramifications of the new deed were admitted to the light of day. Experience had shown that it was difficult to lift the trophy. British yachtsmen now said that certain clauses of the new deed made it absolutely impossible. Chief among the offensive clauses was one hinting that the questionable practice of building behind closed doors must be abandoned. In actuality it required the principal dimensions of the challenging vessel to be given not six but ten months in advance, these dimensions being 'length on load waterline, beam at load waterline, and extreme beam, and draught of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded.' Declaring that the stipulations of this clause would give America ample time and information to build a yacht to defeat any challenger, the principal yacht clubs of Europe vowed that they would never challenge under such an outrageous document.

With offended dignity we pointed to a clause of this highly complicated deed reading, 'The club challenging for the Cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the dates, courses, number of trials, rules, and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case, also, the ten months' notice may be waived.'

If this extraordinary clause concluded with the word 'match,' and if the entire deed consisted only of this abbreviated sentence, it could not then be called extraordinary. It would be such a simple, comprehensive document as gentlemen and sportsmen might meet under for the arrangement of terms. But the 'mutual consent' clause is not a twentieth part of a document bristling with 'musts' and 'shalls' and arbitrary rules.

Nevertheless, this is the clause under which matches have been arranged since 1887, for Mr. Schuyler lived his life and the deed cannot be changed again. When we were afraid of losing the Cup to 70-footers, 'mutual consent' was impossible of attainment. But when, a few years later, our sporting ethics were thought to have fallen into disrepute and we were frantically anxious to receive a challenge from anybody, we agreed to race under the terms of the old deed. We did provide on that occasion (and I include mention of the provision because of the defiant quaintness of the accompanying phraseology) that, if the challenging club won, the Cup would be held under the terms of the new deed, 'inasmuch as this Club believes it to be in the interest of all parties, and the terms of

which are distinct, fair, and sportsmanlike.'

Specifically, the New York Yacht Club rejected the Sweet challenge of 1887 and Lord Dunraven's challenge for 70-footers in 1889; and in 1893, after Dunraven had persuaded or bulldozed the Royal Yacht Squadron into backing a new challenge, we accepted a contest with the 85-footer *Valkyrie II*. We threw overboard the ten-months clause except as it applied to waterline length, and, instead of the two-in-three match demanded by the new deed of gift, submitted to a series of three out of five races.

IV

American sportsmanship — no, the qualifying adjective is unnecessary. Sportsmanship reached its absolute nadir in the sphere of yachting during the Dunraven period. The first match of 1893 (*Valkyrie II–Vigilant*) passed with only minor acrimony, but the second match of 1895 (*Valkyrie III–Defender*) flared up in a conflagration of charges and counter charges which did not die down until Lord Dunraven had resigned his honorary membership in the New York Yacht Club and had been concurrently expelled by that indignant body. The challenger, of a belligerent and suspicious nature, accused the defender of having shifted ballast between races in the dead of night. Inexcusable delay in the remeasurement of the defending yacht gave color to Dunraven's accusation that he had been defrauded, and the club was obliged to retain such legal and nautical lights as the Honorable Joseph H. Choate and Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N., to prove in Star Chamber proceedings that Dunraven was wrong.

Wrong he certainly was, and it was most unfortunate that the club should have had to draft a long resolution beginning, 'The Earl of Dunraven, an honorary member of the club, has publicly charged foul play on the part of the *Defender*,' and ending, 'Lord Dunraven, by this course, has forfeited the high esteem which led to his election as an honorary member of this club, therefore *Resolved*, that the privileges of honorary membership heretofore extended to the Earl of Dunraven are hereby withdrawn, and that his name be removed from the list of honorary members of the club.' The necessity for passing this resolution was the more painful because less than twenty-five years before, at the conclusion of the Ashbury fiasco, the club had been obliged to write, '*Whereas*, inasmuch as Commodore Ashbury has charged the New York Yacht Club with sharp practice and unfair and unsportsmanlike conduct in their dealings with him, *Resolved*, that they cannot with any respect compete for the cups which were deposited with Commodore Bennett by Commodore Ashbury, to be sailed for by the yachts of the New York Yacht Club, and that the secretary be instructed to return the cups to Commodore Ashbury.'

The Dunraven affair threw American sportsmanship into such bold relief that from that time to this no member of the Royal Yacht Squadron (the organization which bears the same relation to English yachting that the New York club bears to American yachting) has challenged for the Cup. While the smoke of the Dunraven controversy still poisoned the atmosphere a challenge was received from a minor English club, but this was withdrawn a few days after its acceptance. Since that day Sir Thomas Lipton, representing the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, has been the only challenger for the world's major sporting trophy.

Since the formation of Sir Thomas's

laudable habit and since the turn of the century we have little by little improved our standards of sportsmanship. The objectionable ten-months clause has never been insisted upon except as it relates to the challenger's waterline length. The next clause in the deed of gift, that stipulating that the challenger must sail from her country of origin to the scene of the races, has been lightened to permit her to be towed by her convoying vessel. Dunraven complained with justice that he was so hampered by sight-seeing vessels as to be unable to sail his course, and we have amended our laws to give revenue cutters full power to patrol the races. Our defender of 1903, *Reliance*, was so extremely light and speedy that an ocean-going yacht had no chance in racing against her, and we now build defenders which are as strong and seaworthy as our challengers.

Not all of these betterments in racing conditions have come spontaneously, and some indeed have been marked by extreme reluctance. In 1912, for instance, Sir Thomas submitted his fourth formal challenge and made it conditional upon our building a defender to conform with the Universal rule of yacht design. This sensible rule had been promulgated by ourselves to bar unseaworthy freaks from yacht racing. In the years intervening, from 1905, virtually all American racing yachts had been built to it. But in 1912 we were, perhaps, a little tired of receiving challenges from Sir Thomas and from no one else, and we rejected his proposal, declining to be bound by our own rule. The next year good Sir Thomas obliged with an unconditional challenge and we accepted, graciously informing him that we would build to the Universal rule. Little by little, as has been implied, we were becoming human.

Owing to the World War, the match originating in 1913 was not sailed until 1920; and then, with conditions fairer for the challenger than they had ever been, *Shamrock IV*, sailing against *Resolute*, came within one race of taking the trophy home. But it is well to recall, in the light of what happened to *Shamrock V's* main halliard in the 1930 races, that the same accident to *Resolute* gave the challenger the edge in 1920. *Shamrock IV* did not transcend the rules by throwing the race which mishap had given her. She accepted it and won the second race on her own ability. But she lost the next three to the speedy *Resolute*.

V

In grouping certain facts in the foregoing I have recounted nothing that the student of American yachting cannot find in the various histories of the sport — Stone's, Stephens's, Thompson's, and Coffin's. The general public, not sufficiently interested to consult these authorities, remembers only that there has been something, shall I say, grasping in our defense of the blue ribbon of the seas. The public's emotional reaction to half-known truths has been the devout hope that Sir Thomas Lipton, multiple challenger for the trophy, will take it home before he dies. It is well, therefore, that these truths should be assembled to illustrate the slow growth of an American sporting spirit.

And it is nothing short of refreshing to relate that the 1930 match was marked by unquestionable fairness from beginning to end. A young controlling element in the defending club, truly representative of the modern American ideal of sportsmanship, led the way in generosity in laying down the conditions for the match. These conditions included the construction of the racers to Lloyd's scantling rules (as

a result of which *Enterprise* could sail to England and there race as effectively as she did at home); the sailing of the match over an open, currentless course which is as fair to the stranger as to the captain possessed of local knowledge; and a series consisting of four out of seven races, wherein virtually nothing is left to luck and everything to yacht efficiency and skill in handling.

The tone of the racing was also admirable. On her arrival in American waters *Shamrock V* was offered *Resolute*, ex-defender, as trial horse against which to tune to racing efficiency. The owners, the designers, the afterguards, and the paid crews of the international contenders mingled in friendliness before the races started, and with no recriminations along the way were still friends when the series ended. After the match American and British yachting representatives met and, with an eye to the next challenge and a reduction of expense, barred the below-deck contrivances and the light-weight mast which had been so effective in giving *Enterprise* the edge over her opponent. The criticism that these contrivances should have been barred before rather than after the match may be met with the rejoinder that clever naval architects are always one or two inventions ahead of the rule makers.

A further criticism — and one which is fairly general among the American admirers of Sir Thomas — is that our policy of selecting a defender from several candidates foredooms the challenger to defeat. Perhaps this criticism is just, though I hold to the belief that a challenger in throwing down the gauntlet says, in effect, 'Here is my yacht, which I consider better than anything you can bring against her. Beat her if you can.' Perhaps one day the rising cost of Cup defense will so alter our ideas of sportsmanship that the present practice of building several potential defenders will seem outmoded and outrageous.

In all events we can now, after the fourteenth defense of the Cup, replace it in its vault with every feeling of satisfaction. We Americans have always been seamen, and whenever the starting whistle blew and the sea-lawyering ceased we have outsailed the challengers. After sixty years of painful evolution we have at last become sportsmen. We may say for once that the Cup is honestly ours. In future may we never say less.

GENIUS IN THE NINETIES

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

THE Académie Julian was a congeries of studios crowded with students, the walls thick with palette scrapings, hot, airless, and extremely noisy. The new students were greeted with cries, with personal comments calculated, had we understood them, to make us blush, but with nothing worse. Perhaps this was still to come. Wild rumors were current about what students had sometimes to undergo.

To find a place among the closely packed easels and tabourets was not easy. It seemed that wherever one settled one was in somebody's way. Happily Studd, who had arrived at Julian's before me, took me under his wing and found me a corner in which I could work. He also proposed I should join him at his hotel, just across the river, opposite the Louvre. This was in the rue de Beaune, a little old street parallel to the rue du Bac, running into the rue de Lille. Nothing could have suited me better. First of all there was the hotel itself, the Hôtel de France et de Lorraine, established at the time of the first Empire and little changed since. It belonged, indeed, to descendants of the original proprietors, — old-fashioned, courteous people, — and was largely frequented by military men and Royalist families. Here I found a modest room, at the price of sixty francs monthly; modest, but delightful in character. Bed, chest of drawers, chairs, carpet, even the curtains were pure 'Empire.' A valet, François, looked after us — an imposing figure with bushy side whiskers, looking as though he had walked straight out of a Gavarni lithograph. Excellent François! As intelligent as you were attentive and good-natured, I think of you still with gratitude and affection.

Living at this hotel, besides Studd, there was Kenneth Frazier, a gifted American painter who had been at Bushey under Herkomer and was now also working at Julian's, and Herbert Fisher, a young and learned history don from New College, who was attending lectures at the Sorbonne, sitting at the feet of Taine and Renan.

Students from all over the world crowded the studios. There were Russians, Turks, Egyptians, Serbs, Rumanians, Finns, Swedes, Germans, Englishmen and Scotchmen, and many Americans, besides a great number of Frenchmen. By what means Julian had attracted all these people was a mystery. He was said to have had an adventurous career, to have been a prize fighter, — he looked like one, — and to have sat as a model. He himself used to tell the story of how, at his wit's end for a living, he hired a studio, put a huge advertisement, 'Académie de Peinture,' outside, and waited day after day, lonely and disconsolate; but there was no response. One day he heard a step on the stairs; a youth looked in, saw no one, was about to retire, when Julian rushed forward, pulled him back, placed an easel before him, himself mounted the model stand — 'and l'Académie Julian was

founded!' More students followed; another studio was added, and finally the big ateliers in the rue du Faubourg St. Denis were taken, and a separate atelier for ladies was opened.

Julian himself knew nothing of the arts. He had persuaded a number of well-known painters and sculptors to act as visiting professors, and the Académie Julian became, after the Beaux Arts, the largest and most renowned of the Paris schools.

The most famous of the professors was Bouguereau, whose name was a household word in Europe and America. His name also typified, among those we now call 'highbrows,' all that was most false and sentimental in popular painting — *peinture léchée*, the French called it. I avoided the studios he visited, and chose to work under Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, and Lucien Doucet.

Lefebvre, a skillful but thoroughly conventional painter of the nude, was personally straightforward and unaffected. Doucet, a suave and polished Parisian, had more sympathy for the experimental eccentricities current in the studios. There was something enigmatic in his character. It was puzzling to find a man, obviously intelligent and, in his way, a brilliant draftsman, entirely dominated by the Salon conventions of the time. Benjamin Constant, a powerful but brutal painter with a florid taste, one of the props of the old Salon, I remember as a less regular visitor.

At the Académie there were no rules, and, save for a *massier* in each studio who was expected to prevent flagrant disorder, there was no discipline. I believe the professors were unpaid. You elected to study under one or more of these, working in the studios they visited. Over the entrance to the studios were written Ingres's words: *Le dessin est la probité de l'art* (Drawing is the essential honesty of art) and *Cherchez le caractère dans la nature* (Look for character in nature).

We drew with charcoal on Ingres paper; the system in vogue was to divide the figure into four parts, measuring with charcoal held at arm's length, and using a plumb line to get the figure standing well on its feet. No one attempted to draw sight-size, but the figure would usually fill the sheet of paper.

So great was the number of students, two models, not always of the same sex, usually sat in each studio. Our easels were closely wedged together; the atmosphere was stifling, the noise at times deafening. Sometimes for a few minutes there was silence; then suddenly the men would burst into song. Songs of all kinds and all nations were sung. The Frenchmen were extraordinarily quick to catch foreign tunes and the sounds of foreign words. There was merciless chaff among the students, and frequently practical jokes, some of them very cruel.

Doucet was exceedingly kind to me. He frequently asked me to his studio, and gave me introductions to artists, among others to Rochegrosse, Bracquemond, and Forain.

Forain was then working chiefly for the *Courrier Français*, week by week producing the mordant drawings and legends which were afterward published as *La Comédie Parisienne*. On an auspicious day, armed with Doucet's letter, I set out to find him. On reaching his studio, I noticed a quantity of furniture, including one or two easels, in the street. Before I could ring, a youngish man with a brown, fanlike beard appeared at the entrance; he turned out to be the admired artist himself. The furniture in the street was his; he was being sold up. This, I found out later, not infrequently hap-

pened. Forain is now, I am told, one of the wealthiest artists in Paris. Such changes of fortune are not infrequent, but there was little to show in those days that Forain would arrive at his present eminence.

Doucet had told me to show Forain my own drawings. These were done on thin brown paper in sketchbooks specially made by Newmans for John Swan. Forain's comments on the drawings were no doubt appropriately polite, but for the sketchbooks, bound in pleasant green cloth strengthened by leather, he expressed unstinted admiration. Could I get him some? Yes indeed; I was only too proud and ready. How many? Three or four. Four were ordered. Needless to say, the good Forain never thought of asking for the account, and I was far too shy to proffer it. My finances, in consequence, were crippled for a month.

II

The Paris Exhibition of 1889 is confused, in my mind, with the Exhibition of 1899. Whether it was there or at Durand Ruel's Galleries in the rue le Pelletier that I first saw paintings by Courbet and Manet, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and Puvis de Chavannes, I cannot now recollect; but I soon became a convert to Impressionism, and a more ardent one than either Studd or Frazier. Fisher also declared himself a convinced disciple. We all admired Bastien Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and especially Cazin; and even quite pedestrian artists like Eliot and Aman-Jean. Watts and Rossetti were, for the time, obscured. But not Millet; his two paintings at the Louvre were strangely moving. The Apple Orchard seemed to me then, as it has ever since, a perfect painting; and the church at Grandville more austere, and equally complete.

Delacroix I did not understand; though I did n't then know the word 'baroque,' his paintings, compared with others at the Louvre, appeared somewhat as those of Tiepolo or Le Brun would appear in a church to a lover of Giotto or Piero della Francesca.

The great Rubens decorations were also above me then; I was unable to see the superhuman qualities of the painting on account of the falseness of the heroics. Ingres seemed to me the fine flower of academic painting — I was told I ought to admire him, but he failed to stir me.

Botticelli was to us then what I suppose El Greco to be to youngsters to-day; Rembrandt's Butcher's Shop seemed to me the last word in realistic painting; and his picture of the Good Samaritan, the slight indication of blood on the ground to show where the wounded man had lain before being lifted up and carried away, opened my eyes to Rembrandt's almost Biblical imagination.

Another picture which moved me strangely was Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin — those beautiful women, with their pure necks and virginal persons, whose color alone, so clear and spotless in its delicate purity, gave one a glimpse of Paradise.

I noticed, when I went to the Louvre after returning from Giverny, that many pictures seemed to smell too much of the workroom, of actual paint and varnish. But Fra Angelico's and some others among the primitives, never. Sometimes, both in the country and in my studio, I would feel that nothing had ever been perfectly painted, that everything remained still to be done, despite the genius of the old painters. Hence one's interest in Manet and Courbet, who at least, I thought, saw the world with fresh eyes.

But when I saw the life of the fields, the passion of the harvest, men and women reaping and binding, and the great carts and horses being led to and fro in the fields, loaded with corn and hay, I marveled how completely Millet had expressed one side of human life. I felt dimly even then that he was the best balanced among French artists, uniting perfectly color, design, and draftsmanship with exactitude of observation, heightened by the inspiration of a great subject matter.

I remember Frazier's saying that Watts held the painting of hair and beard to be the most difficult part of a portrait, and my ridiculing this statement; and Frazier rightly asked what experience gave me the right to judge the conclusions of a ripe painter like Watts.

III

During the first weeks in Paris our gastronomic exaltation quite equaled our æsthetic enthusiasm. The discovery of *vol-au-vent*, *cœur à la crème*, of omelettes of many kinds, within the measure of one's pocket, made luncheon and dinner a daily adventure. It was no form of dissipation which had to be paid for then or thereafter; so these golden hours spent at French tables were taken as a gift of the gods, accepted gratefully, and with modest libations. Even the grave Fisher grew lyrical over the *éperlans frits*, the *truite à la rivière*, the *rouget;* and where in England, save in private houses, can one find the fat, juicy steaks, the *choux à la crème*, the young and melting carrots, the *aubergines?* Was it not my friend Eric Gill who wrote that while God does n't particularly approve of luxury, at least he wants it in good taste? To French people, cooking is a serious matter, and to be particular about one's food seems to them right and reasonable. That an ill-cooked dish should at once be rejected is, in France, taken for granted. An active critical faculty is applied in Paris to art and literature and the drama as well as to cooking.

Herbert Fisher gave me some idea of the history of Paris, and took me to the Sainte-Chapelle and to Notre Dame. Fisher used to attend Taine's and Renan's lectures at the Collège de France, or the Sorbonne; at times, too, he would meet them personally, when Studd, Frazier, and I would wait his return, to hear all he had to tell about these great men. On one of these occasions Taine advised Fisher to study medicine for three years! A historian should know something of mental effects on human action. Fisher did n't take Taine's advice. Fisher met Renan when Déroulède was preaching the *revanche;* Renan thought Déroulède a dangerous influence. Let France not risk a decision by the sword; rather let her, like Greece, lead the world as a great civilizing power. She can have no more glorious future.

Fisher returned from these interviews aglow with enthusiasm. Despite a somewhat grand manner, he had a very human and affectionate character, and we valued his company among us. He shared, too, our enthusiasm for French art and literature; so perhaps he gained something from his association with us painters.

What plays I saw during my first year I have forgotten, all save one. I went with Duvent to the Gymnase to see a new play by Alphonse Daudet, *La Lutte pour la Vie*. I could follow it fairly well, but one word, constantly repeated, puzzled me — 'strugforliffeur.' What did it mean? I asked Duvent. 'Why,' said Duvent, 'it is an English word.' 'Surely not,' I said. But he insisted, and finally I realized that struggler for life was intended!

Early in the summer I returned to

England, staying with Fisher at Oxford on my way to the north. One day Fisher came in and threw a book on the table, saying he wished me to read it; it was by a nephew of Burne-Jones. He was curious to know my opinion of its merits. The book was *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

In October, I returned to Paris. The left bank was very well for poets and scholars, but Montmartre was essentially the artists' quarter. Puvis de Chavannes had a studio on the Place Pigalle, while Alfred Stevens lived close by, and in the rue Victor Massé lived Degas. At Montmartre also were the Nouvelle Athènes and the Père Lathuille, where Manet, Zola, Pissarro, and Monet — indeed, all the original Impressionists — used to meet. The temptation, therefore, to cross the river and live on the heights was too strong to resist. So I left my beautiful Empire room and my safe, solid friends for a land unknown. I was only seventeen years old, and though in many ways timid by nature, I had a blind faith in my star. Dangerous things might happen to other people, but somehow I should be protected.

The rue Ravignan lies above the Place Pigalle and the Boulevard de Clichy. At the top of the street is an irregular open space, bounded on the north by a flight of steps and railings, just below which are the studios. Above the steps was the pavilion of an eighteenth-century country house; beyond lay old quiet streets, scattered villas with deserted gardens, and *terrains vagues*. In a low, rambling building, which probably still exists (I went there some years later with Augustus John to call on Picasso), were the studios, mere wooden sheds with large windows; but great was my pride at working in any place which could so be called.

To the Rat Mort there often came the Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, a magnificent old ruin, broad-shouldered, white-haired, with a fine head and a powerful frame still erect in spite of his years. He was charming to young people, often taking us across to his studio close by in the rue Alfred Stevens (named after him), where he showed us his pictures. Poor Alfred Stevens! He had been one of the great figures of the Second Empire; all the great ladies of that glittering period had passed through his studio. A great lover of women, he had lived splendidly, earning largely; he had been wildly extravagant, and although he had once owned a whole street, he was now reduced to living in a modest atelier and a couple of rooms. More unfortunate still, he had debts, and was driven to paint numbers of small pictures for dealers. His instinct was for highly wrought painting, for precious and delicately handled pigment.

Still, everyone treated 'le Père Stevens' with great respect, for not only had he been a great figure, but he had been a great painter as well. All that remained of the treasures he had lavishly collected was a small picture which he told us was by Holbein — the portrait of a man, clean-shaved, against a green background. He would fetch it out, and, drawing aside a little curtain which protected the surface, he would say each time, 'We are going to see whether his beard has grown overnight,' so living did he feel this work to be. One day he climbed up to the rue Ravignan to see my drawings. Le Père Stevens was a great talker, and it was a privilege to hear him hold forth in his powerful old voice on the Flemish masters, or to hear his comments on contemporary painters. He had a particular dislike for Carrière's work, — 'That man paints like a pig!' — but he was the first French painter I heard give high praise to Whistler.

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IV

I doubt whether the present generation of young artists and writers admires its older contemporaries as we admired some of ours. Admired seems too weak a word. To me Whistler was almost a legendary figure, whom I never thought to meet in the flesh. I must have felt very shy on the occasion when I was first introduced to him. Mrs. Whistler, an ample and radiant figure, who was, I think, amused and pleased at our obvious reverence for her husband (I say *our* reverence, for Studd, Frazier, and Howard Cushing had also been bidden to meet 'the master'), put me at once at my ease, asking us all to come and see them when they were settled in their new apartment in the rue du Bac.

Was it possible I was really to meet the great man again, and in his own house? They were to be at home on Sundays, she said; but, before the next Sunday came round, early one morning there came a knock at my door, and who should walk into my studio but Whistler himself. I was quite unprepared for his visit, and somewhat abashed, at which Whistler was pleased, I think, for he laughed and walked lightly round, examined all I had hung on the walls, rolled a cigarette, and asked to see what I was doing. My friends Studd and Frazier must have spoken generously to Whistler of my efforts; there was a strong element of curiosity in his nature — the reason, I think, of his visit. The next day came a little note asking me to dine, accompanied by a copy of one of his brown-paper pamphlets, with an inscription signed with his butterfly.

He had found an enchanting apartment set far back in the rue du Bac, a small, late-eighteenth-century pavilion which he had completely transformed, as he usually did with his houses. The outer door, painted a beautiful green and white, gave promise of what was within — a small and exquisite interior, a sitting room simply furnished with a few pieces of Empire furniture, and a dining room filled with his famous blue and white china and beautiful old silver. There was a Japanese bird cage in the middle of the table, whereon he and Mrs. Whistler used to make lovely trailing arrangements of flowers in blue and white bowls and little tongue-shaped dishes. There was a single picture on one of the dining-room walls, but none, I think, in the sitting room.

Outside was a good-sized garden, into which, one day, Whistler's favorite parrot flew. Neither coaxing nor food would tempt it down; it finally died from starvation. Next door was a convent, from which came the frequent sound of the nuns chanting. Whistler liked old ways, and this added to the charm of his Paris retreat.

Keen-eyed Whistler! Fixing one with his monocle, quick, curious, now genial, now suspicious. One walked delicately, but in an enchanted garden, with him. He found amusement, I think, in my inexperienced mind and provincial ways. I remember his joy when, during a dinner party at his house, my white tie — I was only just learning to tie my own tie — came slowly undone. He wanted always to know what one was doing, whom one was seeing. There was a certain gaunt, wan, Botticelli-like model (she was a friend of Ary Renan) who sat to me a good deal, and he pretended to believe me in love with her. He liked to assume that I lived a Don Juanlike career — a fancy he had that was half embarrassing, half flattering to a foolish youth. But his chaff was tempered by a charming interest in our work, which he always treated with respect. For anyone he admitted to his friendship

must needs be an artist — how could he be otherwise?

Whistler complained bitterly of his treatment in England. He never tired of disparaging England and all things English. His strictures were sometimes amusing, but at times a little tiresome. One afternoon the Whistlers took me to a party — at the American Ambassador's, I think — where a famous American dancer was to dance. On the way Whistler said something about the British flag covering a union — of hypocrites. In her last dance Loie Fuller was arrayed in the American flag, and I whispered to Whistler that I was bound to admit that the Stars and Stripes at any rate concealed very little.

Whistler enjoyed a jest of this kind; indeed, he allowed one a good deal of latitude, so long as one was 'accepted,' and he often repeated the indiscretions of 'the vicar,' as he called me, with amusement.

He used to produce derogatory press cuttings from his pocket and read them aloud; meanwhile I would ask myself why he took notice of such trivialities. Was he not Whistler, the acknowledged master? I know now that great artists are as fallible as small ones, that small things annoy them as much as great ones do; but I had much less knowledge of human nature then. And because I was dazzled by Whistler's brilliant wit, by his exquisite taste, and of course by the beauty of his work, I thought his powers beyond question, and I was puzzled that anyone else should fail to think likewise. He was so obviously a prince among men.

There was something extraordinarily attractive, too, about his whole person. He wore a short black coat, white waistcoat, white ducks, and pumps, a low collar and a slim black tie, carefully arranged with one long end crossing his waistcoat. He had beautiful hands, and there was a certain cleanness and finish about the lines of his face, the careful arrangement of his hair and of his eyebrows. On Sunday afternoons, while talking to his visitors, he usually had a little copper plate in his hands, on which he would scratch from time to time. But at this time I think he did more lithographs than etchings. He was experimenting with colored lithographs, and it was at his studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs that he made the beautiful drawings, on a special kind of transfer paper, from his favorite model, Carmen.

In spite of his constant reference to the stupidity of the English and the intelligence of the French, I doubt whether Whistler's work was so well understood in Paris as it was in London. It was rather the cosmopolitan painters — Boldini, Gandara, Helleu, Tissot, Jacques Blanche — who knew and understood him and his work. He was generally considered a mere shadow of Velasquez and Manet; something of a poseur, in fact, as Wilde was in England.

One evening Lautrec came up to the rue Ravignan to tell us about a new singer, a friend of Xanrof, who was to appear at the Moulin Rouge for the first time. Anquetin, Dujardin, Victor José, and some others were coming, and he wanted us to join them to give her a good send-off; she was intelligent, not ordinary, and might easily fail to please a public fed on Paulus. Besides, she was to come on early, and the early turns were given to sparsely filled seats.

We went; a young girl appeared, of virginal aspect, slender, pale, without rouge. Her songs were not virginal — on the contrary; but the frequenters of the Moulin were not easily frightened. They stared bewildered at this novel association of innocence with Xanrof's horrific *double entente;* stared,

stayed, and broke into delighted applause. Her success was immediate; crowds came nightly to the Moulin to hear her, and the name of Yvette Guilbert became famous in a week.

Later she went to the Divan Japonais, where Lautrec was able to watch her more closely; he was very much alive to the piquancy of her appearance and her rendering of the songs she chose. It amused Lautrec to find formulas for a person's appearance, which he reduced to the simplest expression; he had one for Rodin, another for Degas, and one, as cruel as any, for himself. But, for some perverse reason, his drawings of Yvette were among the most savage he ever made.

Nearly forty years afterward, going to see Yvette in her dressing room after one of her recitals in London, I reminded her of her first appearance that night at the Moulin. She looked quite startled to hear again of Lautrec and Willette. 'They are all dead now,' she said in a tragic voice. Yvette herself remains the great artist she was, but with something ampler and richer in her interpretations. But it was not easy to recognize in the stately matron the slim little *chiffonnée* Yvette of the Moulin.

V

To Paris came more than once Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardner. Mrs. Gardner was already famous as a collector of pictures, as a fastidious and somewhat eccentric woman, and for her great necklace of black pearls. She was notorious as a non-beauty, a fact she had the wit to recognize. Sargent had painted a striking portrait of her, in a plain black dress, very décolletée, and wearing her pearls. She was a warm supporter of Sargent throughout her life, but she fully recognized Whistler's genius. Thinking she might be interested in my work, Whistler asked me to meet Mrs. Gardner at dinner. She was curious, too, about the bohemian corners of Paris, and Whistler had advised her to have me act as her guide. So I took her to hear Yvette at the Divan Japonais and Xanrof at the Chat Noir, and to hear Bruant sing his songs at his cabaret. She herself entertained lavishly at her small and modest-looking hotel in the rue de la Paix.

Mrs. Gardner was anxious to acquire a Whistler. Why she thought this a perilous project I had no idea, — Whistler was surely not averse from selling his pictures, — but she thought that I might be useful and she took me with her to the studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs. Whistler was in his most genial mood, and showed a number of his canvases, among which was a lovely sea piece with sailing ships. Mrs. Gardner nudged me; I could see she was eager to have it. 'Why don't you put it under your arm and carry it off?' I whispered. She was always ready for any unusual adventure, and she boldly told Whistler that she was going to take the picture with her. Whistler laughed and did nothing to stop her.

She told us later that on her asking Whistler how much she owed him for this beautiful work Whistler named three hundred pounds as the price. How absurdly small a sum this seems to-day! When Studd paid two hundred pounds for one of Monet's haystacks and the same price for a painting by Picard, it was the talk of Paris.

VI

Whistler used to say that I carried out what in others was merely gesture; this of course was pure flattery. But, with its many faults, my work at this time was generously noticed by older artists. It attracted the notice of Degas, who sent word, oddly enough

through a little model of his who came often to our table at the Café de la Rochefoucauld, that I might, if I cared, pay him a visit. Degas as well as Whistler! And but two years before I was drawing casts at the Slade School and longing to know one or two of the older students.

Although I was always somewhat excited when visiting Whistler, his curiosity to know what I had been doing, whom I had been seeing, his friendly chaff, would put me at ease. With Degas, I was never quite comfortable. To begin with, nervous people are apt, when speaking in a foreign tongue, to say rather what comes into their heads than what they mean. Moreover, Degas's character was more austere and uncompromising than Whistler's.

Compared with Degas, Whistler seemed almost worldly in many respects. Indeed, Degas was the only man of whom Whistler was a little afraid. 'Whistler, you behave as though you had no talent,' Degas had said once to him; and again when Whistler, chin high, monocle in his eye, frock-coated, top-hatted, and carrying a tall cane, walked triumphantly into a restaurant where Degas was sitting: 'Whistler, you have forgotten your muff.' And about the flat-brimmed hat which Whistler fancied Degas said: 'Yes, it suits you well enough; but it won't be that that will give us back Alsace and Lorraine.'

Degas was famous, and feared, for his terrible mots. He was unsparing in his comments on men who failed in fidelity to the artistic conscience. Flattery, usefulness, and subservience provided, in some cases, the key to intimacy with Whistler; with Degas integrity of character was a sine qua non of friendship. One thing he had in common with Whistler — a temperamental respect for the aristocratic tradition, the 'West Point' code of honor; a French West Point, which included anti-Republican and anti-Semitic tendencies, which later made him a strong partisan of the militarists and anti-Dreyfusards.

He heartily disliked the cosmopolitanism which was ousting the narrower but more finely tempered French culture — destroying it, indeed, so he thought; hence he wanted to save what he could of French art from the new-rich American collector, then already beginning to cast his efficient nets, baited with dollars, in Parisian waters. He was buying as many drawings by Ingres as he could, and had also acquired half a dozen of his paintings, as well as many drawings by Daumier and Delacroix. Daumier he placed high among the nineteenth-century painters. 'If Raphael,' he said, 'returned to life and looked at Gérome's pictures, he would say, "*Connu*"; but if he saw a drawing by Daumier, "Look — that's interesting, and by a master hand," he would say.' Degas owned several large slips of Manet's Execution of Maximilian, two of which are now in the National Gallery. A dealer bought the original painting, and, being unable to dispose of so large a canvas, cut it up and sold the fragments separately; most of these Degas was able to secure. He had, besides, two beautiful still-life paintings by Manet, one of a single pear, and one of a man. He had thought Manet overworldly: 'Why, you're as well known as Garibaldi. What more do you want?' Degas chaffed him once. Manet's answer came pat: 'In that case, my friend, you are above sea level.'

Degas spoke with particular admiration of Manet, regretting that he had not appreciated him enough during his lifetime. Whistler habitually belittled Manet's work, disliking to hear us praise it. Like Whistler, Degas had

a poor opinion of Cézanne as an artist.

Degas was a confirmed bachelor of simple habits. He occupied two apartments, one above the other, in the rue Victor Massé, over which a devoted old servant ruled and guarded the painter against intruders. The walls of the lower flat were hung with his beloved French masters, while upstairs he kept his own numerous works. With those whom he had once admitted to his friendship he threw off much of his reserve, and showed and discussed his treasures. I eagerly listened to his affectionate tributes; he never tired of lingering over the beauties of his Ingres drawings. He pressed me to look out for unknown originals which, he believed, were in England; for Ingres had employed a tout in Rome and in this way got many commissions from English tourists before he became famous.

In appearance Degas had something of Henley and something of Meredith, but was too heavy for Meredith and too fine-featured for Henley. His raised brows and heavy-lidded eyes gave him an aspect of aloofness; and in spite of his baggy clothes he looked the aristocrat that he was.

VII

One or two things I saw at the rue Victor Massé remain in my memory: a beautiful pastel of a woman lying on a settee in a bright blue dress, a work which I have not seen again, nor seen reproduced; a small wax model of a horse leaping to one side, which Degas made use of in a well-known composition of jockeys riding. This was the most highly finished of the *maquettes* which I saw at the rue Victor Massé. Until then I was unaware that Degas modeled. He owned some casts of an Indian dancing figure, the first examples of Indian sculpture I had seen.

Degas was then making studies of laundresses ironing, and of women tubbing or at their toilettes. Some of these were redrawn again and again on tracing paper pinned over drawings already made; this practice allowed for correction and simplification, and was common with artists in France. Degas rarely painted directly from nature. He spoke once of Manet's dependence in this respect: 'I do not feel the necessity of losing consciousness before Nature,' he mocked.

He complained much of his eyesight. Young people to-day, who prefer the later work of Degas and of Renoir, hardly realize how much of its looser character was due to their failing sight. Degas, in the nineties, was still able to see fairly clearly; but toward the end of his life he was obliged to use the broadest materials, working on a large scale, hesitating, awkward, scarcely able to find his way over the canvas or paper.

He was by nature drawn to subtleties of character and to intricate forms and movements. He had the Parisian curiosity for life in its most objective forms. At one with the Impressionists in rejecting the artificial subject matter of the Salon painters, he looked to everyday life for his subjects; but he differed from Manet and his other contemporaries in the rhythmical poise of his figures and the perfecting of detail. He found in the life of the stage and the intricate steps of the ballet, with its background of fantasy, an inexhaustible subject matter, which allowed for the color and movement of romantic art, yet provided the clear form dear to the classical spirit. He delighted in the strange plumage of the *filles d'opéra*, as they moved into the circle of the limelight or stood, their skirts standing out above their pink legs, chattering together in the wings. The starling-like flock of young girls, obedient to the

baton of the *maître de danse*, Degas rendered with astonishing delicacy of observation.

Degas never forgot that he was once a pupil of Ingres. Indeed, he described at length, on one of my first visits, his early relations with Ingres; how fearfully he approached him, showing his drawings and asking whether he might, in all modesty, look forward to being, some day, an artist; Ingres replying that it was too grave a thing, too serious a responsibility, to be thought of — better devote himself to some other pursuit. How he went again and yet again, pleading that he had reconsidered, from every point of view, his idea of equipping himself to become a painter and that he realized his temerity, but could not bring himself to abandon all his hopes. Ingres finally relented, saying, 'What you are considering doing is serious, very serious; but if you really wish, nevertheless, to be an artist, well then, sir, make lines — nothing but lines.' One of Ingres's sayings which came back to Degas was 'He who lives only to himself is out of luck.' Degas had lately been at Montauban, Ingres's birthplace, where the greater number of his studies are preserved. He was full of his visit, and of the surpassing beauty of the drawings.

When I got back to England I was indignant at the general misapprehension of Degas's character; for instance, he was fiercely assailed by Sir William Richmond on account of a picture, L'Absinthe, which had lately been shown in London — a portrait of Desboutins the etcher, sitting with a woman at a table at the Nouvelle Athènes. Desboutins was, as a matter of fact, a good, sober, bourgeois artist, a familiar and picturesque figure in Montmartre. Degas himself lived very austerely; no breath of scandal had ever touched him. He once told us an amusing story of how, being constantly twitted by his friends about his complete indifference to the other sex, he felt he must make some demonstration of gallantry. Finding that one of the little dancers who sat for him was going to America, he thought this an opportunity for the appropriate gesture. He booked a passage on the boat following hers, reached New York, remained quietly on board, and returned to France. Impossible to do more, he said, than show himself capable of pursuing a lady all the way from Paris to New York!

(*The next installment will picture Pater, Verlaine, Daudet, and Beerbohm*)

MY FRIENDS THE WRITERS

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

ACCORDING to our latest census there are one hundred and twenty-two million inhabitants of the United States. How many of this number are writers and would-be writers it would be hard to say, but they may be estimated, thanks to Mr. R. L. Duffus, at about two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand individuals engaged in trying to write books, or fodder for the magazines, poems, plays, or scenarios. The ratio between what is written and what is published is, generally speaking, twenty to one — twenty attempts to one acceptance. I am glad to say that these odds neither deter writers from writing nor editors from reading what comes to them. There is nothing melancholy in this ratio. As Mr. Duffus says in his quotable volume, *Books: Their Place in a Democracy*, 'it would be a cause for rejoicing if a million Americans were trying to write books, first, because people who try to write can be counted on to read; second, because out of a million manuscripts we could expect to sort out more good books than we do out of a fifth or a tenth or a twentieth of that number.' If Florida real estate and Wall Street stocks remain at low ebb, and if the talkies continue in the same raucous voice, more people may be driven to write and to read American books. The hope is certainly worth cherishing.

Now the business of publishing — in which, for the sake of my argument, I include the writing, the submitting, and the selecting of material to be printed — is needlessly complicated. The business is complicated first by a sense of mystery: a manuscript is submitted, and immediately there ensues a silence which grows the more mysterious as it is prolonged, and which is seldom satisfactorily explained by the letters of decision that in nineteen cases out of twenty must be of polite rejection. Save for a few able and conscientious editors, letter writing to-day is a lost art, and if publishers and writers must still trust their dearest hopes to the mail, complications are bound to follow.

The business of publishing may be exposed to the vagaries of the post, but it is even more dependent upon the question of taste, and in this respect is more troublesome than any other business I can think of. It is just as natural for a writer to believe in what he has written as it is for a publisher to rely upon the tests of his experience. In their attitude toward an editor, writers sometimes remind me of the American motorists and the traffic cop: they are willing to acknowledge his authority so long as it does not apply to them personally; when they are challenged, the air becomes electric with antagonism.

Editors, like policemen, are not unfailingly right. Walter Page turned down *David Harum*, and Chicago gunmen still do as they please; but I do believe that editors are more right than wrong, and that there are often reasons for their actions which, if understood,

would make them more forgivable. I am enough of a beginner to suffer the disappointments that come to an aspiring writer, and I have been long enough in the publishing business to have no mere pontifical regard for editors. So I should like — if I am able — to explain away some of the complications, the mystery, and the antagonism that surround a business in which the personal element is most important.

The sincerity of a writer is taken for granted; that of a publisher is not infrequently questioned. 'I know you editors never read all of your manuscripts,' a letter will say; 'I am sending you my story even though I have been told you never accept unsolicited material,' writes another; or, more fantastic still, 'I am submitting my article with faint hope, since I am aware of your prejudice against Catholic writers.' There was a woman who pasted together the latter pages of her manuscript in order to prove whether or not every word of her novel had been read; there was a man who wrote me angrily declaring that his repeated rejections could only be explained by the fact that he was on the Publishers' Black List — and threatening to sue me if he was! These are indications of a mistrust which turn an editor hot around the collar, and which our association were certainly the better without. Now I should think it would be obvious that anyone engaged, say, in the potato business would have to make it his practice to weed out his assortment, discarding the bad ones and caring not a whit whether the good were grown by Greeks or Nordics. A publisher is in the self-same fix, and, although his potatoes may not prove to be quite so small or tasty as the public wants, you may be sure that their selection is as honorable and conscientious as he can make it.

With an optimism that is rewarded perhaps once in two hundred times, a publisher steadfastly examines the chance manuscripts that come his way. Unsolicited material is generally disposed of rather more rapidly than that which has been solicited, for the same reason that one does not have to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad; but this is not to say that dog-eared manuscripts which have evidently gone the rounds, or handwritten papers which strain the eyesight, are treated cynically. Don't think that there is a black list of rejected authors which circulates in editorial circles: a publisher is an explorer by instinct, and it gives him solid joy to discover merit in what he knows has been turned down by competitors. *Uncle Remus*, Joel Chandler Harris's classic, was rejected time and again, because it was in dialect, before it reached an editor with imagination enough to go against precedent. *Trader Horn* was accepted after having been shown to at least three publishers, I believe. *All Quiet on the Western Front* sold its half a million copies after its refusal by the first American publisher to whom it was offered; and the press of which I am editor gave a five-thousand-dollar prize to a manuscript that had languished unrewarded for nine months in a rival house.

These are but conspicuous examples of what is happening daily in the business of publishing: can it be said that editors are callous to the unknown or downtrodden writer? And, keen though the pleasure may be of scoring a success off an opponent, there is, I promise you, a still greater satisfaction that comes occasionally to a publisher — the satisfaction of detecting talent hid in a napkin and then, by the exercise of the best of his ability, of encouraging this talent to its fullest expression, perhaps even to the point of genius. Remember Page's excited trip to the South when

Mary Johnston's first manuscript wandered into his hands; remember Kipling's dedication to F. N. Doubleday, who both personally and professionally had encouraged him from the first; recall the great service of Mr. Brownell in the developing art of Mrs. Wharton; read in their published correspondence how Edward Garnett, a reader for a London publisher, strengthened and helped to develop the inexperienced Conrad. Between these authors and editors the business of publishing was no mere matter of contracts and royalty statements. Theirs was a friendship founded on mutual respect and strengthened by the give-and-take, the criticism and appraisal, which every writer needs. This is publishing at its best.

II

I have given you my word that all manuscripts that come to a publishing house are examined, and so they are. It is, I take it, generally understood that they are first read, not by the editor in chief, but by the professional manuscript reader, a person whose identity is usually concealed behind that cryptic signature 'The Editors.' Do not suppose, however, that this anonymity is a cloak for inexperience: a trustworthy reader is as indispensable to a publishing house as the magnetism and executive ability of the editor. George Meredith, the novelist, was a manuscript reader for many years; so was Edward Garnett, the friend of Conrad; Willa Cather read fiction for S. S. McClure in his heyday, E. V. Lucas read manuscripts for Methuen, Frank Swinnerton is a reader today. Because most of you have tried and will continue to try your cases before such judges as these, it might be fitting for me to give you Mr. Swinnerton's qualification of this superior court of letters.

'The professional reader's task,' he writes, 'is very different from that of a reviewer, and much less simple. The publisher's reader must have no vagaries. His prejudices must all be sunk when he takes up a manuscript. He must combine enthusiasm with calm; caution with boldness. He must be patient, wary, shrewd; he must know something upon every subject; he must be acquainted with all literatures, and, preferably, with several languages. He must understand the book trade, must have a very easy familiarity with the work of all living authors. . . . He is expected to mark down a best-seller at sight, and to distinguish between work that is immature through excess of genius and work that is crude through congenital incapacity. Taste, experience, and a subtle enjoyment of drudgery for the sake of its occasional rewards (purely spiritual, since he rarely experiences gratitude), go to form the publisher's reader. Such readers have known the best when they saw it — so much is easy to the real critic. They have known, or thought they knew, a best-seller when they saw it — that is not so easy, even to the born publisher. And they have known and backed with their recommendation and encouragement every variety of literary promise: and this is the greatest service which they could possibly render either to the publisher or to the cause of modern literature. Such service could only be given by minds trained, patient, and extraordinarily perceptive. It calls for a special sort of courage, possessed by few men.'

Mr. Swinnerton is obviously talking about the best in the business; readers — to give you further examples — like the late Ripley Hitchcock of Appleton's, who accepted *David Harum* and by cutting it one third shaped it into the fine book it was intended to be; like Ferris Greenslet, now editor of

Houghton Mifflin,' who visited Henry Adams periodically for twelve years and in the end persuaded him to have published that famous volume, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

It is an editor's duty to cut when necessary, to call forward and to inspire when a writer's initiative is low, and in time of stress to suggest that very title which will give a fillip to the whole. Remember Michael Angelo's fine saying, 'The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.' Remember the lady who complimented a bishop on his sermon, but added that she thought it was a bit too long. 'Madam, I did not have time to make it shorter.' We are all of us addicted to long-windedness and it usually takes our wives or some other patient first reader to tell us so. I have known of autobiographical notes which ran to nearly eight hundred thousand words, but which were breathed on by a capable editor and came out a readable book of one eighth the size. I have known where small omissions amounting in all to but three thousand words were a means of shifting sentimentality into true feeling. Have patience with the editor if he wants you to leave out things: he is probably right.

Or let us suppose that a good title is missing. I can instance a popular novel published this summer for which the editor supplied the title before the book was a third written. The phrase capped the situation admirably and so clarified the design that it was the easier to write. I think of the titles in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in *Harper's* as being happy choices; how many of them have been supplied by the editors they would not allow me to say. As for the stimulus, mental and material, which it is an editor's duty to supply, I shall have much to say about that later.

III

It requires modesty — or rather the lack of it — to say that I have served an apprenticeship in the company I have just mentioned. Yet in eight years' reading, guided as I have been by two sage sets of initials, 'E. S.' and 'F. C.,' I have gathered some random and, I hope, practical suggestions which may be of use to you. I shall begin with the magazine field. I presume that you all have a general knowledge of the market. To make this specific, I have known writers who kept a loose-leaf notebook in which, on separate sheets, they set down the requirements of the magazine which they might hope to fill, the names of the editors with whom they have corresponded, and the probable price they would receive for a paper of a given length. Then, below these terms, they would list the success or failure of their respective manuscripts. If such a record infuriates you, you can always burn it and begin a fresh one.

In studying a magazine's menu, many writers are tempted to submit material on a subject which has lately been given space and discussion. Now, unless the topic is red-hot, the editor will be disinclined to revert to it. Thus you will save yourselves time and energy by writing him, not an article, but a letter stating your immediate reactions to the subject in question, touching of course on those aspects to which you believe the other writer has not done full justice. If your letter has vigor and persuasion, you may very well be commissioned to write a more formal reply for the magazine.

In other respects make your letters to the editor as brief as possible. It may help if you tell why you think you are qualified to write the paper you are submitting. But it won't help to say that you are offering it to him at 'the

usual rates' — for obviously it is not to his advantage to 'skin' you. An editor must pay you fairly if he is to continue to receive your work. If it is fiction or verse that you are contributing, don't, in heaven's name, crowd your envelope; two stories or three poems should be the limit at any one time, and they should be selected if possible with a difference, so as to serve as a foil to each other. A man I know used to submit his sketches to *Life* in series of threes, one of them being a drudge which had been turned down before but which by its vaguely familiar contours seemed to sharpen the quality of the others.

In submitting book material — which, incidentally, it is obligatory to have typed — it is not necessary to fret yourself about the copyright, which the publisher will arrange for in the event of acceptance. State — if you please — that you would like to reserve the dramatic and motion-picture rights; most publishers will be glad to let you handle them. These eventualities will take care of themselves when the time comes. More important at the outset is the physical well-being of the manuscript itself. A book manuscript will be convenient to read if it is packed in the box that contained the typewriting paper, and if the chapters are separately clipped and then divided into either two or three sections, each section bound in a paper cover. Pages are apt to be torn from loose-leaf holders or from giant clasps. Above all abhor that spring-back contraption which only Jack Dempsey could hold open for ten minutes at a time.

A book publisher is entitled to six weeks for his consideration; that time is short enough if several readings are necessary. Plan for this interval in specifying your return address — and don't send follow-up letters unless your nerves can't stand the strain. Finally, and above all, keep a carbon copy in case of accident. A publisher cannot be held accountable if your material is lost en route.

Your methods of work will be designed by yourself and primarily for speed and facility, and anything I may have to offer should be subject to discard if it does not fit easily into your scheme. Speed is of utmost importance, since a good mind in motion will always travel faster than a pencil or typewriter. Personally I prefer a soft pencil with a sharp point, and in writing I keep open a wide margin to the left of my page so that when my mind begins to skip ahead I can jot down phrases which will give me the idea for the paragraph or the dialogue when my laboring pencil at last catches up with the procession. Some people can use the typewriter direct as they compose; I envy their speed, but not often their style, which in most cases seems prolific and in need of hand-picking. On the other hand, I would urge college graduates of composition courses to shun the word-splitting and critical analysis which is apt to impede their action — to shun these refinements until they have set down the bulk of their ideas. Not until then is the time to fuss. Pope, who puts things neater than most, capped this situation when he drew from his own experience the line,

> Compose with fury and correct with phlegm.

Dean Briggs used to advise that when you were on the track of a good subject it was well to run after it as long as you could keep your eyes alert. This, paradoxically enough, applies most specifically to those writers who have other things to do. A writer at liberty will school himself to write for about the same span of time each day. But for the many who are writing 'outside' their other responsibilities it

is expedient to force an expanding idea for all that it's worth even at the expense of a sleepless night. Sleep you can always make up. But a good solid start is imperative in a short story, essay, or article, so that as one reads it after an interval one irresistibly acquires the momentum to finish it. Writing is at its lowest point of attraction when one must go back to an unfinished manuscript which seems to have lost all possibility of motion.

Finally, I suppose there is no greater means of facility than that of keeping a notebook with you to stuff with those thoughts and observations and 'wise cracks' which come from heaven knows where and which will disappear quickly if they are not jotted down. This flotsam and jetsam of the mind is often of immense value. Once you can acquire the habit of salvaging it you will be the richer. Sinclair Lewis, I believe, keeps voluminous notebooks. The author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* put such store in the practice that he willed his collection of notes to the British Museum for the guidance of future English authors. Read Katherine Mansfield's Journals and Samuel Butler's Notebooks if you want to see the close interplay of random ideas and creative art.

IV

These are elementary concerns; more subtle is the problem of revision. Now an editor would prefer to write a letter of frank criticism rather than of polite evasion were it not that the first course is apt to get him into trouble. If a book has seriously interested a reader he will probably take notes about it, and if there proves to be a disappointing conclusion these notes may show where and why the story has gone off the track. Should these be embodied in the letter of rejection? An editor knows that in eight cases out of ten a book revised by the author at his suggestion is apt to be returned the worse for the effort. Still, he remembers the exception when the improvement brought national success. And there is a third factor: the time and industry which are represented in the writer's work and out of respect for which something more than a noncommittal reply is due.

Under these circumstances I think the rejection should be as specific as the interest warrants. If the editor holds little hope for the manuscript he need only mention the main objections to it; if, on the other hand, he believes that it might be successfully altered he should be specific even to chapter and page. The writer must understand that he is undertaking a revision with no definite assurance of acceptance, yet even so I think he will be glad for the counsel. Beginning writers especially, it seems to me, are hard put to it for impartial and experienced advice.

You may think I am implying a sense of infallibility on the part of the editor, which I do not intend. I have already cited instances of mistaken judgment such as you yourselves may have suffered. But my point is that where one publisher misses the promise in a manuscript another will be almost sure to detect it. In any case, as between author's agents, publisher's readers, and enthusiastic friends, I would take the publisher's word as the most impartial.

A good agent is as helpful as a good editor, but a great deal rarer. It should be his business to criticize your work, to place it to the best advantage, and to act as a friendly go-between in the matter of payment. He should also reserve the right to reject what he considers as your inferior writing. A bad agent is apt to charge you a fee at the outset, accept your manuscripts without discrimination, relay them to editors in the same thoughtless fashion, and so lead you on to false hopes. I

have been told of an agent who refused a new client on the grounds that she had on her list as many writers as she could properly attend to. We need more of that sort. For writers of magazine fiction, and especially for those living at a distance from the publishing centres, an agent is often desirable. For writers of essays and articles, for writers of books, the need is not so evident. In the case of established writers the agent may even prove to be obnoxious. The practice of 'shopping around' for the high price can become downright reprehensible when applied to books. It threatens the loyalty between an author and his publisher and it introduces the unscrupulous element of bribery.

There is no doubt that publishers who would be classified as 'lily-white' by the Carnegie Foundation occasionally have dirty work done for them by agents. Let us suppose, for instance, that an author has been disappointed at the sale and reception of his latest book. He distrusts the advertising appropriation; he suspects that the sales force are asleep on their feet; he is not likely to infer that the book is inferior to his best — which, of course, is often the brutal truth. In this melancholy he is approached by an agent who commiserates with him and so gradually turns the conversation in the direction of another publisher, who, he intimates, will be glad to offer the writer a larger advance than he has ever received and a royalty as good or perhaps a shade better than his present rate — provided, of course, that he gives them the option on his next three books. Unless the author is wary he may be seduced at this point, forgetting that one of his next three books may so far exceed his others in its success as to entitle him to a royalty quite other than that which is offered.

It is no exaggeration to say that every author of prominence has heard the siren's call in some such fashion as this. Some of them change publishers for the sake of being attached to a more secure and dignified firm, some are frankly attracted by the size of the bribe. Most of them, I am glad to say, communicate the terms of the offer to their publisher — and stand pat. Barrie and Galsworthy with Scribners; Kipling and Conrad with Doubleday, Page that was; Mark Twain with Harpers; Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Sabatini with Houghton Mifflin; E. Phillips Oppenheim and Jeffery Farnol with Little, Brown; A. Edward Newton and Mazo de la Roche with the Atlantic Monthly Press; Joseph Lincoln with Appleton; Hergesheimer with Alfred Knopf — here are associations which have endured despite all temptations, and with benefit, I feel certain, as much to the writer as to the publisher. Generally speaking, to see an author leave a firm which has been identified with his early and middle years is to witness a breach of faith. There is very little real occasion for divorce in publishing.

'But,' a writer may protest, 'granting that the association between an editor and myself is a personal one, what is to happen when that member of the publishing house who has had most to do with my work leaves the organization to take a new post or to set up a firm of his own? Where does my loyalty begin and end?' To answer this query no single generalization will serve. Publishing houses are continually undergoing changes. For instance, the original firm of Doubleday, Page and Company had, as its magnets, F. N. Doubleday and Walter Page. Not many years after Ambassador Page's death, his heir in the business, Arthur Page, withdrew from publishing. The Doubledays, father and son,

then acquired a new partner in the person of George Doran, who had already established a large firm of his own. Mr. Doran took with him into the new combination of Doubleday, Doran his authors and his assistants, among the latter John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart, two able young men who shortly resigned and began publishing under their own names. Farrar and Rinehart, rightly it seemed to me, retained their hold on certain authors with whose work they had been closely identified. And presently Mr. Doran, seeing the beckoning finger of William Randolph Hearst, also resigned from the combination to devote himself to Mr. Hearst's book interests. Now what is to be Mr. Doran's attitude toward authors? Will he try to recapture the allegiance of his former authors, will he go gunning for those affiliated with other publishers, or will he devote himself wholly to new talent? Only the latter course will go unchallenged.

We all know that an author's first books may not be profitable. Conrad's early volumes were published at a loss, and at the outset Hardy's novels had a costly reception. But a publisher worth his salt is not going to allow an author in whom he has confidence to remain static and his books a loss if he can possibly help it. You may be sure that over a space of years a publisher will invest in an author in a better than even proportion to the response which his writing has invoked. Once a writer begins to make headway, more sail and still more sail will be crowded on. Certain it is that a publisher will build more steadily for a loyal writer than for one who is ever in the market for the highest bidder.

By loyalty, of course, I do not mean obeisance. He who waits to be appreciated may end by receiving charity. Most of us must impose our own valuation in this life, and in publishing, as in any other business, there are occasions when one is justified in asking for a raise. Should other offers come your way, quote them candidly to your publisher, for they will tend to increase your value in his eyes, and if other circumstances are favorable up may go your royalty rate. I shall go into this matter in more detail; for the present I want to convince you that if you will allow yourselves the loyalty, candor, and forbearance that are indispensable in any intimacy you will in the long run receive from your publisher more favorable treatment and a better royalty return than could be got by any amount of contract jumping and poker playing.

As witness let me give you one sorry illustration. Let us say that it is a poor season and that I, a publisher, have had a disappointing list. Now I learn that I can secure the next book by the famous author of *Thundering Mudpuddles* if I will pay a preposterous advance and the maximum royalty. I need a feature, and I do so. The author receives my guaranteed advance, it is true, but so much has this cost me that unless the book responds to its first advertising I am tempted to stop the campaign short rather than throw good money after what is already lost. In which case the sales will be short, I shall be out of pocket, and the author of *Thundering Mudpuddles* will be looking for some other fish to hook.

V

We have, you may observe, moved definitely into the field of the accepted writer. To press home some of the points of my charge let me quote the Ten Commandments for authors, compiled by a Philadelphia publisher, Mr. Gordon Dorrance. They are irrespective of sex: —

1. Don't starve to death. If you can't write, work. Read *Martin Eden.*

2. Don't show your work to friends. Show it to enemies. They'll criticize it.

3. Don't tell everyone you're writing a book. Get it accepted.

4. Don't write long handwritten letters about your MS. Use a typewriter; be brief.

5. Don't send an 'Arabian Nights' to a Bible publisher. Know your market.

6. Don't submit your fall novel November 15, and expect the publisher 'to have it in the stores by Christmas.' He won't.

7. Don't use a pen name. Your publisher does n't.

8. Don't criticize first and inquire afterwards. Information is understanding.

9. Don't bother the bookseller. He has one show window and 10,000 new books every year to put in it.

10. Don't change publishers. Old friends are best.

But it is not my purpose to leave you with a mouthful of 'don'ts.' Anyone who writes, anyone who tries to support himself on the perilous crutch of literature, will know that what American writers need most is encouragement, not prohibitions. The lot of a writer in America to-day wants protesting. As a people we are fairly literate, fairly generous, and exceedingly prosperous; this being so, it is the more to be resented that the bonuses of our civilization should go to movie actors, real estate promoters, and automobile manufacturers, to people who sit in trees, croon songs, or win a dance marathon, but seldom or never to one who writes a good book. The membership of the Authors League is about two thousand, and of course not all of them are authors of books. 'At most,' says Mr. Duffus, 'there are probably not more than five thousand professional authors in the country, of whom a great many are not making a living out of their writing and of whom only a handful are making a living out of books alone.' If an author can make a place for himself in the magazines, if he has the voice and temerity for the lecture platform, if he can be persuaded to give radio talks, or if he can make a lucky strike with the movies or the stage, then and then only can he afford to write books. If he has given those hostages to fortune which Bacon never gave, — a wife and children, — he simply must diversify his talent in order to make up his budget. Save for a few exceptional cases, the writing of books alone would not be enough to pay his bills.

On this score figures speak louder than words. Let us start with a new writer. I should say that twenty-five hundred copies is a slightly better than average sale for a first novel. On such a sale the publisher is lucky if he breaks even. The beginning author conventionally receives a 10 per cent royalty. Thus, if his first novel — priced at $2.00 — is slightly better than average, he stands to make $500. If that is the result of a year's work, he will not trouble the Income Tax Collector. I fancy, however, that most first novels are written by people who have contrived to spare the time from some other form of occupation.

Next we have the established writer. His early books have created a moderate reputation and a certain public. We will say that his book achieves a sale of 15,000 copies and that he rates a 15 per cent royalty. If his volume is priced at $2.50, he will receive a royalty of 37½ cents a copy, or a total of $5625 gross income for his book year. If his hostages to fortune and his bread and butter cost him no more than this, he will not be in debt.

Finally, there is the best-seller, whose books — usually fiction — mount to 50,000 or 100,000 copies. His royalty will probably begin at 15 per cent and move up a peg or two in proportion to the sales. For such a writer $20,000 would be a generous book income. Last

year 8927 new titles were issued in the United States; of that total it has been estimated that not more than thirty-two reached a 50,000 sale. Thirty-two prosperous volumes out of a total of nearly 9000. And we all know that a best-selling author is now in, now out of favor.

All of this simply means that your experienced writer will try to keep several pots boiling. The talkies are said to be the reason why movie producers are no longer paying large sums for *The Life of Christ* (Papini, you remember, was supposed to have received $50,000 for his) or for *An American Tragedy* of our day; while to dramatize a novel requires a very skilled hand indeed. The fiction magazines and the newspaper syndicates — the first and second serial rights, as you might say — are, however, temptingly attractive. The high-price fiction magazines pay very handsomely; $10,000 is by no means their top figure for a full-length serial — I doubt, for instance, if it would buy more than six chapters of Temple Bailey. What is more, the magazines would seem to illuminate a writer's name almost as brightly as the electric signs of Broadway. So they do — but as a magazine writer, not as a book writer. Those fat checks, which one has to write for occasionally between books when the bank balance is low, have a way of becoming the sole objective, and when that happens they must usually take the place of book royalties, for only the few and best contributors to the big fiction periodicals command respect and success in the book trade. What you gain from the magazines you are apt to sacrifice from your books.

In short, I believe that the American fiction magazines have injured rather than improved the standing of our books. They have cultivated the habit of short rather than long reading; they have so appropriated the short story to themselves that a serious volume of such fiction can hardly be sold across the counter; they have helped to create a prejudice against collected papers which has really hit the essayist; and what is worst, it seems to me, they have lured authors on to the writing of bright, happy, facile fiction as brittle as it is sentimental. There are perhaps fifteen writers in this country who earn from all sources — though seldom the major share from their books — an income of $50,000 a year or more. Several of them must be known to you, and I hope I imply no snobbishness when I say that their work is more often respected for its craftsmanship than for its literary genius.

This is not meant for a blanket indictment. I know that there are discriminating authors who contribute intelligently to the magazines and who retain their independence to the point of writing honest and ambitious books. I believe that the best and most conscientious writers are justified in receiving as handsome sums as can be obtained from such sources. I wish some of it came my way. But I am also aware of a good many names which flashed brilliantly at the outset and then faded into a kind of dull adornment to those vapid girls whose faces cover our news stands. We have more than our share of roadside casualties in American letters.

VI

Of course, the truth is that some kind of compromise has got to be made by writers. Though these are days of material prosperity, one still must make an oblique approach to the profession of letters and can only afford to write books when, as Virginia Woolf says, one has a little money and a room of one's own. Only young men

can afford to retire — and they are usually so young that they have little to write about. Meantime the rest of us plod on, working at any one of a hundred jobs and, on the side, scrimping from week-ends, holidays, and our night's sleep the precious time for our writing. Sinclair Lewis tapping out his first novels by night after spending his day as publicity man for a New York publisher; Christopher Morley as a literary advisor and columnist; Edwin Arlington Robinson, whom Roosevelt made a clerk in the New York Customs House; Conrad coming back from his ships; Samuel Butler cutting loose from his sheep raising; James Truslow Adams serving a dozen years on Wall Street so that he could at last devote his time to history; William De Morgan waiting till he was sixty before he began. So long as the candle of hope burns, time does not trouble us. 'When Keats was my age,' we think in secret, 'he had written the "Ode to a Nightingale"; the year after next I shall be as old as Thackeray when he wrote *Vanity Fair;* Galsworthy did not begin his novels till his middle-thirties.' Thus, aspiration spurs itself on.

Nothing I can say will deter you; no amount of editorial rebuffs will quench your spirit if you have the genuine disease, *cacoethes scribendi*, the scribbling mania. 'One thinks,' writes James Norman Hall, 'of men, some of them rich in worldly possessions, and therefore under no compulsion to write; others wretchedly poor; some of remarkable and varied gifts; some with talents pathetically meagre; but all of them having this in common — that they spent their lives in obscure and solitary literary toil without once hearing a heartening shout of public acclaim.'

There are other ways, of course, of getting over a stone wall than by merely butting it with your head. If your fiction does not come off well enough even to satisfy your wife, who is generally tolerant in such matters, it might be worth while to try your hand at some other medium — children's stories, perhaps, or the essay. I would urge every beginning writer to read that anonymous essay in *Harper's Magazine* entitled 'The Fight for Glory,' in which a successful writer, whom I presume to be Gamaliel Bradford, recounts the failures which he suffered before finding his feet at last.

I wish to quote from this tale of woe.

> My first efforts [says the writer], and for some years my only efforts, were in poetry. I wrote long poems and short poems, light poems and heavy poems, grave poems and gay. The odd thing was that I wrote for myself and made little attempt at publication. When I did, timidly, begin to send out one or two, the receipt of the deadly printed slip of rejection froze my courage so entirely that I put my verses back in my drawer and abandoned the attempt. Even to-day those printed slips, which still come, give me the same feeling of numbing, paralyzing irritation which they gave me then, carry with them the desolating inference that I had better be selling patent medicines than dabbling in literature.
>
> I shortly turned from poetry to novels, poured all my passionate aspiration, literary and other, into an autobiographical romance. No publisher would look at it. Probably it was as well for me that they did not, but the total and blighting rejection was just as disheartening, for all that. I wrote a novel dealing with a young and earnest minister's loss of belief; for in those days religion was still a power in the world. Just as I finished it, Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* appeared and, though I had never heard of it, it made my book seem a palpable and futile imitation. I then wrote three other novels, which got published somehow. The first paid its way and had a little notice; the others died before they were born, and after that the publishers would pay no attention to me. My unconquerable obstinacy refused to yield even so, and I tried more novels. I still try to dispose of

one occasionally to some innocent publisher who asks me for some of my productions.

I was even foolish enough to waste my energy for years in the most hopeless and gigantic undertaking that can delude any author, the one that fooled Henry James out of some of the best hours of his life, the theatre. . . . I have in my drawer some fifteen plays, only one of which ever struggled into print, — at my own expense, — while not one of them has ever come within speaking distance of the stage. For — to me — the fascination of such work is simply irresistible.

And at last — though in a field different from any of these — there came encouragement, acceptance, and demand. Literature is a hard road with many turnings, any one of which, if patiently pursued, may bring you to a wellspring of your own.

The toil and tribulation of making your solitary way has never been better described than by Arthur Machen, to whom, as to many another, recognition came bitterly late. In his reminiscences, *Far Off Things*, he said: —

> No; the only course is to go on stumbling and struggling and blundering like a man lost in a dense thicket on a dark night; a thicket, I say, of rebounding boughs that punish with the sting of a whiplash, of thorns that savagely lacerate the flesh, — it is the flesh of the heart, alas! that they tear, — of sharp rocks of agony and black pools of despair. Such is the obscure wood of the literary life; such, at least, it was to me. You struggle to find your way; but again and again you ask yourself whether, for you, there is any way. You think you have hit upon the lucky track at last. And lo! before your feet is the black pit. And such is not alone the adventure of little, ineffectual struggling men. How old was glorious Cervantes, now serene forever amongst the immortals, when he found his way to that village of La Mancha? Fifty, I think, or almost fifty. And he had been striving for years to write plays, and poetry, and short stories of passion and sentiment; and it was only the roar of applause that thundered up from the world when the Knight and the Squire were seen riding over the hill that convinced Cervantes that at last he had discovered his true path; if indeed he were ever convinced of the magnitude and majesty of the achievement of *Don Quixote*.
>
> And if these things are done with the great, what will be done with the little? If the clear-voiced leaders of the everlasting choir are to suffer so and agonize, what of miserable little Welshmen stammering and stuttering by the Wandle, in the obscure rectory among the hills, in waste places by Shepherd's Bush, in gloomy Great Russell Street, where the ghosts of dead, disappointed authors go sighing to and fro? For the fate of the little literary man there is no articulate speech that is sufficient; one must fall back upon aoi, or oimoi, or alas, or some such vague lament of unutterable woe.

This is bad enough in a country as literate and as devoted to its literature as England; in the United States the writer's lot is further complicated by an indifference on the part of the public, who are too intent upon their golf, radios, movies, and beauty contests to care much what is in a book; by a commercial prosperity which holds out enticing rewards if only the writer will compromise himself utterly in advertising, in the fiction magazines, or in Hollywood; and worse, by a prevailing opinion, even among the writer's acquaintances, that any man who walks by himself and who obviously makes no money by it must be a little cracked. Some of you will perhaps receive no greater reward than what I can only describe as the thrill that comes to you immediately a piece of writing has been finished to your satisfaction. A few of you, driven forward by a spirit strengthened by adversity, and oblivious of the fleshpots of Egypt, may see the promised land and make your voices heard above the syncopated clamor. Come what may, be true to yourselves.

LANCASHIRE LASS

BY JAMES S. HART

I

THEY said Mary Ellen was to be married off the pit brow.

They were the neighbors in Number 4 Court, off Duke Street; two or three dozen of them, living in houses that looked upon the cobbled square — mysterious houses that appeared to be all back and no front. As a matter of fact, such front as they had was lost in a maze of congested masonry that formed the miners' section of St. Helens. To reach them one clattered down a covered alley that was like the entrance to a cave, and emerged into the court. There they were, the houses, six of them, all with rear windows and doors to the court.

That court was everything to those who lived in Number 4. It was the playground for the children. It was the gossip exchange for the women as they stood with brooms in their hands, or with forearms swathed in aprons. On reckoning Monday the coal miners squatted there and passed around a beer jug while they divided the pay among the pit gang.

Strictly, they did not say that Mary Ellen was to be married off the pit brow. What they really said was: 'Ah 'ears Mary Ellen — ye know, owd Tiggem's lass — is gooin' to be wed off t' pit braow.'

And the response always was: 'Ee! Tha doesna say! Well, 'oo's a nahce wench. Ah 'ope 'e's good to 'er. 'Oo's she bent o' weddin'?'

'Aay, that's the surprise on it, missis. It's a little chap fra' Carr Mill way. She en't known 'im very long. But they tell me 'e's a nahce little feller. 'E's geet a bit of a haouse up theer, but 'e works i' Green's Colliery.'

Everybody ''oped 'e'd be good to 'er.' But the tone in which the hope was expressed made it look bad for Mary Ellen. It seemed as though they all thought Mary Ellen never would have anyone to be good to her. Even Mary Ellen once had thought it was almost hopeless. There was her father, of course, but he was too much under the thumb of Lizzibuth.

When Mary Ellen was three, her mother died. That was a terrible thing, but not for Mary Ellen's mother. She had worked like a bought slave since the first day she could stand steadily on her feet, and she took death to her arms with the ardor of a woman receiving her lover.

But it was a terrible thing for Mary Ellen's father. He was a coal miner. He could not live without a woman. No North-of-England miner could live without a woman, any more than an American Indian in his savage state could live without a horse, or a French peasant could live without a cow. Who was there to get his breakfast before daylight? Who was there to put up his bit of snap and cold tea for the mine? Who to prepare his great mound of food at night, and who to put patches on his moleskin pit trousers? And who would fetch his mug of beer? A man had to have a wife or a mother, and mothers wore out.

So Mary Ellen's father married again; married a hard-faced, muscular woman, who hated Mary Ellen from the first day.

To her death Mary Ellen would carry the scars of her first encounter with Lizzibuth. All that Mary Ellen wanted was a 'jam butty,' which is a piece of bread with jam on it. There was jam and there was bread, but Mary Ellen was the one who wanted it, and that made a difference.

Glaring at the not yet four-year-old Mary Ellen, Stepmother Lizzibuth snarled: —

'Nasty little brat! Skrikin' an' scrawchin' every minit o' t' day! Shut thy maouth, or Ah'll shut it for thee! Tha'll geet no jam butty fra' me.'

Mary Ellen had stared with wide eyes at this apparition who had taken the place of her long-suffering mother. Mary Ellen's lip trembled. She breathed one great, deep breath. Then she wailed long and loud.

That did it.

Lizzibuth's bad teeth showed under her upper lip as she grabbed Mary Ellen by what Lancashire knows as the 'nap' of the neck.

'Bloody, nasty nuisance!' she muttered.

Lizzibuth's eyes gleamed. She came of a half-mad family. Her father had been known to torture pit ponies by holding lighted matches under their noses.

Mary Ellen could not have silenced those sobs if the heavens had fallen.

One push, and Mary Ellen was in the ash hole.

The ash hole was eighteen inches high and fifteen inches wide. Over it was the fire grate, filled with glowing coals. When the coals dropped through the grate, they fell into the ash hole.

For a matter of seconds, they fell on Mary Ellen's back.

It was only the fear of what Almighty God might do to her when she died and what the St. Helens police might do to her while she lived that prevented Lizzibuth from placing a foot against Mary Ellen's buttocks and keeping the child there. As it was, panic took Mary Ellen, and it was some seconds before she crawled away and rolled out her agonies on the kitchen floor.

That night the neighbors heard the row when Mary Ellen's father came home. They heard the end of it, too, when Lizzibuth picked up her husband's big plate bearing his dinner and smashed it into the ash hole where Mary Ellen had been. When the story leaked out, the neighbors nodded over their gossip. It looked as if Tiggem was under Lizzibuth's thumb, all right, all right. 'Any mon as 'd let a woman chuck 'is dinner into th' ess 'ole — well, 'e was nowt much of a mon.'

II

That day was typical of Mary Ellen's childhood. The ash hole, of course, played its part only once. Even Lizzibuth could not hope to try that again and escape uncomfortable notice.

But there were a thousand cruel pin points with which Lizzibuth could prick Mary Ellen. She called her in from the court at the height of the game, whatever it was. She boxed her ears in public and in private, until at twelve Mary Ellen cocked her head when anyone spoke to her. She was deaf in the left ear. Long before there was any thought of Mary Ellen going to work, her knees were hard with calluses. Twice a week she scrubbed the stone floor of the kitchen and sanded it. She made beds from the time she had to fall on her little belly on the sheets to reach halfway across. Then there was coal to be dragged ten blocks in a hundredweight wagon.

But even Lizzibuth could not make Mary Ellen miserable all the time. Mary Ellen wanted to be joyful. When she got a chance to play, she played harder than all the rest. It was marvelous to gather round the lamp in the court at night, at the dark hour before the windows went up and calls to bed went out.

'Will-e-e-e!'

'Jane Ann! Come in 'ere! 'S time to get undressed.'

Around that lamp was an aura of light. Outside of that aura was darkness; the black shadows of the court looked ready to swallow a little girl, although she well knew that in the daytime that black shadow was only Duckworth's pigeon coop, and that one over there to the right was the door to the Billinges' washing verandah.

It was beautiful and creepy to be the first one out, to stand with one's back to the lamp post and wait for the others, promising one's self: 'If they're not aout 'ere before Ah caount two 'undred, IT'll come at me fra' yon black 'ole. It'll ha' red een an' 'orns, an' Ah don't know what Ah'll do.' Then the slow counting of two hundred, striving in the childish agony of her own creation to make it last until the first screeching, diminutive figure shot from a black doorway.

'Ooh! Is it thee, Mary Ellen? Wheer's all t' rest o' 'um? Shall we play rallyo or London Bridge?'

It was even good to scrub floors. Mary Ellen came of a painfully clean race. No men in the world scrubbed their flesh with such fierceness as did coal miners, or slicked their hair as often. No women were there who kept their homes cleaner than those of Lancashire. They even washed the curbstones once a week, and rubbing-stoned the doorstep, until, by the very passion of their cleanliness, they wore it away to a sliver.

It penetrated little Mary Ellen's mind that there was a great deal of satisfaction in scrubbing a stone kitchen floor. It shone so when it was done, and the sand crunched cleanly under her clogs. It looked nice, she always thought, as she rubbed her knees.

No, not even Lizzibuth could down Mary Ellen; not even with the coal wagon. It was a hard pull with a hundredweight of coal, but there was something irresistibly fascinating about pulling a thing on wheels. Then there was the run back, part of it downhill, when Mary Ellen could sit on the wagon edge and draw a quick breath of painful delight as she whirled down the street and scuffed her clogs at the corner to end the ecstatic ride.

And then, several times Mary Ellen escaped for a whole day. Oh, the beauty of those days among people and things! They were to be dreamed about through ear boxing and coal hauling and floor scrubbing. They were to be relived in her tired mind at night when, safe from Lizzibuth during the hours of darkness, Mary Ellen could be all alone in the little front room where her bed had been since Lizzibuth came.

Once — and it almost hurt to think about the joy of it — it was to a wagonette picnic Mary Ellen went. Only after torturing anxiety that rived her child's soul was she allowed to go.

The Duckworths had the tickets, because they went to Sunday School, and it was a Sunday School picnic. Mother and Father Duckworth both were going. Father Duckworth must have had several pints on the night he bought the tickets, because it was he who paid thrippence for an extra one, and suggested to Emily that Tiggem's poor little brat might be taken along.

But Lizzibuth!

Mary Ellen entreated her with agonized eyes but silent tongue for

permission to go. Just for this once, Mary Ellen prayed in her heart; just for this once be kind to me. She almost offered to be beaten when she came home, if only she could go — just this once.

The thrippenny ticket decided Lizzibuth. That, and the fact that something was to be gotten for nothing, even though Mary Ellen got it. Her thrifty soul could never see a thrippenny ticket wasted. The day after the picnic that ticket would be worthless; just a yellow slip of cardboard. Now, it meant a thrippenny privilege. Then again, Mary Ellen would be fed, and that would save a couple of meals.

So Mary Ellen went, after an almost sleepless night that was divided between sweats of fear that Lizzibuth would change her mind and shivers of delight as Heaven approached.

Sunup found Mary Ellen on the Duckworth doorstep, alone and happy. She had crept out after her father had gone to the mine and while Lizzibuth was having her second nap. Carefully Mary Ellen dressed in the dark blue muslin, and latched the door behind her as she silently left the house. Lizzibuth would sleep another hour. Surely the Duckworths would be ready by then.

They were n't. But when Mrs. Duckworth came to the door to put out the milk jug with three ha'pence in it she saw the child. Mary Ellen was a little afraid. Perhaps she had offended.

'Aay, chilt,' said Mrs. Duckworth, 'whatever art tha doing theer a' this tahme o' mornin'?'

'Ah'm waitin', if ye please, Mrs. Duckworth,' said Mary Ellen. 'Ah didna want to be late.'

Mrs. Duckworth gazed down. The milk jug hung from one finger.

'Bless thy little 'eart! Come in. Joe! Joe! Didst e'er 'ear o' onythin' lahke this i' thy lahfe? 'Ere's this bit of a wench craouchin' on t' doorsill awaitin' on us. 'Feared she's baound to be late, she sez. Aay, there's folk's araound 'ere as Ah 'd lahke to wrop t' fryin' pan araound their necks — treatin' wee uns wi' soch cruelty as makes 'um flee aout o' th' 'aouse to get away fra' 'um.' Mrs. Duckworth glared at Lizzibuth's back door. ''As tha 'ed thy brekker, chilt?'

'Nay, Ah havna,' said Mary Ellen, 'but Ah'm none so 'ungry.'

This was enough, she thought; just to come inside and wait where Lizzibuth could n't see her.

Big-chested Joe awkwardly patted Mary Ellen's head.

'Tha's goin' to enjie thysel' to-day, little wench. Thee see if tha doesna. Dost lahke to ride i' a wagonette?'

'Aay, Mr. Duckworth, Ah've niver ridden i' one.'

Joe laughed.

'Tha's a quaint little un, naow. An' tha's niver ridden i' a wagonette. What a treat tha's got i' store for thysel'! Sit thy daown, little un! Sit thy daown! Give t' chilt a couple o' mah rashers, Emily.'

His wife bustled between the hob and the table.

'Aay, there's no need o' that, Jody. If Ah couldna feed an extra maouth once in a while, it 'd be a sorry lookaout, naow wouldna it?'

On the way to the Lamb Hotel — which was not a hotel, but a public house — from where the wagonettes were to leave, Mary Ellen had n't time to feel like an outsider. There was so much to see. Not that she had not seen it before, but she saw it differently now. At other times, it was colored by a box on the ear or a hundredweight of coal. But not now. They were off to the picnic. Jody went ahead, purposefully, almost angrily, although he was in the best of spirits. His miner's bow legs ploughed on like two spars of a schooner

bent in the wind. He was going somewhere, and he looked it.

Mrs. Duckworth was a little behind, trailing two Duckworths by the hand, while one skipped on behind. No one lagged.

Mary Ellen found time to balance on the edge of the curb; then to run very fast and swiftly strike the sole of one clog against the stone flags. The irons with which the clog was shod, like a horse's hoof, struck sparks. Lizzibuth had caught her once doing that and had jerked out between boxes on the ear: 'Let me catch — thee doin' — that again! Wearin' aout thy — clogs thy feyther's — got to buy!'

But Lizzibuth was in bed now. At least, she was home.

Then Mary Ellen saw the wagonettes. Was there ever a grander sight anywhere in the world? It was almost too much. Each wagonette had four horses, and the horses had rosettes at their ears. There was a driver on each long seat, with a great thin whip twelve feet long. They were red wagonettes, as brave as could be. Mary Ellen's heart jumped against her throat when the horses pawed the cobbles and swung their heads with a fine rattle of bright harness.

She was in a mob of children, frantically trying to keep in touch with the Duckworths, and clutching the ticket which Joe had given her.

A red-faced man heaved his way through the throng. To Mary Ellen it was a great milling crowd, a terrifying crowd. There were at least forty children and a dozen or more mothers and fathers.

'Aw' them wi' yaller tickets this way! 'Oo's geet yaller tickets 'ere?' bawled the red-faced man.

He stopped just in time to avoid stepping on Mary Ellen.

'Wharr 'as tha geet?' he demanded.

She held up her fist and trembled.

'A yaller ticket! Come on, little un!'

He looked down at her small face. Perhaps he saw something there which made him understand. Then again, perhaps it was the two pints he had had at the Lamb before the wagonettes came.

He bent down.

'Wouldst lahke to ride wi' th' drahver?' he asked.

Mary Ellen gazed at him wide-eyed. He was a powerful and influential man. He could put her where he wanted, even with the driver. She was speechless, but she nodded. He caught her up in his arms.

'Hi there, Tom!' he yelled. 'Tek this little un up wi' thee, wilt tha? She's deein' to watch thee drahve th' 'orses.'

It was the same all through the day. Something watched over Mary Ellen, and she was precipitated from one breath-taking situation into another. First it was the driver's seat, the crack of the whip and the thundering hoofs, and the driver leaning back with his mighty leg on the brake as they went downhill. Then it was the strange man who bought her ginger snaps at Mickle-head Green where the picnic was. There were pork pies and Sally Lunns and buns with raisins in. And finally — oh, glory of glories! — there was the foot race for children between five and seven, and Mary Ellen running like the wind to win a box of pencils.

Life could hold no more for Mary Ellen when the wagonettes rolled back to the Lamb. It was full, full to the brim and overflowing. She had been joyful and free. She had been grandly happy. Now, she was just a bit tired, leaning against the driver, watching the swaying backs of the horses in the dusk.

Not even old age can live in retrospect as can a child of the poor. To Mary Ellen the day after the picnic was not one in which to regret the swift passage of time that had carried joy

into the limbo of the past. It was a glorious day of remembrance. The scrubbing and sanding of the kitchen floor, the hauling of coal, and Lizzibuth's sour visage and heavy hand could crowd such memories so that they faded almost, but not quite, away. But they came back, joyful and thrilling. Not even Lizzibuth could keep an eternal vigil over them.

III

Of course, the ear boxing could not go on forever, although the work might. When Mary Ellen was thirteen she left school and went in service — which meant that she was a 'skivvy' for a family that had made money in a butcher shop. She was there until she marched out one day with flaming face and angry eyes. Mary Ellen was sixteen then, and her employer, fresh from the meat counter, tried to maul her. Mary Ellen slapped him with all the power of a muscular arm. In that moment she was thankful for floor scrubbing and coal hauling that had given strength to her body.

Mary Ellen could not stay at home. Lizzibuth took care of that. There were only the glassworks and the pit, so Mary Ellen went to Green's Colliery.

She was straight and strong. She had a full bosom and broad hips. Her neck was a muscular column and her arms swelled with the roundness of strength. She stood on sturdy legs that had run for miles, throwing heavy clogs along the flagged pavements. Mary Ellen was not big, but she was compact.

She had to be strong. Otherwise the mine would have killed her. Mary Ellen went to work on the pit brow.

Tiggem was working on the pit brow now. He had toiled long in the mine. Now his eyes were affected with cataracts, and the dark recesses below the earth were no place for him. Tiggem wheeled picks and helped the check-weigh man on the surface.

On the pit brow, Mary Ellen pulled coal wagons. She knew of the job before she went there, but she did not know how hard it could be.

She wore a broad belt around her waist. From this belt ran two chains, one straight back and the other from the front and between her sturdy legs, to the wagon which ran on tracks behind. All day, Mary Ellen threw her weight in the traces and dragged loads of coal from the pit shaft. It was a fitting thing in a county where men to this day pull barges along canals.

Mary Ellen could not haul wagons for long without acquiring something of the disposition of a horse. That was just what happened. There was the look of a horse in her eyes. When she stood resting, she did not move, not one bit. She stood, just as a horse stands until someone goads him into movement. Her eyes looked straight ahead most of the time, and saw nothing.

About the middle of each afternoon, the wagons grew very heavy. It was as though a giant hand gripped about her middle, squeezing her vitals, yet urging her on against the strain. Mary Ellen's eyes were sometimes heavy with pain. She did the work of a man. The fact that she was a woman never was considered. For the purposes of the mine she was a man, although she was not paid a man's wages.

Her father often watched her as she dragged her loads on the pit brow. Tiggem was a kindly man, but he was a Lancashire coal miner. A long way back in his brain there was a vague thought that perhaps Mary Ellen should not be doing this. But women always had done it. That was all he knew. He did not go any further.

Once when it rained heavily and Mary Ellen ploughed through the mud of coal dust with her load, Tiggem came

to her and took off his coat. With an almost gentle movement he laid it across her shoulders to cover the thin stuff of her shabby blouse.

"'Ere, lass,' he said, 'put this o' thy shoulders. 'Appen it'll keep a bit o' t' wet aout.'

Mary Ellen stopped, slowly turned her head, and looked at him. She took off the coat and handed it back.

'Keep it thysel',' she said. 'A bit o' rain'll niver 'urt me. Dost think Ah'm so soft Ah've got to tek thy coat to keep me dry?'

Then she threw herself against the harness and hauled on.

IV

It was at Carr Mill that Mary Ellen met Tom Sharp. Carr Mill was — well, Carr Mill was just Carr Mill. Everybody knew it. There were trees there. There were seas of waving bluebells. Mary Ellen used to throw herself into them and lie there, a dark spot in the blue beauty. There was a stream, too, at Carr Mill; a rippling, rushing stream full of 'tiddlers' and 'chotheads' that the boys caught with a bent pin and a worm on the end of a thread line. Mary Ellen once took tiddlers home in a glass jar, only to have Lizzibuth throw them out wriggling into the court. Mary Ellen never forgot how Lizzibuth held her by the arm until the tiddlers wriggled themselves to death on the cobbles.

On one side of the stream at Carr Mill were meadows that were beautiful for picnicking. On the other side was the wood, a marvelous place to roam and imagine one was in the wilds of Canada or Africa or some other place where one would never go.

Like all of her people, Mary Ellen loved the earth. She did not know why. She did not know it was the real reason her countrymen had gone to war repeatedly and piled themselves up in heaps of dead on a foreign soil. She knew it was Heaven to lie in the grass near the stream at Carr Mill and listen to the rushing of the water and watch the swift-shooting swallows.

Tom Sharp, short and dark, with a streak of Norman blood in his veins from a thousand years ago, smiled at her one day as she gathered bluebells in the wood. Tom was really as much of a peasant as England can boast to-day. He could understand why a girl should want to gather bluebells, even though he worked under the ground at Green's Colliery.

'They're nahce, are they not?' he asked.

She flushed, and bent down for more bluebells.

'Aay, they are,' she conceded.

It was the first time she ever had spoken to man like that — a man who just walked up to her. But she thought he did not look as if he meant anything wrong.

'Wouldst lahke me to pick a few?' he asked.

'If you want,' she answered.

It was no invitation she voiced in the ungracious manner of her county. If he wanted, he could. If he did n't, he could go his way. It was quite immaterial.

He stayed. He picked bluebells with his stubby, square-ended fingers. Yet he handled gently the flowers with their juicy stems and swaying blooms. In a few minutes he gave her an armful, and their hands touched in the exchange.

Then he stood looking at her. She gazed through the woods. The light came dimly through the closely set trees.

'Tha belongs i' St. 'Elens?' he asked.

'Aay,' she answered.

'En't Ah seen thee at Green's?'

'On t' pit braow,' she said.

He nodded.

'Ah thowt so,' he said, and looked through the trees as though he sought

the same thing she looked for. 'Dost coom 'ere of'en?'

'As of'en as Ah can,' she burst out. 'It's lovely.'

'En't it, though!' His eyes lighted. 'Doesna tha love it? All t' trees an' water, and these-'ere bluebells! There 's niver a place onyw'ere that's prettier nor this. Ah live reight close by.'

'Does tha?' She gazed at him with a new interest. Imagine living at Carr Mill, right close by this all the time! Why, he could see it at night when he came home, before he slept and when he awoke!

He hesitated, and then plunged.

'Wouldst lahke to see mah place?' he asked, looking anxious. 'Ah could offer thee a cup o' tay. Ah've an owd woman as keeps 'aouse for me. Aoutside o' that, Ah'm all alone.'

He made of it a confidential statement, almost a pleading of loneliness and the expression of a desire to share it with someone. Mary Ellen surprised herself and went.

She was glad when she saw the thatched cottage, low-studded and whitewashed on the outside. It was a beauty. Behind was a chicken coop with a score of birds.

'Ah made most o' t' furniture mysel',' he said. 'Per'aps it's none so much, but — '

'W'y, it's lovely,' said Mary Ellen. 'Ah niver seen such nahce cheers. An' that table! It must a ta'en a sight o' tahme to do that.'

V

That was how they met. After that, a visit to Carr Mill meant a visit to Tom's, with tea and buns or bread and marmalade. Carr Mill took on something new. It seemed to Mary Ellen that it belonged to her now. She had a distinct share in it. Soon it became noised about that she and Tom were 'gooin' together,' although she never spoke of him.

When the cold weather approached, he asked her to marry him. Perhaps it was because it was getting cold and he knew that winter would lessen the frequency of her visits.

'Mary Ellen,' he said, 'Ah do love thee very much. Tha's coom to mean such a lot, Ah don't know naow as Ah can get along withaout thee. Wilt chuck that job on t' pit braow and coom 'ere as mah wahfe?'

It was just as simple as that, and Mary Ellen liked it. Rhetoric would have been out of place with him. She expected no profusion of protestations from him. He would state his case and then abide by the decision like a man.

She made it very quickly. She looked out of the window for just a minute, and the last thing she saw before she turned her face to his was a branch of the rambler roses that grew on the side of the house.

'Ah will, Tom,' she said, 'an' be glad to. Ah thank ye for askin' me, an' Ah'll try to make thee a good wahfe.'

Tom rose, bent over, and kissed her forehead.

She was very much surprised when he dropped to his knees at her feet. Lancashire men in her ken did not kneel to their women.

'Lass,' he said, 'tha's made me very 'appy. Wilt set weddin' date for as soon as thy can? Ah'm a bit 'ungry for thee.'

Mary Ellen's eyes glistened. She took his face between her hands, and for the first time in her life she felt the love of a man's lips. There was a gentleness about it that moved her heart.

'Tom,' she said, 'tha's th' only person i' all t' world that iver was 'ungry for me. If tha wants, Ah'll marry thee naow — this minute.'

That was how Mary Ellen came to be married off the pit brow.

JERSEYS

BY ALICE DAY PRATT

FIFTEEN years ago Bossy, a high-grade, high-producing, good-looking, typical Jersey cow, came to my homestead in the stock country of Central Oregon — a birthday present. Bossy's calf, born soon after her arrival, was a little bull. The calf was exchanged for a young heifer, less typically Jersey than Bossy, probably inheriting a strain of Durham. Nannie was her name. From these two cows I have personally raised and dealt with, during the fifteen years, roughly a hundred head, many of which have been born and reared on my juniper-shaded, sagebrush-dotted, bunch-grass-covered slopes.

In the spring and early summer, these slopes are ideal as Jersey pasture. Probably no succulent feed surpasses young bunch grass in milk production. When the inevitable drought comes on, early or late, milk begins to fail, and I must look for watered fields, and haystacks that are the product of irrigated lands.

Naturally, the enterprise has not been commercially successful. To keep my Jerseys, I have taught during parts of most years, earning the disrespect of my business-minded friends, the disgust of banks and loan companies that have, from time to time, seen me through the dubious experiment, and, for myself, gray hairs, calloused hands, and — some intangibles.

A year ago, drought was upon us by the first of June. For six months, dry or drying pasture was inevitable, even on many theoretically irrigated fields. Hay prices soared 100 per cent and more. Cream prices, by some strange economic law, dropped 50 per cent. I saw my little herd safely through the perils of the winter, and then, in the early spring, most of them had to be sold to square accounts. It was not certain that I could keep even a chosen few of the old and well-beloved. It was in seeking relief for the pain of my heart that I set down what I have learned of Jerseys in the decade and a half just past, believing these things to be characteristic of all Jerseys, as, probably, in a greater or less degree, of all domestic cattle.

I

In the increasingly mechanized, more and more highly commercialized methods of agriculture, the aspect of domestic stock as living creatures is more and more lost sight of. Strange that, under all discouragement, their temperamental qualities persist, their intelligence continues to function, and their emotions defy the indifference of their thick-skinned exploiters.

Beauty may be only skin deep, yet it has, indisputably, an endearing power. In memory, for me, blended with the lights and shades, the sunrises and sunsets, on my colorful slopes, will always exist, gleaming through the shrubbery, the high lights of my Jersey band. Golden tans, offset with glossy black; slender, white-stockinged legs and polished hoofs;

great mournful, appealing eyes; symmetrical, shining horns. Leaping from cover to cover, calves, graceful and beautiful as fawns, will enliven the landscape. Every portion of my 640-acre tract will shield their gentle ghosts.

Friar Butte, which forms the centre of the tract, abounds in nooks and shelters, deep ravines and wild retreats, which appeal to the racial instincts of cattle. They love the butte. How reluctantly they leave it, even when pasture fails, and with what alacrity they seek it in the spring, doing such brave walking as they seem incapable of at other times!

This little field, with its ancient, spreading juniper in the centre, is one of the clearings that earned my title to the land, and has remained for some years uncultivated, bearing an interesting succession of weeds, very interesting as a variation to the bunch grass. Jim Hill mustard, succulent and valuable as pasture, gave place to a smaller and less palatable variety of the same genus. To this succeeded cheat grass, taking possession of every inch of soil and furnishing a month's spring pasture for all of my stock, while the bunch grass made preparation for later pasturage.

In this field, one glorious autumn day, I gathered the herd for the annual migration. Three were missing. Rab, wise old cow pony, knew it in a minute. We made a dash for the spring where the delinquents were, presumably and in fact, in hiding. Returning with them in ten minutes, we found the field unoccupied. Not a horn or a hoof remained, where twenty Jerseys had stood submissive. But, well up on the butte side, among the junipers, golden gleams through inadequate branches, bright eyes watching, unwary tails switching the flies away. They had taken to cover, like wild creatures, in order to escape the drive, which every cow hates, and the separation from their loved pastures. It was on such an occasion that I first experienced the tactics of a bull who desires to hinder the moving of his herd. Keeping ahead, with horns lowered, he persistently turns back each cow that attempts to obey the driver, and successfully, too, for their hearts are with him. It is exceedingly difficult for a single driver to combat the opposition of a bull.

Scattered here and there over the whole tract, in the hidden nooks and crannies of the butte or in the more remote corners of the place, in patches of tall sagebrush or the shelter of Purshia shrubs, how well I know the little birth rooms of my various bossies, selected with all the intelligent care that birds give to the location of their nests. For several days before the event, a cow will frequent the chosen place, testing its seclusion, both from her own and from human kind. If discovered here, she will browse along toward other neighborhoods, with an innocent air disclaiming all interest in the hiding place.

It is in the attempt to hide and keep the calves that the trait of wiliness, well marked in the species, is best exhibited. Past this rocky point and far away, Lorna Doone led me and Scotty, looking into the distance and lowing tenderly. Growing suspicious, we turned back, to find, within three feet of the path we had trod, curled in a soft hollow among the rocks and gnarled junipers, little John Bull, one of Lorna's choice calves. On this grassy bench, high up the butte side, from which mountain and valley spread in extensive panorama, but screened from nearer view by a dense thicket below and an overhanging rock ledge above, I found little Dandelion, gentle Nannie's youngest. From that clump of high sagebrush a little alien's snow-

white face shone out, to the disgust of Tannie, who had successfully concealed it for a week, coming faithfully with the others to be relieved of her superfluous milk, and returning by slow stages and tortuous routes.

In this sunny hollow I found Brownie's little Fay, and first learned that the love of milk often persists throughout life. I had milked a good pailful for Brownie's relief and was investigating the calf. When I turned again to the milk, which had been destined for the chickens, not a drop remained. Brownie had taken it once more into her system. From that day, Brownie had her ration of separated milk whenever it could be spared.

II

Cows receive much less credit for intelligence than they deserve. This is because, in our stupid way, we expect them to exhibit a brand of intelligence similar to our own, notwithstanding that their ends and aims are quite different from ours. Where their own interests are concerned they are intelligent enough. They are very quick to learn a routine that governs their care, and are perfect clocks in their observance of it, impatient and easily irritated by delay or infractions.

Under the informal conditions of my dairy I have milked, in the summer time, under a certain shady juniper, each cow being milked there in turn and receiving a pan of feed. Nothing was better understood among them than that a cow that is being milked must never be disturbed. However, after each milking, while I carried the pail to the house, keen competition was carried on for the milking stand, and when I returned it was to find the successful contestant in position and all but tied beneath the tree.

It was at milking time that I learned that not only does each cow know her own name, but she knows perfectly the names of all the others, as does the bull know the names of all the cows. In the event of some interesting command being given a certain cow, the others will look with expectancy and interest at the individual named.

Ann's Lad St. Mawes, the leader of my herd, shared Brownie's lasting taste for milk. He would lie lazily in the sunshine during the milking hour, only beginning to twitch his ears when the separator began its drone. By the time the milk was all separated, his great black bulk would loom in the kitchen door, and his mouth would be watering in no figurative sense. It has amused the casual visitor to see him toss off three brimming water-pailfuls of separated milk.

Affection for humankind, while it certainly exists among cattle, cannot be said to be notable. Among the hundred that I have handled, only a few have shown a persistent affection for me as an individual. Brownie will greet me to the end of her life, however long she may be separated from me, with the 'Ba-a-a-aw' and curved neck that are the sign of recognition and affection both for their own kind and for the human friend. Cows exhibit decided preferences for certain caretakers, but probably not a cow exists that would not prefer a wild herd life to a domestic one if necessity did not compel her to accept the latter. Of their tender and overflowing affection for their offspring there can be no possible doubt. Calving remains and will always remain a pathetic annual experience in the life of each individual cow. More than food and drink, more than all physical comfort, more than personal safety, more than the society of the herd, a cow loves her calf. Does she not deserve from her

exploiters patience and consideration at this annual crisis?

Rather surprisingly perhaps to some, gratitude is a quality of which cows are unquestionably capable. It is most often expressed when they or their calves have been delivered from some danger or serious predicament. They will reach their noses to their deliverer with the peculiar soft 'B-r-r-r' that is reserved for this emotion. Again and again I have witnessed this expression of feeling. Several times it has been in the case of a cow that has been tied and has got entangled in her rope, throwing herself in a position in which she would soon have died. Her gratitude when released was very touching. Once it was in the case of a very young calf that had been left alone and been attacked by coyotes. The whole herd came at a mad gallop in answer to the calf's cries, but Scotty and I had arrived first and routed the enemy. Twenty cows circled about us and about the tiny calf and its mother, stretching their soft black noses to us and 'B-r-r-r-ing' with one accord.

III

In the case of both cattle and horses, running freely together in a small herd, status and precedence are as definitely established as at the King's court or the White House (more so, possibly). This is most easily observable where stock are watered by hand. Tannie drinks first, then Lorna Doone, then Dolly, and so on to the end. At one time or another, each cow has measured her strength against each of the others and established her standing. In the case of mother and daughters, it is the natural relation rather than the test of strength that determines precedence. The mother continues dominant even down to old age. A cow, however, after satisfying her own thirst, will stand beside her calf, throughout the first year, and keep off aggressors till the calf's thirst is satisfied. The affection between mother and daughters persists through life and is quite different from the attitude of unrelated cows toward each other.

I take issue with Hamlin Garland, who in his otherwise delightful book, *A Son of the Middle Border*, cavalierly disposes of the theory that calves are attractive. They are dirty creatures, he says, blowing milk all over one and making themselves generally obnoxious. One must not undertake barn chores in dainty raiment, and why should our domestic animals be regardful of our clothes and our purely human sensibilities? Did they ask to be domesticated, shut in prison pens, separated from their mothers and from their young, and otherwise distorted for our benefit?

Garland was no born farmer. He lacked the tastes and appreciations that are the alleviations of the hardships of farming. I find a hand-raised calf a most delightful and lovable little creature, most appealing in its dependence and trustfulness. I love the patter of its little feet close behind me — yes, they will step on your heels — and its little pink tongue thrust out in anticipation of its milk. I enjoy satisfying the heartiness of its appetite and seeing it progress in size and weight in the proper manner, with bright eyes and glossy coat, and without the bulging stomach that tells the world of a cruel economy exercised in its feeding. All over the land there are calves with dull eyes, rough and shaggy coat, big stomach and spindle legs, whose birthright has been stolen from them. Shame to their owners! There is nothing easier to raise than a calf, but Nature makes her demands. Since I have known the delights of being

foster mother to these fawn-like little Jerseys, veal has become an abomination to me, and I fully believe that chemistry and developing sensibility, hand in hand, will deliver us from the stockyards and the habit of feeding upon our fellow creatures.

I have found it easy to content a cow with respect to her calf, if she is allowed to see it daily and especially to see it fed. She must smell the milk; if it is proper feed, and she sees the calf contented, she will go away with the herd, well satisfied. If the calf feeding is a little delayed, she will hang about until it is satisfactorily accomplished, and then, with nose to ground, will follow her companions. The sense of smell is a cow's best guide in the conduct of her affairs. She trusts it far more than her eyes. She is hardly sure of her own calf, nor is a calf sure of its mother, till the nose test is applied. When the caretaker appears in a new garment or even a new pair of gloves or boots, he must expect to be sniffed at by each of his charges before he is passed and accepted.

A cow could tell us many things about food and drink of which our own senses leave us in ignorance. She will detect an undesirable element in the well water long before we are able to do so, and she will refuse her accustomed feed because of some slight flavor carried by an unwashed pan. She detects her own kind at a long distance. In this land of moving herds I have often noticed my cows with noses in the air, snuffing a sudden breeze, and have later detected the dust of a passing herd two or three miles away, on the highway.

In view of the unquestioned daintiness of cows with regard to feed and water, and their love of a dry, soft bed, it might seem surprising that they have acquired no sense as to the care of their feed, water, and bedding places. This applies to all herd animals, however long domesticated. A herd of half-starved cattle or horses, if they succeed in breaking their way to a haystack, will trample and soil as much hay as they eat, thereafter refusing to touch it, though hungry. They will travel all day, in time of drought, to a remembered water hole, and will, in fifteen minutes, render it unfit for further use. Having discovered the remains of a straw pile, they will return at night from quite a distance to enjoy the luxury of a soft bed, but will in a few nights have destroyed its usefulness. The probable explanation is that the race instinct of the herd animal is to wander continually. It is far different with animals which habitually choose and occupy a permanent den or nest.

IV

The coming of Ann's Lad St. Mawes, grandson of the famous St. Mawes Lad, was something more than an incident. It was an event in the history of my herd. Ann's Lad, at the age of six weeks, traveled a day's journey in a crate, half a day's journey by auto stage, and a short distance in an accommodating neighbor's wagon. Released from his close quarters, he skipped about in his little blanket, investigating his new surroundings with a lively interest. He had come from 'The Valley,' beyond the Cascades, a quite different climate from ours; hence the blanket, a protection against the sudden change. Renewing it now and then, I continued the precaution of the blanket, since it was the winter season. A beautiful, deer-like little creature, with great soft eyes, — which later became true 'bull's eyes,' with a peculiar peak in the centre, — Ann's Lad, from the first, was 'different.' He had his own ways.

Whereas the other calves trotted or loped when called to meals, Laddie paced. He was perhaps the best-tempered of them all, yet he followed his own line, showing himself a leader. How often I went out at bedtime on a bitter winter night to see whether he was well protected! I need n't have worried. He was sure to occupy the very centre of the straw bed in the cosy calf shed, protected on all sides by sleeping calves. Passing stockmen regarded this dainty and blanketed calf with cynical derision. Their little Whitefaces were breasting the rigors of the winter storms in complete exposure, to live or die as their constitutions or the untempered wind might determine. 'You just oughter go by,' said one to another, 'and see how she's got her calves dolled up.'

I have been repeatedly warned against the treachery of bulls, against Jersey bulls in particular, and against St. Mawes Jerseys most of all. I wish to testify that the friendliness of Laddie's calfish days never suffered relapse during six years of acquaintance. The same was true of his predecessor, whom I cared for for the same length of time, and who once gently picked me up between his horns and set me to one side when I chanced to be in his way at the feed box. I hold the theory that, while there undoubtedly are fierce bulls, the customary use of the pitchfork as a persuader and the brutal use of the nose ring establish 'association centres' that identify the man with the horrors of the pain that he inflicts, and call the motive of revenge into action when opportunity offers.

The introduction of Jerseys into the heart of the beef country was a presumptuous act and was, to some extent, treated accordingly. The fences of the region are not built to withstand the assault of a herd sire from either side. A strain of Jersey in a beef animal detracts from his weight and also renders him less able to withstand the rigors and hardships to which he is born. 'A bullet for the Jersey bull' might have been the slogan fifteen years ago. The first calf that I destined for a herd sire was removed from the scene of action in his early infancy. Ann's Lad has bluffed it through, but carries at least one bullet and several scars as souvenirs of visits outside of his proper range. On my side, I have become familiar with the aspect of every range bull in the vicinity. I have milked under my junipers with two great fellows just in the offing, rolling their red eyes at me. My ears have been assaulted at dawn on a summer morning by the bellowings accompanying a classic bullfight, staged just in front of my porch.

On one February evening, when snow lay deep, a huge Hereford, with horns like the traditional Texan, tore my barnyard gate to shreds, let seven horses in with him on to the last small stack of hay that I was able to secure that year, tore several cows loose from their moorings in the shed, and occupied their quarters, in which I found him calmly reposing in the morning. What cattleman, if cases were reversed, would not have shot him where he lay?

Yet intrusions upon the dairy herd receive little attention. The industry is considered negligible. More than a score of little Whiteface calves have intruded themselves into my otherwise homogeneous herd, a better testimony than my complaints to trespassing from without.

My own Jerseys, and I suspect they are representative in this particular, are touchy milkers. They are high-strung, nervous, and sensitive under handling. A stranger is a cause of great unrest to them. A kick is a

spontaneous expression of irritation. Punishment, as anyone may prove, defeats its own ends. A pleasant association with the milking time brings contentment to milked and milker. A little feed, and all is peace. Even then a pair of hobbles does no harm, and saves many a pail of milk. Have you noticed the reaction of a row of stanchioned cows to the overturning of a pail of milk? If you are calm enough, the breathless silence will interest you. Chewing is suspended and every cow awaits *your* reaction to this crime of the milking shed.

If we profit at all by the light of evolution, we should be quickened in sympathy and in conscience where our highly organized fellow creatures are concerned, and should cease comfortably to close our minds against the cruelties that still exist on the farm, on the range, and in the slaughterhouse.

V

Migratory with my herd, I have become intimately familiar with the aspect of a long stretch of country, in the spring of the year and its decline. In the spring, riding up toward the rim-rock plateaus and their culmination in the Maury Mountains, I have witnessed the soft, vernal velveting of all their slopes with the rich bunch grass. I have breathed the fragrance of the tiny yellow rose of the 'chemise' (which is not chemise, but Purshia), and of the peach blossom of the 'greasewood' (which is not greasewood, but Peraphyllum). I have marveled at the exquisite beauty of the little waterlilies of the 'rock rose' (which is not rock rose, but bitterroot), in honor of which, doubtless, Meriwether Lewis, scaling the backbone of the continent in the spring and receiving the name from the Indians, named the Bitter Root Mountains. Almost certainly the first white man to encounter it, one can imagine the attraction of its delicate beauty, smiling up at him from the barest and barrenest of rocky soil. The most ethereal and immortal of monuments, it bears forevermore the name Lewisia. I have seen the bunch grass splashed with the cardinal of the Indian paintbrush, and rainbow-tinted with the innumerable varieties of low-growing daisies, and Papilionaceæ.

In the fall, riding downward toward the Prineville Valley, I have looked beyond the sear, near landscape to the emerald of alfalfa fields and the gold of ripened grain, beyond which rise purple mountains, overtopped by the glory of the Cascades — rose quartz at dawn, alabaster throughout the day.

Many an incident of these migrations enlivens my memory. I have had calves born on the road and have got them variously transported — by stage, by private auto (sacked up with just the little head appearing), and by runaway bronco teams, which last well-nigh reduced their little brains to what is often called a table delicacy. I have been overtaken on the road by blackest night, under cover of which was enacted a furious bullfight, taking refuge from which I found myself in the centre of the arena. I have overtaken weary drivers of fat and lumbering Whitefaces, and have been privileged to shorten the long road for them by putting my slender, fast-walking Jerseys in the lead. I have had the nerve-racking experience of driving on short stretches of interstate highway, humming with traffic.

I have passed through fenceless towns, when the greens of gardens, lawns, and borders were irresistible to cattle just down from the arid country. Good-natured women have come out with brooms and laughingly helped me through. Bad-natured men have

descended from their lairs to the curb and venomously 'blessed me out.' One gentleman opined that, if he had left his front door open, I should have driven through the house.

In the course of my latest migration, which may very well be my last, I tarried on the high bank of an irrigation canal to allow the cows to drink. Workmen were busy with the repairing of some structure on the floor of the canal. They were talking together and had not observed our invasion. One of them, however, presently raised his eyes, just as my Ann's Lad St. Mawes, huge, black, horned, and bulbous-eyed, lumbered over the edge of the bank directly above him. His attitude remained suspended, his jaw dropped, his eyes, too, became bulbous. All the superstition of his ancestors breathed in his single, whispered ejaculation, 'Hell!' Then, as reality gradually dawned upon him and physical fear replaced the fear of the spirit, with more force and less awe he exclaimed, 'What the devil!' Finally, raising his eyes another fifteen degrees, he spied me, sitting my horse, up on the high bank of the canal. Confusion now superseded the two previous emotions. 'Oh!' he gasped. 'Oh, madam, excuse me! I did n't see *you!* I was talkin' to this felluh, yuh know.'

BAYARD AND THE BICYCLE

BY W. F. DOWNING

I

At a time when bicycles were termed 'penny farthings' — by reason of the disparity in the size of their wheels — my friend Bayard and I had toothache very badly. Oh yes, I know there does n't seem much connection between the two scourges, but that was how *I* got connected with the affair anyway.

Now Bayard owned one of those machines — complete with all the attachments peculiar to its date: an oil lamp that would burn until the first jog, when the flame shook out; the step at the base of the curved spine which often excoriated shins; the rat-trap pedals; and the spoon brake for the front wheel, an ever-present temptation to a high diver.

Not content with this marvelous piece of property, Bayard aspired to a further acquisition — for he fell desperately in love, at first sight, with Someone who, for Bayard, was quite as 'unapproachable' as the twenty-four a shilling eggs so ticketed by a proud London grocer. How to establish contact with Her was a problem; and here is the stage setting.

A big school of near eight hundred boys. In one of its nine houses Bayard and I were stable companions — even to occupying adjacent 'buncles' in a dormitory. Bayard was seventeen and a half, and I about a year younger. We were not in the 'Prefect' class, but Someone's big brother was a full-blown one — but in another house. Someone had, also, a younger brother, — just 'one of us,' — whose hobby was his

stomach. He was wont to wager about his pet's flexibility — adaptability — what you will. Bayard and I discussed this medium, as looking like providing a line of least resistance, but finally it was decided that it was absolutely impossible to advance toward a Lady via the 'tuckshop' and another performer's capacity in it. We were very serious and high-toned about this. Besides, as Bayard said, a boy who, to win a petty half-crown bet, would eat three hot sausages and three strawberry ices together would do anything. He might even give the show away. And indeed this younger brother was, in our Romeo's bitter terms, 'pretty average awful.'

No word, of course, had ever passed between Someone and Bayard, and he, dear soul, was not a Valentino, so would not catch an eye. No legitimate excuse for introduction existed, or could exist, and the odds looked like a hiding to nothing should Bayard attempt to force a meeting complete with talk.

Heart trouble was not my friend's only worry, for he, with me, was suffering intermittently from severe facial neuralgia and toothache. We were both under the dentist every day, for renovations and fillings; and he — well, he was a country practitioner of the same period as the bicycle. So why hurry? Every night our sufferings kept us awake long after the rest of the dormitory were recharging their bodily and mental batteries for use next day, and, like other pieces of machinery, making a noise about it.

And every night — when all the others were in dreamland — I, being his confidant, heard the daily bulletin of Bayard's heart. I was interested, at first, for Someone was certainly very charming and delectable, and always looked as if she had just stepped out of a bandbox. And quite up to date, for she wore a dress improver! Yes — that was the time. And the protuberances for ladies of sixteen or seventeen were not too extreme; and it seemed to us to add to the graceful stream-line effect of this particular lady's figure. So as an artist, in the beginning, I much appreciated what I heard. But Bayard was no poet, and his vocabulary was limited. He soon ran out of adjectives. His epithets were rich, and rare enough to make me wish he knew others. Too much of a good thing palled after a time; I fear I began to get bored. This arose from ignorance — not from lack of sympathy. Being as yet unwounded, I knew nothing of the delicious pain that is caused by the darts of the tiny godling.

Always, always the topic was The Lady — how she looked on the touch line when she came to see our football. It worried me almost as much as the neuralgia. I even 'dragged my bar,' which at that date was the fashionable way for us boys to 'draw the line,' at the foaming but inarticulate spate of adulation. I was afraid I had hurt him, so tried my brightest when he turned to me for counsel — asking could n't *I* suggest something. But whatever I might suggest I was to remember that Donald, the younger brother with the proud stomach, was to be barred.

A little self-communing, and I got hold of a really bright idea. What about a little mild arson at the lady's house, when he, having secretly done the Guy Fawkes work, could dash in and apply the douche? To my surprise and indignation Bayard treated this plan of campaign with quite unnecessary scorn. Indeed I cannot tell you what he said — it was so very pithy.

I tried again. This time I really did get hold of a thriller. A sort of minor Edgar Wallace.

A disreputable acquaintance of ours,

a traveling purveyor who supplied us, from his basket, with just those articles we were forbidden to buy, owned a most ferocious dog. I suggested that we might annex, or hire (the former for choice), that dog; starve him for two days; then, choosing the moment, drop a piece of liver in the lady's path. Then Ferocity could be released. She, mistaking the intention of the ravenous beast, would scream, and Bayard would charge to the rescue.

I saw that this went better, but Bayard still looked gloomy.

'Suppose he bit her leg?' queried her lover.

'You must chance something,' said I.

'I'm not going to chance her leg,' retorted Bayard sturdily, and correctly, as I now see.

'And liver!' He positively snorted. I recognized that what is known in the meat trade as 'offal' was certainly a debasing medium.

'Pretty average awful,' was his crushing comment.

'Well,' said I, 'you've got to do something with ginger to it if you mean to speak to her before the holidays — only three weeks now.'

Bayard — for the first time in his life — groaned at the idea of approaching holidays. But he kindly said he would trouble me for no more ideas. It seems that those I put forward had too little romance about them.

But next morning, when he was 'toshing' before breakfast, I noticed on his, latterly, serious face one of those permanent smiles. And it was still there in class. Not, however, at his success there, for he narrowly escaped an 'impot,' having to drag in neuralgia as the cause of imperfect preparation. But still he looked sunny.

About dinner time he told me that at last he had got hold of *the* idea, and that to-morrow he was going to give it a pretty average try. I gave thanks for my nightly deliverance and he said I was too fervent.

II

So that night, except for neuralgia, I was undisturbed. Next morning I noticed that Bayard, a very keen footballer, did not turn out for the House game, but scratched, and rode away on his bicycle after twelve o'clock. And he was n't in at dinner. I heard our house master asking about him — where was he? No one he asked seemed to know, and I was n't asked. Besides, I did n't know.

At 2.45, having been excused from afternoon work, I was going along the 'High,' on my way to the dentist, when I saw an odd-looking figure coming toward me, with an arm in a sling. The battered but distinctive headgear proclaimed our affinity; and the twisted smile — what I could see of it — caused me to believe that I was gazing on the remains of my friend. But I was surprised all right.

'Who did it, old man?'

'My dear chap, I've *met* her!'

'But *she* did n't do this?'

'And I've *spoken* to her.'

'You don't mean to say the bicy — '

'And I've had *lunch* with her.'

'Great Cæsar, come out of the murk!' I cried, for it was exasperating to be put off with a lunch I had n't eaten.

'And her mother's given me a note for old "Four Eyes" when he asks where I was at dinner time.'

I was so annoyed by this peripatetic heading-off that I said, icily, I was glad her mother was there. And then I got the story.

It transpired that, as befitted his career-to-be as a soldier, he had carefully reconnoitred his ground, and by so doing had discovered the time his Lady returned to her lunch after her

daily visits to our playing fields to watch her elder brother playing in the 'big game.' This very morning Bayard had cruised round and about upon his bike until the MOMENT, the zero hour, for making his frontal attack. He had then ridden in at one end of the Square, as she had entered from the other. Timing his run for the winning post — her front door — with the astuteness of a champion jockey, he had skillfully misapplied his spoon brake and taken a perfectly thorough toss, not twenty yards from the charming quarry.

Seeing that he wore a 'colleger,' she had run forward, — Bayard was 'pretty average chipped,' — only too anxious to succor one of her brother's schoolmates. She inquired deliciously, was he hurt?

'Oh no — nothing really, thank you.'

'But you are! Look at your poor hand!'

Bayard did his best with the eye that still functioned, and instantly had that nasty rough-sea, mid-channel feeling. Oh, but he must come in with her at once and be mended. A menial was summoned to remove and attend to the gallant steed, and Bayard was led through The Portals, leaning on Her arm. And a crowning mercy was that She bossed — quite nicely, of course — her mother. Therefore *She* manipulated the feather and the oil that coaxed the grit from his nasty wounds. *She* bound up the horrid cuts. *She* said he must stay to lunch, and that 'darling' mother would write the necessary note for his housemaster. I gathered, further, that the mere touch of her hands, as she washed his wounds, had filled him with all the electricity it is safe to carry on the person.

III

So it began. She knew nothing of her husband's artful, daring strategy until years later, when, telling me one day after dinner how he would persist in lumbering up an outhouse with a most disreputable old bike, utterly refusing to part with it, I in reply took it upon myself to translate his affection for the old wreck, so that she might understand. And when I had told my tale, he pooh-poohing and actually rather red and looking a bit shy, she glanced across at him a look for the like of which men will — and rightly — sell their souls for a woman.

You will note that I am still the very good friend of Bayard and his wife — in spite of the fact that, after supporting him at the altar, I have been called upon to support three of their relatives at the font.

'Pretty average — ' What?

LES BAUX

THERE is no need for vain regret,
For envy of the lives whose lot is set
In this enchanted place,
Where grey crags touch the sky — while far below,
Meadows, miraculously green,
Are sunk in sleep, between
Uptowering rocks, and from the cliff's sheer face
White-flowering bushes grow.
Should you live here, you must choose
The mountain or the valley — and so lose,
For one, the other joy: too soon the when and where
Would have you in their customary care.
Rather, let your dwelling here
Be in the mind — and you are free
Of all the range the ravished eye can see;
May house you without fear
In the topmost pinnacle, where the star-pricked dome
Shall roof you through the night's slow-wheeling hours,
Or make your home
Among the lilacs and the meadow flowers
Down in the valley — at your will
Be shepherd, huntsman, poet: you may dance
With the linen jigging on the line
In the cherry orchard by the water mill,
Or where the sunbeams shine
From the blue backs of swallows, as they glance
In the mid-air, below
The rocky terrace, to and fro
Your insubstantial form may go,
Now vast as night, now infinitely small —
As having nothing, yet possessing all.

FREDA C. BOND

ARCHITECTURE ASTRAY

BY CHESTER HENRY JONES

I

THE spectacular nature of the huge buildings now rising in the big cities of America has brought her architecture very much to the forefront. Always ready to prize and applaud any concrete manifestation of her civilization, the country has marveled at the tremendous height attained by the skyscraper. Even England, prejudiced and for a long while skeptical of the good taste of the American, has at last been willing to accept it within the field of art.

In his own country the American architect has become a person of prestige unparalleled in Europe. Not only are his buildings discussed in the popular press, where he himself is an earnest exponent of the new age, but the name of his profession is even correctly pronounced by the man in the street. On the sidewalk, knots of persons gather and gaze upwards at the workmen silhouetted against the sky on the steelwork of the sixtieth floor. In the street car, ordinary folk dispute the relative heights of the Bank of Manhattan Building and the Chrysler Tower. Cultivated people, who for so long regarded the skycraper as a fearful monstrosity, have come to admire it, and it may be said without contradiction that in America architecture is now regarded as the foremost of the arts.

University teachers, perceiving the change in cultivated taste and pointing to the increasing number of European students in American schools, extol American architecture with patriotic enthusiasm. Traditionally regarded as conservative, they thus transcend their predilection for the past as opposed to the present and consider themselves advanced thinkers. The professional press itself, mostly interested in advertising, is loud in its praises; critical correspondence is taboo, and it publishes laudatory articles by architects on the work of their contemporaries and friends. Parallels are found in history which prove that in the greatest ages of culture architecture has invariably been the forerunner of all other arts, and that therefore its prosperity in the United States predicts a bright future in every field.

Yet a careful analysis of American architecture reveals surprisingly little which can really be termed modern. In fact, in the whole evolution of art, as it expresses with inevitable faithfulness the civilization from which it emanates, there is nothing so remarkable as the undue amount of extraneous influence which has been brought to bear on American building and the paucity of genuine, contemporary architecture. In the face of the skyscraper, accepted as the hallmark of the art in America, this must seem a sweeping statement, but a critical examination of the whole field of architecture as it fulfills, or attempts to fulfill, all the varying needs of her twentieth-century civilization shows such an insignificant extent of the truly modern as to be wholly out of proportion to the immense amount of

building. In fact, it may be said that American architecture has been modern only as the inevitable outcome of an emphatic twentieth-century need — where utilitarian considerations have unavoidably assumed preëminence over the intellectual predilections of architects.

To the credulous European — and there are many, despite the multitude of voluminous philosopher-critics who flow through New York — this will seem strange, for he accepts everything American as being of necessity 'modern.' None the less will it surprise the credulous American — and there are many, too — who readily accepts the dictates of his architectural advisers. The European marvels at the sky line of lower Manhattan, the American at the scholastic attainments of the architect. The judgment of both is superficial and irrelevant. It has taken no cognizance of the relationship of art to the age which produces it. Neither novelty nor scholarship is a virtue of art, for architecture, if it is to be alive and vigorous, will express the contemporary need of the day fulfilled with contemporary science. On such a basis alone can the architecture which America is producing to-day be judged. The criterion of the architecture of any age is its 'efficiency.'

II

We have already gone counter to current opinion in asserting the absence of modern architecture in America. When we assert that American architecture lacks efficiency, popularly regarded as the dominant aspiration of the country, we might seem to add insult to injury. And not only are we raising the hostility of those who assume that efficiency is one with the disordered state to which uncontrolled mechanical evolution has brought our civilization, but in applying the same criterion of efficiency to the past we are antagonizing those who have studied the history of architecture as a spiritual unreality, in the light in which it is popularly represented, and who regard it as a phenomenon of beauty quite divorced from worldly usefulness.

It is the unreal study of the past, fostered by teachers, universities, and schools of architecture, particularly in America, which is chiefly responsible for the popular ignorance which exists to-day. The flow of adjectives and trite and hackneyed expressions, tempered by religious bias, which usually passes for serious criticism of temples and cathedrals has conveyed a very false impression of the why and wherefore. In the constant efforts of the bogus antiquary to find a symbolical interpretation for every feature in a building, however obvious its structural necessity, the columns of temples have been supposed to have originated in the representation of the 'pillars of Heaven,' and the Gothic nave in the architect's endeavor to reproduce an avenue of trees. Such a warped approach to the masterpieces of the past can only be regarded as provocative of much amusing reading. To imagine that the intricacies of the Gothic vault were a serious attempt to imitate the interlacing of the boughs in an avenue of trees is indeed a poor compliment to the mason. He was concerned with no such fantasy, but with the immense problem of covering a great space with a stone vault — a new type of construction advanced by the greatest mechanical knowledge of the day as a cure for the disastrous fires which had resulted from wooden roofs. His whole interest was in obtaining the maximum area of covered floor space for the worshipers with the greatest economy of materials. To achieve his end he invented the shaft, the vaulting ribs, and the but-

tress — a form of construction both scientific and economical. The resemblance to trees (if any resemblance exists) was entirely incidental, and only the license of a poetic imagination is justified in associating the nave of the mediæval church with 'the arcades of an alley'd walk.'

The history of mediæval architecture is one of gradually increasing efficiency in stone construction. An examination of other features of ancient architecture which have been given some romantic meaning will reveal a logical argument for their existence which all the picturesque veneer of the ages cannot obscure when they are rightly studied. Architecture has been, and will be, great only in so far as it satisfies the requirements which give rise to it. The standard by which it must be judged is the degree of success with which it fulfills, with the best workmanship and the most suitable and economical materials available, the demands of the client, whether he be a Pharaoh demanding an everlasting tomb, a priest of Athena Parthenos demanding a temple, a Cæsar demanding an amphitheatre or triumphal arch, a mediæval priest demanding a monastery, a Renaissance potentate demanding a palace, or a modern industrial concern demanding a factory.

If we have studied the past with understanding, we shall have discovered that the Pharaoh received his pyramid, as secure as the age could contrive to build it; that the Cæsar received his amphitheatre, huge and monumental, to unite the citizens of Rome, even in their recreation, in patriotic enthusiasm; that he received, too, his triumphal arch, designed to awe his subject peoples in a distant land; we shall have discovered that the mediæval priest received his monastery brilliantly planned according to his needs. Not until the Renaissance did the dilettante artist presume to exercise his personal preference for styles and become the dictator of fashion to the cultured aristocracy. The client of to-day alone prejudices the purpose of his building by conforming to the fastidious palate of the overeducated architect.

For this the architect and the layman are equally to blame. The client willingly succumbs to the architect and places infinite trust in him. The architect has studied in one of the renowned schools of architecture, he has been abroad, he has aspired to the mysterious École des Beaux Arts, — a certain proof of his genius, — he has passed through the cathedrals of France and England, sketchbook in hand, and has measured and reconstructed some Classic ruin in Italy. Proof of his genius is to be seen in the antiques which adorn the Gothic reception room of his office on the thirtieth floor. How can a man be better equipped than with such a background to design a railway station or a canning plant? So argues the simple client as he waits in the reception room and is duly impressed. He himself was probably raised in the Middle West, and reached his position by hard work and by understanding the men and things with which his business brought him in contact. But now he faces something outside his own sphere, something which smacks of scholarship and European culture. He is conscious of his ignorance of the intellectual snobbery which it represents. To him it is no snobbery, but the manifestation of deep learning. A magnate in railway construction or in cans, he is no magnate in learning. So, in due course, his railway station dons the garb of imperial Rome or his canning plant the armor of mediæval Chartres. In his great philanthropic work of promoting the art of architecture the locomotives and the cans are

forgotten; yet I believe a future generation, studying the arts of to-day, will recognize the locomotives and the cans as æsthetically the greater.

We may seem to dwell at undue length on the past. But this is because we wish to emphasize that identically the same standards of criticism apply to both past and present. The sky-scraper apartment block and the thatched cottage do not differ except in degree. Nor is the phenomenon which we observe to-day without parallel in antiquity. Those who deplore the barbarism of a past in which sound, economical, and ordered building was the necessary accompaniment of good living do so on grounds of twentieth-century 'progress,' forgetting that 'progress' is a new discovery of unproved worth.

III

It would seem, then, that the present state of architecture, which we dare to criticize so severely, is no sudden, post-war development, but that it dates back to the fourteenth century. Since that time architecture and building have become more and more divorced from each other. It has been a time of revivals, Roman, Greek, Gothic, Romanesque, Byzantine, according to the erudition of the historian and the archæologist. It has been a time when art has become a means for expressing culture and class, the monopoly of the wealthy, exemplifying their good taste and their punctuality with fashion. Art has indeed found learning to be a tyrant.

The revival styles in England made their début with the renaissance of Classic art. But we have only space to consider the Gothic revival. The Laudian revival of Gothic was too near to the original to be successful, for the original style was not then old enough to have acquired the necessary mystery, nor its civilization sufficiently removed to have received the glamour of age and the popularity and advertisement which it later received in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. But at the end of the eighteenth century, with Horace Walpole and his 'Strawberry Hill,' the Gothic style had begun to be accepted as sufficiently cultivated for the enjoyment of society. Evelyn, in the early days of the Renaissance, when the imported Italian manner had been the only possible expression of taste, had thoroughly condemned it as barbarous and uncouth, and in derision had labeled it 'Gothic,' a name which it permanently retained, and which, in a later generation in the mouth of John Ruskin, was to express the very essence of æsthetic beauty in architecture. *Gothick Architecture Improved*, by Batty Langley, published in 1742, is the significant title of a book by one of the first advocates of the Revival. Such are the inconsistencies of dilettantism.

Looking back on the Gothic Revival with that detached and disinterested sympathy which our attitude towards a revival style makes possible, we cannot but regard the earliest works of the Gothic revivalists as their most successful. They had not yet been restricted by the investigations of the archæologists and the limitations imposed by the formation of academic rules. Among the best works of the Gothic Revival may be counted Thomas Rickman's New Court at St. John's College, Cambridge, built as early as the eighteen-twenties. But Rickman himself was one of the first to seek further knowledge, and himself chose to label and standardize the study of the ancient style with a complicated division into 'periods.' These periods are still the student of architecture's Euclid. So, knowledge of the antique progressed, and modern archi-

tecture declined in proportion. Sir Gilbert Scott, renowned Gothicist and restorer of cathedrals, describing himself as 'amongst the most scrupulous and conservative of restorers,' said that his object had been 'to show that Gothic would admit of any degree of modernism.' Sir Thomas Jackson, another distinguished Victorian architect, came to the painful conclusion: 'We must value Gothic art chiefly because it, rather than any other we know of, is so congenial to our times that it may fairly be expected to live again in modern soil, and to fructify and give birth to a new and living art which we can really call our own.' So, the Gothic Revival flourished in England; likewise in America, taking her cue from the mother country. We, to-day, have not yet discarded this outworn philosophy.

If we except the Indian pueblo, which must here be counted with the classics, the whole history of American architecture has fallen within this period of revivals. We must review it briefly in order to appreciate to the full its present position. American architecture originated in the Georgian mansion, transplanted to the colonies as little changed as was possible, and, in fact, so like the original that students of the Colonial period have difficulty in discovering those characteristics peculiar to it which their researches necessitate. Even the porticos of the plantation mansions of the South, so essential in the hot climate, were built, at first, with reluctance. Then Thomas Jefferson introduced his conception of the Roman manner and promoted it with enthusiasm. Much as we delight in Monticello, we cannot but observe its variance with the characteristics of Roman architecture as he had pictured it. The Greek Revival reached the most remote outposts of the Middle West. It produced a remarkably high standard of scholarship and a consistent adherence to the correct formulæ of the Greek style. In the Greek Revival, America never permitted herself the freedom and originality of a Sir John Soane. The Gothic Revival followed, equally zealous. It is indeed to be regretted that so many admirable examples of these two periods have disappeared in the wake of commercial building, hardly appreciated during the vogue for the Georgian re-revival, and unrecorded by the historian. The Romanesque Revival of H. H. Richardson, the peculiar product of a single individual, but nevertheless of wide influence, illustrates admirably the illogicalities and the wastefulness of a revival style. The World's Fair at Chicago, of 1893, undoubtedly a more finished exhibition from the architectural standpoint than any since, diffused the Classic style with renewed spirit. In the Transportation Building, Louis Sullivan, the barbarian, endeavored in vain to stem the advance of the Roman legions. The importation of French teachers for the schools of architecture, imbued with the training of the École des Beaux Arts, now became a new and powerful influence.

But America, even after such a profound training in the classics as we have outlined, had yet to graduate in the school of McKim, Mead and White, a firm without counterpart in Europe, which can only be described as producing design which was the last word in refined taste and academic correctness. With them the Roman legions advanced into every type and size of building, transcended function and purpose. It might almost be said that what the Roman Empire had not time to accomplish was realized by McKim, Mead and White with expedition.

While ready to condemn the archæological prejudice which colors architecture to-day, we are now in a

position to sympathize with it and to understand, to a great extent, the power in America of a background which it is manifestly so difficult to overcome. Again, so much good work has been accomplished in stylistic periods, in spite of them, that even against his good faith the architect is tempted everywhere to fall back on precedent and design in the accepted manner. But however scholarly, however well-read, his design may be, it is impossible to avoid the truth that such work starts from the wrong angle. It differs fundamentally from the original style, as it was once the living expression of a civilization, in that the architect no longer starts from the standpoint of function and material. It is true that he may fulfill the requirements of function, and, at times, of material, with surprising efficiency in spite of the limitations which the style imposes; it is true that the client will believe that culture or advertisement has been satisfied; but the architect is seeking to hide the demands of a new age under an antique veneer absolutely unrelated to it. Whatever his success may be in such counterfeit, his architecture will never be great, for it will never be genuine. In reality it is a cowardly inability to keep pace with the age, and an endeavor to hide it under a mask of erudition.

IV

Among the most absurd results of the archæological prejudice are the Gothic universities of America. Falling back upon Oxford and Cambridge for precedent, the American college has produced some of the most remarkable inconsistencies of our time. It is indeed strange to find modern scientific institutions clothed in architecture which expired more than five hundred years ago on another continent. And in no other class of building have the limitations imposed by an antique style been more acutely felt. Gothic architecture, made of little stones, with little windows of little panes of glass, was built at a time when it took centuries for what can now be accomplished in a few months; when big stones could not be quarried or handled, and when plate glass was unknown, so that little windows were unavoidable. Is it not ridiculous that this inferiority complex of the American university should express learning in such a retrogressive manner? Yet, this is intended to be serious architecture.

The quadrangles of Yale — a *tour de force* in Gothic, and admirable enough had they been erected in a museum — illustrate the limitations of such design, and the manner in which it prejudices efficiency. They are somewhat smaller than the average court at Oxford or Cambridge, but have been built higher to provide more accommodation, without any increase being made in the size of the windows. The rooms are thus unduly dark. At the same time a rough plaster of dull shade has been used in the interiors with the intention of producing an antique effect, though quite contrary to mediæval precedent. And, as if with his tongue in his cheek, the architect, having thus far reproduced the antique antiqued, completes the illusion with scattered repairs in broken panes of glass. It is like the Chinese tailor who, when given a pair of old trousers to copy, reproduced them with the patches in the seat carefully imitated. The only difference is that the Chinaman was concerned with a pair of trousers and the American with a great seat of learning.

It is unnecessary to refer further to the numerous colleges throughout the country which are enshrined in Gothic tracery, with battlemented towers from

whose prototypes the warriors of the Middle Ages shot their arrows at the enemy. One only wonders at the inconsistency of the professor of some abstruse branch of science who departs from his mediæval office, through its Norman archway, without donning armor and a helmet and buckling on his sword and shield. At Pittsburgh the new 'Cathedral of Learning,' a skyscraper university, is rapidly nearing completion. Gothic in its detail, but unavoidably modern in its massing, it is a fine building despite its Gothic veneer, for it has been quite unable to overcome the natural beauty inherent in its size and form. There is no precedent in Gothic times for forty floors. Like the Woolworth Building, however Gothic it may appear in the eyes of the American, it has no counterpart in antiquity, and its modernity is in spite of its architect.

England, lacking the romantic nature of the American, is tiring of the Gothic collegiate style and has sought to try her hand once more at the Renaissance. But she is still unable to divest herself of the Gothic entirely, and in the new buildings for the University of Cambridge ordered planning has been entirely ignored; the various buildings erected for new branches of science, although principally of Classic design, have been scattered about with an indifferent disorder far more fitting to the Gothic, and quite at variance with the exact ideals of the scientist. In England the conservative, stylistic outlook is as much marked as in America, and the English architect has not benefited to the same extent by the saving grace of as sound an academic training. Whether this is not, in the long run, an advantage I do not know, but one cannot but wonder at the continuance of the tame Renaissance mannerism, tempered here and there with Egyptian detail, which still forms the major part of English architecture, despite the propaganda of the modernists and despite a limited amount of advanced Gothic design which the modernists dare not criticize for fear of destroying all inspiration. The Wren tradition — and it has been truly said that English Renaissance architecture should be spelled with a 'W' — lasted for a very long time, and it is still dying.

The standard American railway terminal, with its rows of columns, is hardly less remarkable than the college. The criticisms which have recently been directed against the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central terminals can be attributed, to a great extent, to the limitations imposed by Classic design, accepted, quite unwarrantably, for the great majority of American railway stations. One wonders indeed at the strange conservatism which clothes so magnificent a field for design as the modern railway in the architecture of ancient Rome, and studies the possibilities of 'Spanish Mission Architecture for Railway Stations.' Such is the title of an article in a professional periodical. At the Pennsylvania the taxicabs have to fit into the intercolumniation of columns, and at the Grand Central avoid immense stone piers, when steel and concrete construction could have provided the minimum area for supporting members. Efficiency has been placed second to the interests of Classic design. In London, which has never been renowned for its railway terminals, they consist usually of a track, a platform, an adjacent hotel, and a war memorial. But adequate approach is at least a virtue in which they excel over those in New York. The Greek Gateway at Euston can never be regarded as anything but a white elephant, and, after the Euston Waiting Hall and the great Shed at St. Pancras, it is almost the only piece of railway architecture in

London which remains on the memory. The Waiting Hall at Euston, built in 1847, was founded upon Peruzzi's great chamber in the Massimi Palace in Florence, dating from the early sixteenth century. The Pennsylvania Terminal in New York, finished in 1910, goes back as far as the Baths of Caracalla, in Rome, of the third century!

The American capitol building is another incongruity, adopting universally the manner of the French provincial city hall. This is one of the influences of the French Beaux Arts teachers. The State Capitol of Nebraska, alone, is an American capitol building. City halls have followed the same model. Much as one admires the scholarship and the knowledge which lie behind the design of the City Hall of San Francisco, such a building is no genuine product of our age, as anyone must feel who enters its lifeless interior. One only regrets that the dome and cupola were not the product of Mansard in the seventeenth century, for this could then have been counted as one of the three finest Renaissance domes in the world, along with Mansard's dome of the Invalides in Paris and Wren's masterly dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The French Renaissance of Classic architecture has had no competitive style in the buildings for the Government at Washington.

Recent ecclesiastical architecture both in England and in America has been irrevocably Gothic. A leading American architect, with a profound admiration for and technical knowledge of the thirteenth century, which he reproduces with astonishing accuracy and minute attention to detail, even asserts that modern American ecclesiastical architecture is the equal of the mediæval cathedrals and churches of Europe! He has a very large ecclesiastical clientele and his work is the admiration of the romantically-minded. But there are two architects who, though Gothic revivalists, belong to quite a different field. One is an American and the other an Englishman, and their work bears a striking similarity. It would be impossible not to think that they had profoundly influenced each other were it not that their work is of a trend which one would expect at this time as a natural reaction to the intensely accurate revivalism to which we have referred. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, whose free interpretation of the Gothic style has been such a healthy influence, became at length the architect of two such radical buildings as the Public Library at Los Angeles and the State Capitol of Nebraska at Lincoln. But an early death terminated a career which might have produced a masterpiece of modern architecture. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, grandson of the celebrated Victorian architect, but influenced by the free design of his teacher, Temple Moore, has in his Liverpool Cathedral, won in competition in his early twenties, produced a building as little Gothic as conservative standards would allow. Liverpool Cathedral is the end of the Gothic Revival, and in this fascinating product of our times one may see plainly the revolt against the binding and cramping weight of mediævalism which must ultimately free us from prejudice and fraud.

V

The modern custom of deploring the ugliness and discomfort of our cities is a habit belonging to a new and unhealthy state of civilization. That it is merited is only too apparent, but it comes at a time unequaled in all history for its tremendous opportunities for building, not only, in America, from economic circumstances, but from the magnificent opportunities of new ma-

terials, such as glass, steel, and concrete.

Adopting the attitude which sees architecture in relation to the day which produces it, and carrying the term to its logical conclusion as embracing planning and the convenience of the city, an examination of New York will reveal the evils of the skyscraper and of the absence of a wisely preconceived plan. What it is customary to admire in New York is no more than a manifestation of its overdevelopment. New York is probably the supreme example of the inability of human beings to direct their own destiny.

We may accept it as being one of the first stages in the overdevelopment of a city when the business districts become uninhabitable to a degree which necessitates commutation from other more habitable areas, and the consequent waste of time in transit. It is hardly necessary to place New York in this category, for this is a stage in the new concentration of population which all cities of any size have long passed. The position of New York by the sea has so reduced the suburban area that it has become necessary to commute from very considerable distances. In addition to this, traffic congestion in the streets has become so acute that it takes longer to reach the down-town districts by road, or by congested suburban transit, than to travel by train from outlying districts into the centrally located terminals. But it is unnecessary to complain further of the condition of congestion. It has been enlarged upon often enough by those who have some personal interest to gratify by some minor or irrelevant cure. It is due to no other cause than the fact that the floor area of buildings is quite out of proportion to the facilities for traffic. The fault, without question, can be laid, in a literal sense, at the door of the skyscraper.

It has become too much the custom for architects and others, endeavoring to justify so singular a production of the American civilization as the skyscraper, to commend it without reason. One of the foremost architects of New York, writing recently in a leading newspaper, proclaimed the district about the Grand Central Terminal as illustrative of the value of coördination of various types of buildings in a limited area. He was certainly correct in this, but he described the congestion of the streets as no worse than in certain European cities, and forgot, in what was a very doubtful statement, the fact that the Chrysler and the Lincoln Buildings were not at that time completed. It seems only reasonable to suppose that the congestion of that district is no worse only because it could not possibly become so; and the traffic, realizing the fact more easily than the architect, as it may well do, circumvents it and enters it only when bound to do so.

While surface transportation has become a means of recreation for leisured people rather than a serious method of transit, public transportation by subway and elevated trains has proved quite inadequate, and it is impossible to believe that it can ever be otherwise. The building of subways in New York is of tremendous expense; unlike the tube railways in London, they can only be built immediately beneath the surface of the roadway, and even then at the cost of cutting through rock and providing steel support for roads and buildings above. Moreover, when all possible subways have been constructed, they will still be insufficient. These facts can only be regarded as prohibitive of any real solution to the problem of congestion, particularly when we take into consideration the fact that the elevated railways, ruining all property by which they pass, must

eventually be torn down and their passengers sent into the subway. Added to this will be the increase in value of the property now fronting on elevated tracks; mean houses will be replaced by skyscrapers whose occupants must once more multiply the subway crowds. At present every extra train which the subway companies are able to run, rather than relieving congestion, only serves to aggravate it by permitting more people to travel, and consequently the erection of still higher buildings. The public's lowering moral standard of congestion cannot keep pace indefinitely with congestion's increase, even though, with the fewer numbers of passengers on Sundays, it has shown itself willing to accept the same measure of congestion due to the shorter Sunday trains! For increasing congestion cannot, forever, be as acceptable as the weather. It may be said with confidence that the part played by town planning in proportioning buildings to open spaces, to streets, and to transit, with the intent of the proper functioning of the city, can be counted as negligible.

VI

This town planning, whose absence we deplore, is the backbone of civic architecture. New York will never be a great city. She can never hope to be more than a collection of great individual buildings, and this does not constitute a city. Uncontrolled development has reached a state where nothing can be done to save her beyond the tickling of the suburbs by some occasional well-meaning body, or some minor legislation to relieve the further encroachments in the city proper of individual interests on public welfare. It has been proposed that, in rebuilding, every block should be forced to adopt a complete architectural treatment. By such means some approach to civic architecture would be obtained, and a certain uniformity created such as is now found in the big apartment houses on Park Avenue, north of the Grand Central Terminal, or on La Salle Street, about Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. In these two instances the single façade to each block produces a rhythmic order in the cross streets which is quite lost with the usual irregular sky line. The endlessness of the streets has made an axial position, even for the chief municipal buildings, almost unknown outside Washington. Such a site — the only one in New York — has not been fortunate in its treatment. The absence of axial positions for buildings is one of the many evils of the gridiron plan. Another is the fact that the gridiron plan gives equal importance to streets in either direction, one of the chief causes of congestion, for it is when one stream of traffic has to cross another at right angles on the same level that congestion occurs, far more so than in the increased volume moving in one direction.

In condemning the uncontrolled height of buildings it would be unjust to ignore the tremendous opportunities which the skyscraper presents for architectural design. Its size, alone, is an attribute of which the old-world architect may well be envious. The skyscraper has passed through a progressive evolution, and the prerequisites of this type of building have, in recent years, been met with surprising success. The skyscraper has no counterpart in antiquity, and, as might be expected in a type of building with such novel requirements, it has escaped the more easily from the clutches of the archæologists.

Nevertheless the skyscraper has had to pass through the revival period, in which the façade has been covered with

a veneer of Gothic shafts and tracery or Classic columns. Its early examples were a veritable catalogue of the orders, from the sturdiest Doric at the base to the most delicate Ionic at the top. This phase has now gone for good, but the second phase is still in progress. In this the columns are confined to the lower and upper floors, binding several floors together on the façade with complete disregard for what is behind them. Only in the newest of the skyscrapers has the absurdity of this type of irrelevant design been fully appreciated and the third phase attained. In this the windows or floors themselves, in either horizontal or vertical treatment, are accepted as the principal motif of architectural expression and as the unit of scale for the whole building. This is now the guiding principle for the design of the best of the recent skyscrapers. Of necessity the architecture of New York is becoming more logical. With the exception of one influential firm in Chicago, New York is the hub of the American architectural world.

Whether the skyscraper has from the owner's standpoint reached its greatest height, — and it has done so long ago from the standpoint of the public, — it has certainly reached it from the practical point of view. The skyscraper cannot be built to a greater height on the area of a single block than that of the highest already built. Engineering ability can certainly build higher, and elevator cables can, no doubt, be constructed sufficiently strong to sustain their own weight, but the point has been reached when the increased number of elevators necessary to feed the increased floor area becomes so great that it leaves no rentable area in the lower part of the building. As it is, at present, spaciousness, so necessary to dignity in architecture, has been sacrificed, and the ground floor of the skyscraper has been almost entirely taken up with vestibule and elevator access, scarcely leaving room for window show space and the stores required for the inhabitants of the building. To obviate this difficulty it has been proposed by a New York architect, whose knowledge of skyscraper construction exceeds his appreciation of public welfare, to build a single building on four city blocks, covering in the streets and lighting them and ventilating them artificially. That it is possible to construct it need not be doubted, but, with conditions as they are, it is inconceivable that traffic facilities could, or would, ever be provided to meet such a building.

The course of true architecture in America may be found in the steel frame of the skyscraper, — evil as such an institution may be from the social standpoint, — in the grain elevators of Chicago, in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, and in the highroads and the great bridges and dams throughout the country — wherever, in fact, the dilettantism of the architect has been unable to exert itself. But the course of true architecture is very limited, and unappreciated as such even where it is found. It happens unavoidably, where art is of no consideration, in big engineering creations and in buildings of purely commercial purpose. It seems unreasonable that, in an age of such opportunity as this, one should question the progress of architecture, but it is most certainly questionable. We have reached a state of overeducation and overdevelopment. The architect has been doing too much 'designing' and the lay public has been too much interested in 'art.' There is no cure but to rid ourselves of prejudice and see our age in perspective. Only by so doing will it be possible for our architecture to become true architecture and great architecture.

BETWEEN THE STARS

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

I

Astronomy has made great headway in recent years in the measurement of star distances, not only by the direct methods of trigonometrical survey, but by various statistical and spectroscopic methods, the results of which have justified the various assumptions involved. The result of all this laborious work has been to present a picture of the galaxy of ten thousand million stars surrounding our sun so vast that its emptiness is the first characteristic to attract attention. Three or four minute minnows with the whole Atlantic Ocean as their swimming pool — such similes have been employed to convey some idea of the vastness of interstellar space.

It has long been realized, however, that interstellar space is not entirely empty — in other words, it is not a true vacuum. There is a certain amount of scattering of light traversing these 'empty' regions. This attenuation can only take place if interstellar space contains at least an occasional atom or free electron. Photographs of various regions of the sky, particularly the Milky Way, show that there are vast regions so densely filled with gaseous matter that the light from the stars beyond is almost if not completely absorbed. Some of these gaseous nebulæ have comparatively clean-cut boundaries, whereas others have no apparent boundary, their densities growing gradually less and less until normal sky background is reached. This points directly to the conclusion that there may be and probably is finely scattered matter throughout the whole of interstellar space.

This hypothesis was first discussed in a thorough manner about four years ago when Professor Eddington made it the subject of the Bakerian lecture for that year. With weighty arguments, he set forth the theory that interstellar space is not empty but full of matter. This word 'full' is, of course, used not in its absolute sense of containing so much that no more could be contained, but in the relative sense that there are no vast regions completely devoid of all matter; there are in fact so many atoms dispersed throughout space that there is probably one in every cubic centimetre of space at any instant.

The observational confirmation of this interesting hypothesis has been gradually accumulating and forms one of the most graphic stories which modern astrophysical research has produced. Like many another important discovery, it made its appearance as an incidental and perplexing exception to a general rule in quite a different problem.

II

Sir William Huggins, half a century ago, considering the change of pitch of a sound produced by the motion of the source of sound or of the hearer or of both relative to one another, — a phenomenon carefully investigated by the Austrian physicist, Doppler, after whom it is called, — drew attention to

the analogous effect on the color or wave length of light by proposing to use this measurable shift of the spectrum lines to violet or to red, as the case might be, as a means of determining the velocities with which individual stars are moving toward the solar system or away from it. This method of studying stellar motions was taken up by all the leading observatories, which equipped themselves with spectrographs for this purpose, and to-day the radial velocities of many thousands of stars have been measured and recorded.

One of the early workers in this line was Dr. Hartmann of Potsdam, who announced that there was something apparently inconsistent about the behavior of the lines due to calcium in the spectrum of certain stars. These two particular lines known to spectroscopists as the H and K lines were not displaced to red or to violet as were the other spectrum lines. Here was a mystery! A star that was moving rapidly toward us, for example, would show the characteristic shift of the lines in its spectrum toward the violet — that is, all its lines except these calcium ones and sometimes also a line due to sodium.

Other astronomers soon found the same thing and very soon theories were devised to explain the presence of these 'stationary' lines, as they were at first called. Just as the earth moving in its orbit carries with it on its flight through space its own surrounding atmosphere of cool gases, so, too, a star carries with it a vast atmosphere of gases which surround its intensely hot inner gases. It is when the light, or, more generally speaking, the radiations bursting forth from the hot interior of the star, pass through the relatively cooler gases of its own outer atmosphere that certain specific radiations are absorbed by the atoms composing this atmosphere, thus producing the dark lines in the spectrum of the starlight — and these lines by their position in the spectrum indicate the velocity of the star relative to the earth. But now suppose that the star were moving not through empty space but through a vast cloud of highly dispersed gases, so that light leaving the star passed through millions upon millions of miles of this gas on its journey toward the earth. If this gas were in part composed of atoms of calcium in the state of positive electrical charge which renders them capable of absorbing radiation, then the H and K absorption lines should be found in the spectrum of the starlight in addition to all the lines due to absorption by the atoms in the star's own atmosphere; but whereas the latter, the true stellar lines, will be displaced according to the radial velocity of the star, the former or interstellar lines will be unaffected by this velocity.

The question then arose as to the origin and extent of these 'stationary' clouds of calcium and no doubt other gases, as there is no reason to suppose that all the elements known to science are not represented in interstellar space. Are they due to expulsion of matter from the giant stars that are moving through these regions? Or might they be the last remnants of the great nebula from which the stars have been slowly formed by gravitational aggregation?

More light was thrown on the question when Dr. Struve of the Yerkes Observatory showed that the more distant the star from the solar system the more intense were the 'stationary' lines in its spectrum. This pointed unequivocally to the hypothesis that this gaseous cloud extends throughout interstellar space.

The word 'stationary' was soon shown to be inaccurate by several astronomers who found that these lines were not usually completely undisplaced in the spectrum, though they

were not shifted to the same extent as the true stellar lines, and the terms 'detached' lines or 'interstellar' lines have now been adopted to replace the obsolete adjective.

The crowning discovery was made when it was shown that the residual shifts of these detached lines can be explained if the vast interstellar cloud of gases and the ten thousand million stars which are moving about within it are all taking part in a majestic rotation. This subject formed part of the George Darwin lecture delivered by Dr. J. S. Plaskett before the Royal Astronomical Society in May of this year, when this eminent Canadian astronomer discussed the observations made by himself and his associates at Victoria, B. C., observations which are considered by many to provide very strong confirmation of the hypothesis of galactic rotation.

III

It is interesting to consider that at any point in interstellar space 'wireless' messages from all the myriad stars known to modern astronomical photography might be intercepted. And not only from the myriads of stars forming the galaxy about us, but from the thousands of other galaxies, the so-called spiral nebulæ, so remote that, though each is probably an assemblage of a thousand million stars, yet only one is sufficiently near our own galaxy to be seen with the unaided eye. Every message, wireless or otherwise, involves a transfer of energy. Hence, at every point in space, energy from every star and every galaxy is rushing past at the characteristic speed of all radiant energy, 186,000 miles per second. Yet such is the marvelous nature of space that there is no interference, no blending, no merging, no loss of identity of a single one of the innumerable messages that are rushing past each point in every possible direction.

Space, empty space, completely devoid of matter, offers no hindrance to the passage of light or heat or any other form of radiation. Each unit or 'quantum' of radiant energy flashes through space like a projectile, yet accompanied along its route by electrical and magnetic disturbances of an undulatory character which suggest the physical picture of wave motion. To complete the picture, to give the mind a tangible representation of radiation passing through space like waves in the ocean, physicists invented the term 'æther,' a hypothetical, immaterial *something* coextant with space. Whether this conception has on the whole helped matters or whether it has merely introduced an unnecessary complexity is a debatable point; but the term is generally understood to mean that immaterial medium filling all space, intergalactic as well as interstellar, through which radiation flows, offering no resistance to its progress, nor indeed to the motion of material bodies whether atoms or aggregations of vast millions of atoms in the form of stars. There have been, it must be added in qualification of the last statement, a few men of science who conceive of the æther as having a viscous property resisting the motion of material bodies like stars and planets; but until incontrovertible experimental evidence is forthcoming the majority of physicists will regard the æther as little if anything more than another name for space.

Radiation only runs the risk of being interfered with on its journey through space when it encounters material particles such as these atoms of calcium that we have seen to be diffused throughout the interstellar regions. An atom may absorb the energy of a radiation falling upon it, or it may simply scatter or deviate it from its

course. This obviously is why the astronomer has been able to detect the presence of interstellar matter at all.

IV

Apart altogether from the mysteries with which matter and radiation are surrounded, there is the great challenging fundamental question, What is the nature of space? We are apt to feel that it must be so obvious to everyone just what space is that it is unnecessary to essay the exceedingly difficult task of putting our notions into words. But space, it seems, is not so simple. A ray of light starting out in a certain direction, even if it encountered no matter whatever in interstellar space to dissipate its energy and scatter it to the four winds, would not continue forever in the same straight line away from its starting point (using the term 'straight line' in the sense in which we use it in everyday life). It would, in fact, according to the great thinkers who follow the lead of Einstein, tend to curve round and ultimately come back to its source. Hence space is said by these investigators to be finite though unbounded.

The longest possible path that a ray of light can travel is not infinitely long, the number of stars in the entire universe is not infinitely great, the total energy in the universe is not infinite in amount — and yet on the wings of light, or indeed on the wings of reasonable thought, there is no place to which you might roam where you would feel yourself to be at the edge or boundary of space. You might imagine yourself leaving this solar system, leaving this galaxy of ten thousand million stars, visiting any other of the far-away galaxies, or visiting any point of intergalactic or perhaps even we might say of extragalactic space, yet nowhere having any reason to feel that space did not stretch out equally all around you.

This sounds not only absurd but quite contradictory. Can there be any truth in it? The explanation of the cosmologists involves a four-dimensional line of argument logically apparent to the mathematician but outside the limits of visualization. The words 'curvature' of space and 'warping' of space are used in an attempt to convey by analogy with the three-dimensional objective world of our experience some idea of the state of things in this hypothetical space of the mathematician. It is due to the 'curvature' of space that light travels in a great orbit in space devoid of matter, and that near to a massive star it is swerved from this path because space near a concentration of energy in the form of matter is more highly 'curved.' For the same reason a small body like a planet revolves about its sun, not because the more massive sun pulls it inward continually (as Newton explained the phenomenon), but because space itself, under the mutual influence of sun and planet, is 'curved' or 'warped' so that the orbit is the natural path of least resistance for the planet to move in.

The justification for the belief that this hypothetical space of the mathematician more nearly represents actual space than does our (so-called) 'common sense' idea of space is that the former overcomes certain difficulties and incongruities that both physicists and astronomers had discovered when attempting to harmonize some facts of observation and experiment with the older 'common sense' idea of space.

V

At this stage, when physicists and astronomers have been feeling their way painfully and by devious paths, blazed out for them by three or four

pioneer cosmologists, toward a satisfactory theory of space, a new and quite startling discovery has been made in the realm of theoretical research. Space, which according to the views of these thinkers was to be thought of as unbounded but of finite volume, is possibly capable of expansion or of contraction. This theoretical possibility considered in conjunction with the astronomical fact of the recessional velocities of the spiral nebulæ points to the extraordinary conclusion that the universe is slowly expanding — space itself is increasing in volume.

Chapter One of this universal detective tale was published in 1927 in a Belgian scientific journal, the author being Abbé Lemaître, but its significance lay unappreciated for two or more years. Chapter Two was written by Professor Eddington and published only a few months ago. His calculations point to an expansion of space at the rate of double the radius in fourteen hundred million years. This means that superimposed upon the individual motions of stars and of stellar galaxies there is a gradual drifting apart going on all the time. The astronomers of some far-distant date will have even less chance than those of to-day of finding out the secrets of the spiral nebulæ, unless they discover much more delicate and sensitive instruments than any in use at the present time, for this ever-increasing remoteness means that gradually these other galaxies will pass beyond the limits of detection by even the most powerful telescopes yet constructed.

Chapter Three of this strange tale may be expected, perhaps, from the pen of Professor de Sitter. Subsequent installments are certain to follow from other pens, but what they may disclose is beyond conjecture.

How can these things be? The age-long question recurs and the classic reply has never been improved upon: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' It is not only the matters of ultimate importance, the questions of spiritual truth, that are surrounded by mystery. The world of nature around us is everywhere thus enfolded. Mystery should challenge us, not dishearten and depress us.

Mankind may be pardoned for having so long believed in two fundamentally simple starting points of thought — space and time. Now these too have been shown to be far from simple, nor can they be dissociated the one from the other. The mystery of life, the mystery of matter and radiation, the mystery of 'spacetime' — which is the greatest, or are they perhaps not three mysteries, but one? 'Behold, I show you a mystery' — much more remarkable would it be to be shown something that was not a mystery! But would it really interest us?

GUESTS OF THE NATION

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

I

At dusk the big Englishman Belcher would shift his long legs out of the ashes and say, 'Well, chums, what about it?' and Noble or me would say, 'As you please, chum' (for we had picked up some of their curious expressions), and the little Englishman 'Awkins would light the lamp and produce the cards. Sometimes Jeremiah Donovan would come up of an evening and supervise the play, and grow excited over 'Awkins's cards (which he always played badly), and shout, 'Ach, you divil you, why did n't you play the tray?' But ordinarily Jeremiah was a sober and contented poor devil like the big Englishman Belcher, and was looked up to at all only because he was a fair hand at documents, though slow enough at these, I vow. He wore a small cloth hat and big gaiters over his long pants, and seldom did I perceive his hands outside the pockets of those pants. He reddened when you talked to him, tilting from toe to heel and back, and looking down all the while at his big farmer's feet. His uncommon broad accent was a great source of jest to me, I being from the town, as you may recognize.

I could n't at the time see the point of me and Noble being with Belcher and 'Awkins at all, for it was and is my certain belief you could have planted that pair in any untended spot from this to Claregalway and they'd have stayed put and flourished like a native weed. I never seen in my short experience two men that took to the country as they did.

They were handed on to us by the Second Battalion to keep when the search for them became too hot, and Noble and myself, being young, took charge with a natural feeling of responsibility. But little 'Awkins gave us both a great comedown when he displayed he knew the countryside as well as we did and something more.

'You're the bloke they calls Napoleon?' he said to me. 'Well, Bridgie Ho'Connell was arskin' abaout you and said 'ow you'd a pair of socks belonging to 'er young brother.'

It seemed, as they explained it, that the Second used to have little evenings of their own, and some of the girls of the neighborhood would turn in, and, seeing they were such decent fellows, our lads could n't well ignore the two Englishmen, but invited them in and were hail fellow well met with them. 'Awkins told me he learned to dance 'The Walls of Limerick' and 'The Siege of Ennis' and 'The Waves of Tory' in a night or two, though naturally he could not return the compliment, because our lads at that time did not dance foreign dances on principle.

So whatever privileges and favors Belcher and 'Awkins had with the Second they duly took with us, and after the first evening we gave up all pretense of keeping a close eye on their behavior. Not that they could have got far, for they had a notable accent and wore khaki tunics and overcoats with civilian pants and boots. But it's

my belief they never had an idea of escaping and were quite contented with their lot.

Now, it was a treat to see how Belcher got off with the old woman of the house we were staying in. She was a great warrant to scold, and crotchety even with us, but before ever she had a chance of giving our guests, as I may call them, a lick of her tongue, Belcher had made her a friend for life. She was breaking sticks at the time, and Belcher, who had n't been in the house for ten minutes, jumped up out of his seat and went across to her.

'Allow me, madam,' he says, smiling his queer little smile; 'please allow me,' and took the hatchet from her hand. She was struck too parlatic to speak, and ever after Belcher would be at her heels carrying a bucket or basket or load of turf, as the case might be. As Noble wittily remarked, he got into looking before she leapt; and hot water, or any little thing she wanted done, Belcher would have it ready before her. For such a huge man (and though I am five foot ten myself I had to look up at him) he had an uncommon shortness — or should I say lack — of speech. It took us some time to get used to him walking in and out like a ghost, without as much as a mortal syllable out of him. Especially because 'Awkins talked enough for a platoon, it was strange to hear big Belcher with his toes in the ashes come out with a solitary 'Excuse me, chum,' or 'That's right, chum.' His one and only abiding passion was cards, and I will say for him he was a good card player. He would have fleeced me and Noble many a time and oft only that if we lost to him 'Awkins lost to us, and 'Awkins played with the money Belcher gave him.

'Awkins lost to us because he talked too much, and I think now that we lost to Belcher for no other reason. 'Awkins and Noble would spit at one another about religion into the early hours of the morning — the little Englishman, as you could see, worrying the soul out of young Noble (whose brother was a priest) with a string of questions that would puzzle a cardinal. And to make it worse, even in treating of these holy subjects 'Awkins had a deplorable tongue; I never in all my career struck across a man who could mix such a variety of cursing and bad language into the simplest topic. Oh, a terrible man was little 'Awkins, and a fright to argue. He never did a stroke of work, and when he had no one else to talk to he fixed his claws into the old woman.

I am glad to say that in her he met his match, for one day, when he tried to get her to complain profanely of the drought, she made him look a right fool by blaming the drought upon Jupiter Pluvius (a deity neither 'Awkins nor I had ever even heard of, though Noble said that among the pagans he was held to have something to do with rain). And another day the same 'Awkins was swearing at the capitalists for starting the German war, when the old dame laid down her iron, puckered up her little crab's mouth, and said, 'Mr. 'Awkins, you can say what you please about the war, thinking to deceive me because I'm an old woman, but I know well what started the war. It was that Italian count that stole the heathen divinity out of the temple in Japan, for believe me, Mr. 'Awkins, nothing but sorrow and want follow them that disturb the hidden powers.' Oh, a queer old dame, as you remark!

II

So one evening we had our tea together, and 'Awkins lit the lamp and we all sat in to cards. Jeremiah Donovan came in too, and sat down and watched us for a while. Though he was a shy

man and did n't speak much, it was easy to see he had no great love for the two Englishmen, and I was surprised that it had n't struck me before. Well, like that in the story, a terrible dispute blew up late in the evening between 'Awkins and Noble, about capitalists and priests and love for your own country.

'The capitalists,' says 'Awkins with an angry gulp, 'the capitalists pays the priests to tell you all abaout the next world, so 's you waon't notice what they do in this!'

'Nonsense, man,' says Noble, losing his temper. 'Before ever a capitalist was thought of, people believed in the next world.'

'Awkins stood up as if he was preaching a sermon. 'Oh, they did, did they?' he says with a sneer. 'They believed all the things you believe — that 's what you mean? And you believe that God created Hadam and Hadam created Shem and Shem created Jehoshaphat? You believe all that silly hold fairy tale abaout Heve and Heden and the happle? Well, listen to me, chum. If you 're entitled to 'old a silly belief like that, I 'm entitled to 'old my own silly belief — which is that the fust thing your God created was a bleedin' capitalist with mirality and Rolls-Royce complete. Am I right, chum?' he says then to Belcher.

'You 're right, chum,' says Belcher with his queer smile, and got up from the table to stretch his long legs into the fire and stroke his moustache.

So, seeing that Jeremiah Donovan was going and there was no knowing when the conversation about religion would be over, I took my hat and went out with him. We strolled down towards the village together, and then he suddenly stopped, and blushing and mumbling, and shifting, as his way was, from toe to heel, he said I ought to be behind keeping guard on the prisoners. And I, having it put to me so suddenly, asked what the hell he wanted a guard on the prisoners at all for, and said that so far as Noble and me were concerned we had talked it over and would far rather be out with a column. 'What use is that pair to us?' I asked.

He looked at me for a moment and said, 'I thought you knew we were keeping them as hostages.' 'Hostages?' says I, not quite understanding. 'The enemy,' he says in his heavy way, 'have prisoners belong to us, and now they talk of shooting them. If they shoot our prisoners we 're going to shoot theirs, and serve them right.' 'Shoot them?' said I, the possibility just beginning to dawn on me. 'Shoot them exactly,' said he. 'Now,' said I, 'was n't it very unforeseen of you not to tell me and Noble that?' 'How so?' he asks. 'Seeing that we were acting as guards upon them, of course.' 'And had n't you reason enough to guess that much?' 'We had not, Jeremiah Donovan. How were we to know when the men were on our hands so long?' 'And what difference does that make? The enemy have our prisoners as long and longer, have n't they?' 'It makes a great difference,' said I. 'How so?' said he sharply, but I could n't tell him the exact difference it made, for I did n't know myself. 'And when may we expect to be released from this anyway?' said I. 'You may expect it to-night,' says he. 'Or to-morrow or the next day at latest. So if it 's hanging round here that worries you, you 'll be free soon enough.'

I cannot explain it even now, how sad I felt, but I went back to the cottage, a miserable man. When I arrived the discussion was still on, 'Awkins holding forth to all and sundry that there was no next world at all, and Noble answering in his best canonical style. But I saw 'Awkins was after having the best of it. 'Do you know what, chum?' he

was saying with a happy smile on his lips. 'I think you're jest as big a bleedin' hunbeliever as I am. You say you believe in the next world and you know jest as much about it as I do, which is sweet damn-all. What's 'Eaven? You dunno. Where's 'Eaven? You dunno. Who's in 'Eaven? You dunno. You know sweet damn-all. I arsk you again, do they wear wings?'

'Very well, then,' says Noble, 'they do; is that enough for you? They do wear wings.'

'Where do they get them, then? Who makes 'em? 'Ave they a fact'ry for wings? 'Ave they a sort of store where you hands in your chit and tikes your bleedin' wings? Answer me that.'

'Oh, you're an impossible man to argue with,' says Noble. 'Now listen to me —' And off the pair of them went again.

It was long after midnight when we locked up the Englishmen and went to bed ourselves. Only then I told Noble what Jeremiah Donovan told me. Noble took it very quietly. After we had been in bed about an hour he asked me very softly did I think we ought to tell the Englishmen. I, having thought of the same thing myself (among many others), said no, because it was more than likely the English would n't shoot our men, and anyway it was n't to be supposed the Brigade, who were always up and down with the Second Battalion and knew the Englishmen well, would be likely to want them bumped off. 'I think not too,' says Noble. 'It would be sort of cruelty to put the wind up them now.' 'It was very unforeseen of Jeremiah Donovan anyhow,' says I, and by Noble's silence I realized he took my meaning.

So I lay there half the night, and thought and thought, and picturing myself and young Noble trying to prevent the Brigade from shooting 'Awkins and Belcher drove the cold sweat out through me. Because there were men on the Brigade you dare n't let nor hinder without a gun in your hand, and at any rate disunion between brothers seemed to me an awful crime.

It was next morning we both found it so hard to face Belcher and 'Awkins with a smile. We went about the house all day scarcely saying a word. Belcher did n't mind us much; he was stretched into the ashes as usual with his usual look of waiting in quietness for something unforeseen to happen, but little 'Awkins gave us a bad time with his audacious gibing and questioning. He was disgusted at Noble's not answering him back. 'Why can't you tike your beating like a man, chum?' he says. 'You with your Hadam and Heve! I'm a Communist — or a bloody Anarchist. An Anarchist, that's what I am.'

III

I don't know clearly how we got over the day, but get over it we did, and a great relief it was when the tea things were cleared away and Belcher said in his peaceable manner, 'Well, chums, what abaout it?' We all sat round the table and 'Awkins produced the cards. At that moment I heard Jeremiah Donovan's heavy footsteps up the path, and a dark presentiment crossed my mind. I rose quietly from the table and laid my hand on him before he reached the door. 'What do you want?' I asked him. 'I want those two soldier friends of yours,' he says, reddening. 'Is that the way it is?' 'That's the way. There were four of our lads went west this morning, one of them a boy of sixteen.'

At that moment Noble came out, and we walked down the path together talking in whispers. Just by the gate stood Feeney, the local intelligence officer. 'What are you going to do about it?' I asked Jeremiah Donovan.

'I want you and Noble to bring them out. You can tell them they're being shifted again; that'll be the quietest way.' 'Leave me out of that,' says Noble suddenly. Jeremiah Donovan looked at him hard for a minute or so. 'All right, then,' he said peaceably. 'You and Feeney collect a few tools from the shed and dig a hole by the far end of the bog. Napoleon and I'll be after you in twenty minutes or so. But don't let anyone see you with the tools, whatever else you do; nobody must know what is on but the four of ourselves.'

We saw Feeney and Noble go round to the houseen where the tools were kept, and then sidled in. Everything, if I can so express myself, was tottering before my eyes, and I left Jeremiah Donovan to do the explaining as best he could, while I took a seat and said nothing. He told them they were to go back to the Second. 'Awkins left a mouthful of curses out of him at that, and it was plain that Belcher, though he said nothing, was duly perturbed. The old woman was for having them stay in spite of everything, and she did not shut her mouth until Jeremiah Donovan lost his temper and said some nasty things to her. Within the house by this time it was pitch-dark, but no one thought of lighting the lamp, and in the darkness the two Englishmen fetched their khaki topcoats and said good-bye to the woman of the house. 'Just as a man makes a 'ome of a bleedin' place,' mumbles 'Awkins, shaking her by the hand, 'some bleedin' bastard at headquarters thinks you're too cushy and shunts you off.' Belcher shakes her hand very hearty. 'A thousand thanks, madam,' he says, 'a thousand thanks for everything'—as though he'd made it all up.

We go round to the back of the house and down towards the fatal bog. Then Jeremiah Donovan comes out with what is in his mind. 'There were four of our lads shot by your fellows this morning, so now you're to be bumped off.' 'Cut off the gas,' says 'Awkins, flaring up into a wild rage. 'It's bad enough to be mucked about such as we are without you plying at soldiers.' 'It's true,' says Jeremiah Donovan, and comes out with the usual rigmarole about doing our duty and obeying our superiors. 'Cut it out,' says 'Awkins irritably, 'cut it out!'

Then, when Donovan sees he is not being believed, he turns to me. 'Ask Napoleon here,' he says. 'I don't need to arsk Napoleon. Me and Napoleon are chums.' 'Is that true, Napoleon?' says Jeremiah Donovan solemnly to me. 'It is,' I say sadly, 'it is.' 'Awkins stops. 'Now, for Christ's sike—' 'I mean it, chum,' I say. 'You daon't saound as if you mean it. You knaow bloody well you don't mean it.' 'Well, if he does n't, I do,' says Jeremiah Donovan. 'Why the 'ell sh'd you want to shoot me, Jeremiah Donovan?' 'Why the hell should your people take out four prisoners and shoot them in cold blood upon the barrack square?' I perceive Jeremiah Donovan is trying to encourage himself with hot words.

Anyway, he took little 'Awkins by the arm and dragged him on, but it was impossible to make him understand that we were in earnest. From this you will perceive how difficult it was for me, as I kept feeling my Smith and Wesson and thinking what I would do if they happened to put up a fight or ran for it, and wishing in a way they would. 'Was Noble in this?' 'Awkins asked, and we said yes. He laughed. But why should Noble want to shoot him? Why should we want to shoot him? What had he done to us? Were n't we chums? Did n't we understand him and did n't he understand us? Did either of us imagine for an instant that he'd shoot us for all the so-and-so brigadiers in the

so-and-so army? By this time I began to perceive in the dusk the desolate edges of the bog that was to be their last earthly bed, and so great a sadness overtook my spirit that I could not answer him. We walked along the edge of it in the black darkness, and every now and again 'Awkins would call a halt and tirelessly begin again about us being chums, and I was in despair that nothing but the cold and open grave made ready for his presence would convince him that we meant it all. But all the same I did n't want him to be bumped off and prayed for something to happen.

IV

At last we saw the unsteady glint of a lantern in the distance and made towards it. Noble was carrying it and Feeney stood somewhere in the darkness behind, and somehow the picture of the two of them so silent in the boglands went through me like nothing else. Belcher, on recognizing Noble, said, ''Allo, chum,' in his usual peaceable way, but 'Awkins flew at the poor boy immediately, and the dispute began all over again, only now Noble had n't a word to say for himself and stood there with the swaying lantern between his gaitered legs.

It was Jeremiah Donovan who did the answering. 'Awkins asked for about the twentieth time (for it seemed to haunt his mind) if anybody thought he'd shoot Noble. 'You would,' says Jeremiah Donovan shortly. 'I would n't, damn you!' 'You would if you knew you'd be shot for not doing it.' 'I would n't, not if I was to be shot twenty times over; he's my chum. And Belcher would n't — is n't that right, Belcher?' 'That's right, chum,' says Belcher peaceably. 'Damned if I would. Anyway, who says Noble'd be shot if I was n't bumped off? What d' you think I'd do if I was in Noble's place and we out in the middle of a blasted bog?' 'What would you do?' 'I'd go with him wherever he was going. I'd share my last bob with him and stick by 'im through thick and thin.'

'We've had enough of this,' says Jeremiah Donovan. 'Is there any message you want to send before I fire?' 'No, there is n't, but —' 'Do you want to say your prayers?' 'Awkins came out with a curse that shocked even me, and turned to Noble again. 'Listen to me, Noble,' he said. 'You and me are chums. You won't come over to my side, so I'll come over to your side. Just you give me a rifle and I'll go with you wherever you want.'

Nobody answered him.

'Do you understand?' he said. 'I'm through with it all. I'm a deserter or anything else you like, but from this on I'm one of you. Does that prove to you that I mean what I say?' Noble raised his head, but as Donovan began to speak he lowered it again without answering. 'For the last time, have you any messages to send?' says Donovan in a cold and excited voice.

'Ah, shut up, you, Donovan; you don't understand me, but these fellows do. They're my chums; they stand by me and I stand by them. We're not the bleeding capitalist tools you seem to think us.'

I alone of the crowd saw Donovan raise his Webley quietly to the back of 'Awkins's neck, and as he did so I shut my eyes. He had begun to say something further when Donovan pulled the trigger, and as I opened my eyes I saw him stagger at the knees and lie out flat at Noble's feet, slowly and as quiet as a child, with the lantern light falling sadly upon his lean legs and bright farmer's boots. We all stood very still for a while watching him settle out in the last agony.

Then Belcher quietly takes out a

handkerchief and begins to tie it about his own eyes (for in our excitement we had forgotten to offer the same to 'Awkins), and, seeing it is not big enough, turns and asks for a loan of mine. I give it to him, and as he knots the two together he points with his foot at 'Awkins. ''E's not quite dead,' he says; 'better give 'im another.' Sure enough, 'Awkins's left knee as we see it under the lantern is again rising. I bend down and put my gun to his ear; then, recollecting myself and the company of Belcher, I stand up again with a few hasty words. Belcher understands what is in my mind. 'Give 'im 'is first,' he says. 'I don't mind. Poor bastard, we dunno what's 'appening to 'im now.' As by this time I am beyond all feeling, I kneel down again and skillfully give 'Awkins the last shot so as to put him forever out of pain.

Belcher, who is fumbling a bit awkwardly with the handkerchiefs, comes out with a laugh when he hears the shot. It is the first time I have heard him laugh, and it sends a shiver down my spine, coming as it does so inappropriately upon the tragic death of his old friend. 'Poor bastard,' he says quietly, 'and last night he was so bloody curious abaout it all. It's very queer, chums, I always think. Naow, 'e knows as much abaout it as they'll ever let 'im knaow, and last night 'e was all in the dark.'

Donovan helps him to tie the handkerchiefs about his eyes. 'Thanks, chum,' he says. Donovan asks him if there are any messages he would like to send. 'Naow, chum,' he says, 'none for me. If any of you likes to write to 'Awkins's mother you'll find a letter from 'er in 'is pocket. But my missus left me eight years ago. Went away with another fellow and took the kid with her. I likes the feelin' of a 'ome (as you may 'ave noticed), but I could n't start again after that.'

We stand around like fools now that he can no longer see us. Donovan looks at Noble and Noble shakes his head. Then Donovan raises his Webley again, and just at that moment Belcher laughs his queer nervous laugh again. He must think we are talking of him; anyway, Donovan lowers the gun. ''Scuse me, chums,' says Belcher. 'I feel I'm talking the 'ell of a lot . . . and so silly . . . abaout me being so 'andy abaout a 'aouse. But this thing come on me so sudden. You'll forgive me, I'm sure.' 'You don't want to say a prayer?' asks Jeremiah Donovan. 'Naow, chum,' he replies, 'I daon't think that'd 'elp. I'm ready if you want to get it over.' Noble, with a look of desperation, signals to Donovan, and in a flash Donovan raises his gun and fires. The big man goes over like a sack of meal, and this time there is no need of a second shot.

I don't remember much about the burying but that it was worse than all the rest, because we had to carry the warm corpses a few yards before we sunk them in the windy bog. It was all mad, lonely, and desolate, with only a bit of lantern between ourselves and the pitch-blackness, and birds hooting and screeching all round disturbed by the guns. Noble had to search 'Awkins first to get the letter from his mother. Then, having smoothed all signs of the grave away, Noble and I collected our tools, said good-bye to the others, and went back along the desolate edge of the treacherous bog without a word. We put the tools in the houseen and went into the house. The kitchen was pitch-black and cold as we had left it, and the old woman was sitting over the hearth telling her beads. We walked past her into the room and Noble struck a match to light the lamp. Just then she rose quietly and came to the doorway, being not at all so bold or crabbed as usual.

'What did ye do with them?' says she in a sort of whisper, and Noble took such a mortal start the match quenched in his trembling hand. 'What's that?' he said, without turning round. 'I heard ye,' she said. 'What did you hear?' asks Noble, but sure, he would n't deceive a child the way he said it. 'Do you think I was n't listening to ye putting the things back in the houseen?' Noble struck another match and this time the lamp lit for him. 'Was that what ye did with them?' she said, and Noble said nothing — after all, what could he say?

So then, by God, she fell on her two knees by the door, and began telling her beads, and after a minute or two Noble went on his knees by the fireplace, so I pushed my way out past her, and stood at the door, watching the stars and listening to the damned shrieking of the birds. It is so strange what you feel at such moments, and not to be written later in life. Noble told me afterwards he felt he saw everything ten times as big, perceiving nothing around him but the little patch of black bog with the two Englishmen stiffening into it, but with me it was the way everything was small, as though the patch of bog where the two Englishmen lay was a thousand miles from me, and even Noble mumbling just behind me and the old woman and the birds and the bloody stars were all very far away, and myself too small and lonely and insignificant to say a prayer.

THE SWAN

SHE seemed a larger lily, free;
Her snowy down, her bending wings,
Her graceful self-sufficiency,
Outdazzled other shining things:
Except the lily cups, that shone
Like little images of her —
Stars set about a silver moon,
Who sails them by, and does not stir
Their slender moorings, but contrives
To lend them light she cannot miss . . .
A man might live a score of lives,
But not surpass such sights as this.

FRANK KENDON

BY TRUCK ACROSS AUSTRALIA

BY PAUL WITHINGTON

[DR. WITHINGTON served as 'medico' to an expedition headed by Stanley D. Porteus, Professor of Racial Psychology at the University of Hawaii, which made a psychological study of the blacks of Australia. Accompanied by two camera men, the party journeyed over 1600 miles of Northwest Australia, known as the 'Never Never Land,' by motor truck. The following letters describe Dr. Withington's return to civilization, from Wyndham through Queensland to Sydney.—THE EDITORS]

WYNDHAM, WESTERN AUSTRALIA
September 21, 1929

I have just finished a hectic day packing the truck for the long trek across the continent to Sydney. I don't think I ever wrote you about our first visit here. 'Down South,' and even as far up as Broome, everybody said, 'Don't go into Wyndham; it is the hell hole of the North Country. All the crooks of the "Never Never Land" and the Indian Ocean gather there, and it is always hot.' But to Wyndham we went, as it suited our plans better.

Wyndham is situated at the head of the Cambridge Gulf, and exists, like Derby, only as an outlet for the cattle and beef of the back country. There are about a hundred regular inhabitants — a mixed population of whites and old Chinese who drifted in before exclusion took effect. The town is on a marsh just at the foot of a range of hills about a thousand feet high. The gulf is approximately sixty miles long and ten miles wide and, like all bays and gulfs along this coast, treacherous because of the tremendous tide which rises and falls thirty feet. The water is deep right up to the shore and is very muddy because of the rush of water back and forth over the alluvial soil brought down by the heavy rains during the wet. These muddy waters are full of crocodiles, fourteen of whose heads we saw the other day as they came up around the drainpipe of the meat works. The Ord River enters from the east, and along its valley, stretching three or four hundred miles southward, are the cattle stations which keep the town alive. The government maintains a large modern meat works about a mile from the village, but this is only operated for six months of the year because of the heat. Wyndham has the highest mean temperature of any recorded in the world — 85 degrees. The entire staff for the plant is brought up from Perth in April and taken back in September. In the winter the climate is good — no rain, cloudless skies and warm; but in the summer, with torrential rains and heat, it is unbearable.

It was Saturday afternoon, the first time we came in, about four-thirty. I think the whole population of the town and meat works were at the 'pub' and I must say that our first impression was that our warnings had been correct. When we went into the hotel office, which was across the hall from the bar, we were greeted with 'Who the blankety-blank are you?'

and when we explained, 'Oh, so you are the blankety-blank bunch of Yanks we read about. Well, have a "spot."' There was no refusing, for a refusal to drink in this country is an insult and everybody 'shouts,' as they call treating, for the stranger. Of course he is supposed to reciprocate later. We found there was only one vacant room in the hotel, but the proprietor promised to put beds on the verandah for the rest of us, so I put Professor Porteus and Mr. Childs in the room. King, Wilson, and I took the verandah.

We were rather tired, so after a dinner entirely lacking in vegetables we went to bed, and, in spite of the din in the bar below, had fallen asleep when, about midnight, the bar having closed, the guests of the hotel struggled up to bed. Apparently each man was armed with at least twelve bottles of beer. At any rate, the two occupants of the room opening on to the verandah had two dozen bottles. They very carefully attempted to pull down the blind before turning on the light, but the shade evidently had not been used for many moons, for with the first tug down came the blind, sash and all, causing great consternation and, of course, fully arousing all who were sleeping. King could not help laughing, which was enough to break the ice. He was invited to share the beer. On his declining, the beer was brought out on to the verandah. No amount of refusal was sufficient to stem the flow, and the party was on.

Fortunately for me, doctors are rare and highly respected in the Northwest, so that after one glass I was not molested further, but poor King was swamped. When the first supply ran out, reënforcements sprang from bureau drawers and closets in extraordinary quantities, and, with new ammunition, new members were added to the jollification. It quieted down about three o'clock, but began again at four-thirty when a stockman from the back country arrived for his week-end. No one drinks alone in the North Country, so that, having been denied the earlier celebration, he felt it his right to treat the crowd. I was aroused by King's protestations that he did not want any more beer and the insistence of the newcomer that, if he did not swallow it, it would be poured in his ear, a threat which was promptly carried out. When morning finally arrived there were not less than thirty-two empty bottles under King's bed alone. But, with all, there was nothing but the most friendly, cordial feeling.

This morning, while packing the truck, our operations were watched with keen interest by a group of townspeople and stockmen in from the back country, as this is again Saturday. Several violent arguments occurred between old Pop Flinders — who has lived here for some forty years, sometimes as a storekeeper and tradesman, at other times as prospector, drover, or stockman — and Chris Newton, a drover, who yesterday brought in five hundred odd head of cattle for shipment to the Philippines. Chris had been paid off and was in an argumentative mood, and old Flinders was his 'meat.' They argued about everything, from the condition of the cattle to the best track to take and as to when the rain would begin.

Chris insistently asked me for medical attention. He claimed that something was wrong with his heart. I gave him a casual examination and found nothing, but he insisted he must have some medicine. As I had a spare bottle of liquid petrolatum, which we carried along the coast to keep the cameras and guns from rusting, I gave it to him as the least harmful medicine I could think of and advised him to take a tablespoonful twice a day. This hardly

seemed enough to him, so he proceeded to take half a quart bottle for the first dose and declared it the best medicine he had ever taken. He was so pleased with the attention that he announced he would make the trip across the continent with us. No amount of reasoning to the effect that we had no room for him or that he must not leave his outfit, consisting of a thousand camels, thirty horses and mules, to say nothing of other kit, could dissuade him. He even went so far as to go to one of the stores and buy a large box of oranges and apples, saying that that would be his donation to the 'tucker' for the trip.

WAVE HILL, NORTHERN TERRITORY
September 24, 1929

In my last letter we were just leaving Wyndham. When I was almost packed, a bushman — who in Australia is not an aboriginal, but a frontiersman — by the name of Jack Lester came and asked me if I could possibly give him a ride to Queensland. His story was such that I could hardly refuse. Jack has been in this country about thirty-three years, although he has made several trips 'home' during that time. He is engaged to be married in Melbourne on the sixteenth of November. About two months ago he started across the continent with a friend in a truck. With them were the friend's wife and little boy. Some eighty miles out of Wyndham the truck swerved in some sand and the little boy's leg was caught between the truck and the branch of a tree. The youngster sustained a compound fracture of the leg. They rushed him back to Wyndham, where the local doctor felt he could not save the leg, but advised that if they could get the boy to Perth it might be saved. Jack, out of the kindness of his heart, advanced these people about a thousand dollars, as they had practically nothing themselves, and sent the whole family off to Perth. He himself expected to catch the next steamer to Darwin, due this month. From Darwin he was going down the coast to Queensland, where he had lumber interests to settle.

Unfortunately for Jack, the State steamer *Colinda*, which goes to Wyndham every other month, went on the rocks the last trip and has had to go to Surabaya for repairs, so that Jack cannot possibly reach Melbourne before Christmas unless we take him. Everyone about town speaks very highly of Lester and he will be of tremendous assistance to us, as he knows all the tracks across the continent. I had made arrangements with Ron Woodland, the twenty-year-old son of the manager of the government station at Moola Bulla, to act as our guide on this trip. Ron has been brought up in this country and is a good bushman, but he has never made the transcontinental trip, so that it will be much easier having Jack. However, in order to make room for another person on the truck I had to lighten the load by selling two of our four spare tires. This is cutting things rather close, but so far we have had no tire difficulty on this trip.

We left Wyndham about four-thirty in the afternoon. Chris Newton, whom I mentioned before, was like a leech and we could not shake him. Propped up between Ron and Red Wilson, he rode with us as far as 'Nine Miles.' Here he had his camp, with his camels, horses, donkeys, and blacks. There is a small pub here, and through the good graces of the keeper we were able to convince Chris that he should not go farther. However, before we left he insisted on giving me his diary, which he had kept for many years, as he said it had all the routes across the continent with mileages and

marks. I glanced through it and decided it would require an expert in hieroglyphics to decipher it, so slipped it to the pub keeper to return to Chris when he sobered up.

After we got rid of Chris we rode off into the night along the Ord River. It was a beautiful full-moon night and the track was good, so we made excellent progress until we struck Ivanhoe Station, about fifty miles out. We stopped here for water, but decided to keep on for a couple of hours longer, and finally reached Heeley's Dump at one this morning. This Dump is characteristic. Heeley runs a truck business up through this part of the country, trucking goods from station to station. Right out in the middle of the plain he has established the Dump, which consists of bags of flour and other staples and is really an open warehouse, from which various stations are fed. An old fellow called Tom keeps the Dump. He was asleep when we arrived, but, like all these hospitable people, as soon as he was aroused he put the kettle on to serve tea and cooked us a good supper. He was up long before us in the morning and had awaiting us a breakfast of sardines, crackers, and apples. We were off before seven o'clock, heading south.

We are taking the inland route. That means we follow the river for about 400 miles until we strike the edge of the desert and then skirt the desert until we have crossed the northern territory into Queensland. This route is less traveled and stations are farther apart, but it saves almost 200 miles and Jack says the tracks are about as good one way as the other, so we should make better time. Time is all-important at present. If we do not get into Southern Queensland before the middle of October, we may not get there till next year. When the rains once begin here, all travel is impossible.

The day after leaving the Dump we cut off from the main road to follow a very indistinct track to a little station called Mistake Creek. Here we had our first demonstration of Jack's ability to find his way. I could not see that there was any track at all, but Jack was apparently following horses' hoofprints which he knew would lead us to the station. About four in the afternoon we ran into a terrific sand storm. We had seen in the south for almost an hour what looked like a dense thundercloud gathering. Jack told us it was dust, and it surely was. It struck us with the force of a tornado, and except for the windshield the sand would have torn our faces to ribbons. Fortunately it hit us when we were only five miles from the station house. Even as it was, by the time we reached there our eyes, noses, ears, and throats were full of dust.

Mistake Creek is a little outpost, a branch of the great Vesti's holdings. At this station live Paddy Ryan, the superintendent, and Tom Farrell, the cook, two delightful old codgers who have spent most of their lives in the bush. They were pleased to see us, as they knew both Ron and Jack, and we sat down to a most delightful dinner of oxtail soup, roast beef, and gooseberry tart, to which I added a bottle of old port. After dinner we listened to stories of the life in the Northwest.

We got away early the next morning and picked up a good 'fire-plough' track. On the Vesti's holdings, the main roads joining the stations are fire-plough; that is, a heavy log is dragged over the soft, sandy soil by a bullock team, which improves the track tremendously and makes it easy to follow. This particular fire-plough road runs all the way from Mistake Creek to Wave Hill, a distance of 250 miles. We were able to make this in one day, by far the greatest mileage

we have been able to make in a day on the whole trip.

At noon we stopped at Invernay Station, which is owned by three old brothers by the name of Farquharson. They are all bachelors and have lived here for years, owning about twelve hundred head of cattle and nearly a million acres of land; but there is no motor of any kind on this enormous station. They travel from place to place on horseback or in carts. Two of the brothers were at home and proved to be charming hosts, well read and well informed, although their news is always about six months old. As at all stations, we were invited to spend at least a week, for strangers are a great source of pleasure to these people, but we had to push on.

We spent last night at the police station at Wave Hill. The constable was away on a trip to Darwin, but as the police station is common property we knew we were welcome, so made ourselves at home, using the constable's stove and dishes as if they had been our own.

This morning we came over to the station house. Here we found Mr. McGoogan as manager and he fixed us up with gas, as we were running low. Incidentally gas costs $1.25 a gallon, the highest price I have had to pay, but Wave Hill is 300 miles from the nearest railhead at Katherine, and, as the roads are anything but good, trucking is expensive.

Wave Hill is an important centre in this neck of the woods because it has a wireless station through which it keeps in touch with the rest of the world. It is situated right on the edge of the desert, and it was only eighty miles from here that the aviator Keith Anderson and his mechanic died of thirst last April when they were forced down while hunting for Kingsford-Smith.

McGoogan was formerly the manager of one of the big cattle stations in Queensland and has only been here three years. His wife, a sweet little woman, is like all the few women in this isolated country, brave and uncomplaining. There are two dear children, Pat and Betty. The McGoogans take a keen interest in the help on the station, both white and black, and Mrs. McGoogan asked me to look at two of her patients. One was an undernourished little black baby, the other an old black man. The latter had sustained a bad crush of one of his fingers, with a compound fracture which had gone septic. It was a nasty-looking hand. Unfortunately my surgical kit was left at Forest River Mission, so I had to doctor the finger as best I could with the things at hand, with no gloves and no hot water.

Mr. McGoogan, although he has never been over the route, gave us some helpful directions for our trip from here to Newcastle Waters, our next station, some 300 miles to the east. These may give you some idea of the ease of travel here: —

After going through the station gate there are two tracks leading off at right angles to one another, but they both go to the Katherine, so that even if you get on the wrong one at first you will land at the same place, but the track to the right is better, as the other, though shorter, is very rocky. Eight miles along the right-hand track you come to No. 12 Bore (water hole) and paddock. Go around the paddock and due north until you come to the gate in the boundary fence. This is the last gate for 300 miles. From here follow the main Katherine road for about 19 miles, then take a fire-plough track to the right, — ploughed in 1927, not very plain now, — and follow this for about 42 miles to No. 49 Bore, the third bore on the track; the fire-plough track ceases here. Continue in the direction it was going and turn into a water hole on King Creek about four miles

(no water). Continue on down the creek about a mile and a half, when you will strike the stock route. No fire-plough road or track here, but two years ago a car went over and there may be tracks. Turn to the right and follow the stock route — the bullock pads are plain — until you strike the Armstrong, about six miles beyond Montgomerie Station, which you will not see. Then turn up to the right and find the best crossing — a car has been along here. Then follow the Armstrong for about 30 miles, very rough, until you come to the Jump Up. Here you will have to find the best track over the Jump Up. Beyond the Jump Up the stock route is plain until you come to No. 13 Bore, where you will find a fire-plough road following the bores to Newcastle Waters — a bore about every 20 miles.

I shall not be able to mail this letter until we reach civilization, but I shall jot down things of interest from day to day or as they occur.

NEWCASTLE WATERS
September 26, 1929

We have just finished following Mr. McGoogan's directions over 276 difficult miles. We had no trouble until we reached No. 49 Bore, where 'the track ceases'; but to continue in the same direction and find a water hole with no water proved the first of many stumblingblocks. Of course there is no water in any of these creeks and rivers at this time of year and we came upon half a dozen places that might have been the water hole meant. However, we chose one as a starting point and from there followed the creek a mile and a half down and struck the stock route. From then on it sounds simple, but the stock route is not less than a mile wide at any place, and where, in this desolate country, its edges were, it was very difficult to determine. Every year several thousand cattle are driven overland from Wave Hill to Queensland, and the only thing that controls the route is the question of water. As you know, cattle have a curious way of wandering off in all directions; still, we had a general guide and followed along the bullock pads, picking out the smoothest road we could. It grew dark before we struck any sign of the Armstrong River or Montgomerie Station, so we had to camp.

In the morning Jack scouted around and found a dim trace of car tracks in one place, so, using this as a guide, we headed in the direction we knew the Armstrong must be. We estimated that we had camped within five or six miles of Montgomerie Station, which place is merely an outpost for Wave Hill, where one man and a Chinese cook live. We had made thirty miles over rough ground, bearing toward the east and being forced to make numerous detours because of rocky hills and dry washouts, when we overtook three natives, two young men and a woman, who were obviously on a 'walk-about,' as they carried their spears and boomerangs and were hunting. I called to them, asking directions, but received no answer, whereupon Jack interrupted with 'You don't know the language,' and proceeded by signs and gesticulations to get the information we needed. It turned out that we had been, as we thought, very close to Montgomerie Station, but our thirty-mile ride had carried us only two miles along our direct way. The blacks put us back on the right track and soon we struck the Armstrong. Then followed thirty or forty miles of the worst going I have ever traveled. There were bullock pads everywhere, but to pick out the best course was a matter of sheer luck. Fortunately some thirty years ago somebody had marked this trail with blazes on the trees. The original marks are, of course, entirely effaced, but the

scars still remain. To Jack's bushman's eyes they were quite plain, though the rest of us could not see how he could distinguish a scar from an ordinary wood wart. The route lay along the river, which has hundreds of gully-like branches, and at times the truck's motor was taxed to its limit to pull up the steep sides.

Finally we came to an open space and before us stretched what we knew must be the Jump Up. For about five miles the land gradually rises away from the river and at the end of this rise is a chain of low hills with an elevation of perhaps two or three hundred feet. Beyond the hills is a sudden drop to the level plains, which stretch from this point as far as the eye can see. We made five attempts before succeeding in finding a place where we could descend the far side of the Jump Up, but when once down our going was easy, as we soon struck the main stock route across the northern territory.

Along this route from the Katherine to Queensland the government has combined with the cattlemen to provide water for the stock, so that roughly every twenty miles an artesian well has been bored. It is a strange fact that all over Australia — or rather I should say 'under' — there appears to be a great artesian basin, so that by boring anywhere from 300 to 1500 feet water can be procured. This water is perfectly good for drinking purposes, but is too full of mineral to be of much value agriculturally.

We have seen a good deal of game during the last couple of days, chiefly birds, such as pigeons, quail, and turkeys. Yesterday we saw the most beautiful dingo we have sighted on the whole trip. When I first saw him he looked so well fed and big that I expected to see a man in the neighborhood, and by the time I had decided he was a wild dog and had my rifle out he had taken to his heels. He would have made a splendid specimen, as he stood as high as a big Airedale and his skin was unusually sleek. Last night I broiled the breasts of two turkeys, the most delicious meat we have had for some time.

Newcastle Waters, from where I am writing, is a large cattle station much like Wave Hill. It is the end of the telegraph line from Darwin south and is the northern outpost of the desert route from Adelaide to Darwin. This place gets its name from a lagoon which never goes dry even after years of drought. The water in the lagoon is a milky white because of the chalk. There are few trees on these plains, but a scrubby grass grows everywhere. This at present is very dry, as there has been practically no rain for three years and the cattle have eaten it down pretty well.

We found great excitement at this station because word had come of a big silver strike 200 miles east of Alice Springs. I asked Jack if he wanted to go to the silver strike, as it is about the same distance to Alice Springs (where we could take a train and probably sell our truck at a big profit) as it is to go through to the east by way of Queensland. He answered by taking a coin out of his pocket. 'Heads we go to Alice Springs, tails we go by way of Queensland.' Tails it came down.

We left Newcastle Waters at ten-thirty in the morning and eighteen miles out struck the first bore, where we stopped to water up. While the others filled the radiator and the water bags, I attended to the three little parrots which we picked up in Wyndham and which we have carried in an improvised cage made of a gasoline case and wire netting. In removing the netting I pricked my left forefinger, which has been bothering me off and on all day. It was a sharp stab, and

from the sensation I knew it was deep, but no blood came. I had no needle with which to cauterize it, but I washed it well with alcohol.

Just after lunch we came upon a lone footman, what we should call a tramp in our country, but here designated a 'foot-walker.' His name is Lynch; he is fifty-five years old and has been wandering all his life; no home, just going from one job to another. He wore long mustachios and carried a heavy swag made up of a couple of blankets, a canvas, some billy cans, and a water bag. We were heavily loaded, but it was so far from anywhere that I offered him a ride.

We stopped for tea at one of the bores, where King shot eight beautiful bronze-winged pigeons for supper. We lost some of our sympathy for Lynch here, for while the rest of us gathered such scant firewood as we could find and prepared the meal he sat calmly by and watched us work. After tea we resumed our trip and after some twenty-four miles stopped for a 'yarn' with a lone camper. He was bound for Wave Hill with a couple of pack horses. Just as we were leaving this camp, Lynch discovered that his swag had fallen off. I offered to make him up another, but he insisted he must go back, so, rather than risk the man's perishing in the desert, — for this country is nothing but miles and miles of dry plains with only the bores every twenty miles and little grass at this time of year, — I decided to go back. We retraced our tracks thirteen miles before finding the swag and so went twenty-six miles out of our way and were much later getting to this camp, which is just beyond Anthony's Lagoon, than we had expected. Our run for the day has been 226 miles, and we are all tired.

September 27. — I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was awakened by a throbbing pain in my left hand. I got up to find it tense and painful and the glands in my arm tender. I was considerably worried because of the rapid development, and I remembered the bad hand of the native I had dressed at Wave Hill and feared that I had carried some of the germs on my finger and with the stab had planted them deep in the tissues. I opened the finger as best I could without my scalpel and put on a wet dressing, after which I got some relief.

We reached Brunette Downs at about 11 A.M. This is a big cattle station and has a machine shop, so we made some minor repairs to the truck. We dropped Lynch here, as he had decided to go to the new silver strike. At five this afternoon we reached Rankin, where there was a little store, and we bought beer and ginger ale as well as potatoes and meat, and then pushed on. During the latter part of the afternoon my hand began to throb, and I was anxious to get as far as Camooweal, where I am told there are a doctor and a hospital. We drove as late as ten o'clock, trying to make Camooweal, and then I felt too rocky to go farther, as I was having chills as well as severe pain, so we have camped here. A cold southeast wind adds to my discomfort.

September 28. — Had a miserable night with chills and fever and pain, and slept only with large doses of aspirin plus such relief as I could get from a cracker poultice. We got into Camooweal at 10 A.M. and I went straight to the hospital. Dr. Pincus gave me a general anæsthetic, incised the finger, and also gave me anti-streptococcus serum. The incision brought great relief, but the serum a tremendous reaction — hives, itching, difficulty in breathing, nausea, and vomiting. The reaction lasted for about two hours. I feel better now,

though late this afternoon it was necessary to make another incision.

September 29. — The infection has spread still further, so it was necessary for the doctor to give me an anæsthetic and make another incision, opening well up into the palm. I had a small hemorrhage following this, and it worried Pincus. He tried to get the flying doctor from Cloncurry, 300 miles away, to come over and transfer me to Cloncurry, where there is a larger hospital, but the doctor's wife had appendicitis and the doctor was unwilling to leave her. Took more anti-streptococcus serum with no reaction.

September 30. — Felt much better this morning, but by noon my hand had begun to act up and I discovered new tender spots, so that Pincus had to anæsthetize me again and make further incisions. Found a little more pus. Took more anti-streptococcus serum.

October 1. — Took general ether anæsthesia to-day and had hand thoroughly explored — found more pus. Had a hard day, but feel better now.

October 2. — A truck came in to-day from Mt. Isa and brought some ice (first we've had, and the thermometer is around 104 degrees) and some more serum. Ice bag on hand and arm. Temperature better to-day. Used new serum. More comfortable to-day, though flies are terrible and there are no screens.

October 3. — Good day up until noon, when serum reaction began. Had terrible œdema, nausea, and vomiting. Temperature up, with chills. Used pituitrin, adrenalin, morphine, ice baths, and so on. Am able to direct everything. Worst day so far.

October 4. — Very weak to-day and extremely stiff on right side, which is badly swollen. Hot and uncomfortable. Plane came in from south. Pilot Tapp, a young Englishman, nice chap, brought money and ice. A little more comfortable since he arrived. I am going to try to fly south to-morrow. Will buy an extra seat so that I can lie down.

October 5. — Last night was a terror. About 8.30 P.M. an obstetrical case came in. As she had albumin and swollen feet she required immediate attention. Pincus and Sister Smallhorn were just fixing me up for the night and an early get-away, and had to leave me as I was. To make matters worse, a woman came in with a very sick baby. One of the two nurses is recuperating from an appendix operation and poor Pincus and Sister Smallhorn have been running a three-ring circus. I am glad, for their sakes, that I was able to leave to-day. Pincus is a good little man, a graduate of Melbourne, and did absolutely everything that could be done for me, but I could see that he was worried. I slept about an hour last night, but the poor doctor and nurse got no sleep at all. Got up at 4.30 A.M. and left at 5.45. King, who remained in Camooweal in order to be with me, and Pilot Tapp took out the front seat of the plane so that I could lie down. It was a long, hard flight, but I felt better as soon as I got into the air where it was cooler. We had two pilots from Cloncurry to Longreach. They were wonderful and flew the plane so as to avoid bumps, and at the stops got tea for me, so that I really felt better when we got to Longreach this afternoon at 3 P.M. after 800 miles of flying, although I was wobbly. Dr. Brown met the plane and took me to the hospital, which is his own and very nice. Here I have had diathermy and excellent attention. We found much excitement in town because of wires from Sydney relative to my condition. Tales were afloat that I had been speared by an 'abo.' Found Jack and the boys had come in the afternoon before.

Charleville, October 6. — Slept well last night. Dr. Brown came to the hospital at 5 A.M. and dressed my hand. I put on my clothes and had breakfast and took the plane at six. Have made an excellent trip to Charleville in a big six-passenger De Haviland. I went straight to Dr. Shanasy and got him to send me to the hospital. As there were no rooms available, I have had to go into a ward. Not so good. It is Sunday and they are evidently short-handed.

Toowooba, October 7. — I certainly had a miserable day of it yesterday after I put myself in the hospital at Charleville. In the afternoon the doctor thought my hand ought to be cleaned out more, so he gave me an anæsthetic and curetted out the incisions and packed them with gauze. I think he over-cleaned the wounds and I know he over-packed them, for from the time I awoke from the anæsthetic until midnight I was in agony. The doctor was called out into the country and the nurses did not dare to give any drugs or change the dressings without his orders. So about eight o'clock, after a supper of corned beef and toast, I decided to go to the hotel, where I could be my own physician. There I took out most of the packing and got to sleep shortly after midnight. I had barely fallen asleep, however, when I was awakened by King and Tapp, who, having taken this occasion to celebrate, had become suddenly very solicitous for my welfare and came up to my room to inquire as to my comfort. It was only with the greatest persuasion that I was able to get them off to bed.

I had difficulty rousing King this morning, but by the time I had packed our bags he was ready to board the plane at 4.30. Captain Moody made a fine flight to Toowooba. We maintained an elevation of about 5000 feet most of the 500 miles, and it was interesting to watch the country change from pastoral to agricultural. On reaching Toowooba, I went to see Dr. MacKenzie. He dressed my hand and gave me additional dressings for the trip to Sydney. We are going by fast mail train to Sydney from here, as there is no airplane service.

HOTEL AUSTRALIA, SYDNEY
October 12, 1929

From the cables we have sent and received in return I know that you know that I am well on the road to recovery, the hand is saved, and the worst that can happen is a useless left forefinger, due to the destruction of the tendons. And even the use of the finger can be restored by a successful operation. Of course, one of the most wonderful things that have happened has been the opportunity to talk with you by Morse code through the kindness of the amateur radio fans. To be able to send messages back and forth for an hour, to ask questions and have them answered just as easily as if you were in the next room, is one of the marvels of the age as well as one of its comforts.

You know now through the 'hams' practically all that has happened. Directly on arriving in Sydney I went to see Dr. Royle. He and his whole staff have been simply wonderful to me. I go twice a day for diathermic treatments and already am getting good results. I am still weak and get out of breath if I walk far. I shall remain in Sydney until all the pus clears up and I am sure that no infection remains in the deep tissues.

Jack and the two boys got here safely with the truck. They had good luck until they got to Bathurst, 150 miles out of Sydney, when it began to rain. It rained from ten to seventeen inches and they were held up for five days. Dr. Porteus and King leave on the next boat for home. Would that I were sailing too!

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

I

My first dim awareness of history came from Nannie Etticoat: —

> Little Nannie Etticoat in a white petticoat and a red nose.

Looking from my nursery lamp to the pictured candle that gives the answer to the riddle, I had a mysterious sense of continuity with the child who heard that rhyme, watching some nursery candle flicker and diminish, long ago.

I wonder how many people, wherever the English language runs, have some such memory of Mother Goose. For more than two hundred years her Melodies have been subject for controversy. One may be sure her neighbors were critical of Madam Goose of Pudding Lane in Boston as she sang her frivolities into the ears of her grandchildren early in the eighteenth century. A decade after their first appearance at Newbery's bookshop in London they were satirized from an English rectory. The dispute is reopened year after year as the publishers' announcements tell of new and increasingly gorgeous editions of the nursery classic and 'Children's Book Week' calls for annual appraisal of the children's mental food.

Scholars of three countries have wrangled over name, source, and date. The evidence they have unearthed seems to apportion honors fairly among the contestants, assigning the name to France, most of the rhymes to Britain, and first publication to America.

As to text, each of us has an opinion. The copy given us in our childhood has validity all later versions lack.

As season follows season, Mother Goose spreads her wings to cover a larger brood. The edition torn and extra-illustrated by the babies I know best has rhymes elsewhere ascribed to Longfellow, to Dr. Johnson, to Charles and Mary Lamb. Even *The Only True Mother Goose Melodies, without Addition or Abridgement*, issued by Monroe and Francis (Boston, 1833), shamelessly and joyously introduces a poem by Walter Scott. In this, 'the dear little quarto edition' beloved of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and the New Englanders of his generation, the sonorous summons,

> Pibroch of Donnel Dhu,
> Pibroch of Donnel,

comes after the couplet,

> Hey ding a ding, ding, I heard a bird sing,
> The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.

The juxtaposition would have pleased Sir Walter.

The first English edition, having John Newbery as publisher and Oliver Goldsmith as reputed editor, has this title-page: 'Mother Goose's Melody; or, Sonnets for the Cradle, in Two Parts: Part I: Songs and Lullabies of Old British Nurses, calculated to amuse children and excite them to sleep: Part II: Those of that Sweet Songster and Muse of Wit and Humour, Master William Shakespeare.' From all which it will be seen that, from the beginning,

Mother Goose has been not so much author as anthologist.

Questions of origin, authorship, and date of issue are academic interests. The live issue has to do with the worth or worthlessness of the Melodies themselves. Ably they have been attacked, and valiantly defended.

The most cogent argument of the attacking party is that jingles which may have supplied a need of childhood two hundred years ago ought to be discarded in a day when children have Lear and Lewis Carroll, Belloc, Milne, and their peers for entertainers. The defense answers that the old favorite is an incomparable source book, with its songs, street cries, and ballads from an older time. Handy Dandy is linked with Piers Plowman, Jack and Jill traced to Icelandic mythology, and we are told that the 'Old Woman and her Kid' has, since the institution of the Passover, been recited by Jewish children, to whom it was handed down from even more remote Chaldean sources.

In other words, 'The book is bad for babies,' says the attack. 'It is good for scholars,' answers the defense. Nobody pays any attention to the sentimentalists who murmur, 'The babies love it.' And no one, so far as I know, has said anything about its pedagogical value.

To speak of Mother Goose and pedagogy sounds so pedantic that I should expect her to fly hissing at me if I did not take refuge in the etymology that says a pedagogue is just a caretaker to lead children from home to school.

One may be sure there was no didactic purpose in the jingles. What living poem ever issued from didactic purpose? Surely 'to amuse little children and excite them to sleep' is reward enough. Possibly, when stricter neighbors charged Madam Goose and her son-in-law, T. Fleet of Pudding Lane, with teaching children stuff and nonsense, they offered as a sop the evidence that any baby who is letter-perfect in the Melodies has, for factual equipment before school days begin, the names of the letters of the alphabet, the days of the week, the months of the year, and the number of days in each month; and that he can count up to twenty and even add that far by twos. With that, one fancies, T. Fleet would collect his two coppers, price of that now priceless first edition, and go back to his printing. And Mother Goose would jog her grandchildren on her knee again, 'to market, to market, a gallop, a trot,' instinctively supplying the eurhythmics which, in our day, childhood must seek in costly schools.

II

From the beginning there have been two ways of developing the human mind: the one, induction; the other, education. Formerly the emphasis was on mnemonics. Just now we stress the value of 'telling back.' Can the National Education Association and all the Parent-Teachers Associations combined find a textbook exemplifying both systems as does Mother Goose? Babies often know the jingles before they can repeat the sounds, and as soon as they can talk they chant them as they go about their play.

Philosophers and psychologists, who agree in so little, yet agree in this: that the prime mental needs of human beings are association and vocabulary. Mother Goose establishes for babies, who come so naked into the world, association with environment and with the past, and she has an amplitude of vocabulary that all the younger writers of our time might envy.

When school days come, the mind moves more at ease among the kings

and queens because one knows King Cole — that British king of the third century whose place in history Mother Goose has guarded. One may be readier for Malory and Tennyson because one knew in babyhood how matters stood 'when good King Arthur ruled his land.' I for one have never been inclined to believe the worst of Guinevere, recalling as I do her wifely thrift in the matter of the bag pudding. The clash of arms in Froissart is powerless to daunt those who recall the futility of 'all the king's horses and all the king's men' in the affair of Humpty Dumpty.

Oh, we are used to royalty, we nurslings (print it 'nestlings' if you must) of Mother Goose. We have seen the king in his countinghouse, the queen in her kitchen. We even catch some glimmer of the philosophy of history and, recalling Pussy Cat and her preoccupation with mice when she went to London to see the queen, recognize familiar truth when Horace sighs, 'I cannot flee beyond myself.'

Nor does the bridge into the past built by the Melodies lead only to palaces and thrones. One hears of market days and county fairs. The village idiot has a name, poor fellow, and his traffic with the pieman shows how barter and sale were carried on. Lost cottage industries revive. Children clothed in shop-made garments may still watch Cross Patch spin. Briskly they echo the command: —

> Call up my maids at four of the clock,
> Some to the wheel and some to the rock.

They learn that, before yarn can be spun, somebody must go a-shearing.

Nursery walls expand and a sense of world citizenship comes in with the Man in the Moon inquiring his way to Norwich. The babies themselves, you see, have so lately 'come tumbling down.' London Bridge and Gloucester, St. Ives, the River Dee, and 'far-off Lancashire' are *terra cognita*. One knows at least one Welshman and quite a bit about him. Baby spirits go dancing 'out of Ireland, into France.' Imagination ranges from Babylon to Banbury Cross. And into plastic minds seeps the essential truth that everywhere people are doing things of universal concern like planting peas and eating porridge.

We loyalists need not deny that most of Mother Goose's verse is jingling nonsense, but one of the geographical group swings into the uncharted realm of poetry.

> Gay go up and gay go down,

it carelessly begins. Suddenly, there is clamor and a sense of grandeur, of cathedral splendor, in the air. From Whitechapel and Old Bailey, from St. Martin's and St. Peter's, from Shoreditch and Stepney and Bow, the bells of London ring.

When English literature comes as a college requirement, — save the mark! — none of its verse forms is wholly unfamiliar to Mother Goose's graduates. There is cumulative verse, dear to our ancestors and still dear to teachers and to babies. Flytings and riddles from the high and far-off times feebly survive in such inanities as 'I'm a gold lock' and the rest of it; in such riddles as 'Roomful, houseful, can't catch a dishful.' There are lyrics like 'Daffy-down-dilly' and dirges such as 'Ding, dong, bell.'

Even the scholastic definition of an epic is not mere verbiage to the mind that can revert to the Wooing of Jenny Wren and the Death of Cock Robin. Tiny actors, truly, for small auditors, but here, complete with 'lofty theme, complex action, narrative, detail and dialogue,' is epic in embryo, if love, loyalty, and death be epic issues. English pronunciation, too, was still within hail of the Elizabethans when

the Melodies were sung, and Mother Goose agrees with Shakespeare and his contemporaries in rhyming 'boy' with 'die,' 'again' with 'grin,' 'sparrow' with 'morrow.'

III

Facts, eurhythmics, history, geography, rhetoric — with all these Mother Goose is helpful. In a matter even more important, her 'sonnets' have become essential.

Admittedly our population is increasingly urban, our civilization more mechanistic. This generation learns the names and uses of a thousand things undreamed of when Old British nurses sang in the Old World and Madam Goose dandled her grandchildren in the New; but how are children of to-day to learn the words and ways of yesterday?

I have seen a group of city children, astonished, excited, half-afraid, chorusing, 'What is it?' at sight of a cow. A small boy came to a halt on his stick horse. 'What is the matter?' I asked. The rider answered sadly, 'Out of gas!'

Well, Mother Goose's children know the animals at least by name. Horse and mare; bull, cow, and calf; sheep black and white, rams, ewes, and lambs; hogs, sows, and pigs, they march along her pages like a procession at a county fair, with geese and ganders, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, at their heels. There are dogs and pussycats and all the common birds of England and, to complete the country pleasantness, bees and beehives set among rosemary, and lavender and such forgotten flowers as the 'pretty maids' of Mistress Mary's garden.

In modern schools, intricate toys have been introduced to illustrate the basic industries. Under Mother Goose's guidance, babies learn about how things are made and who makes them from the time they can pat a cake. Hard on the heels of the baker come butcher and candlestick maker. A crowd of craftsmen follows — tinkers and tailors, spinners, weavers and shearers, shepherds and mowers and reapers, blacksmiths and chimney sweeps. There are housewives who brew and bake, milk and sweep and 'sew a fine seam,' and who still have time to rock cradles and sing to babies. And to represent the arts we have fiddlers, pipers, and drummers, with dances and singing beside.

In houses regulated by thermostats, the elements may be disregarded, but Mother Goose was mightily concerned about the weather. Her nurslings hear about it all, from 'April's sweet month,' through 'midsummer when the days are lang,' into the 'misty, moisty mornings' of autumn, clear through to 'cold, bleak, raw days, when winter's now come fairly.'

These are not mere names, nor idle lists of words. This is the vocabulary of English literature. To children accustomed only to garage and filling station, 'The Village Blacksmith' would be jargon had they not learned, before they were out of knitted bootees, how to 'shoe the horse and shoe the mare.' Hardly could they recognize the roof of 'Home, Sweet Home' without the aid of 'A thatcher from Thatchwood.' Pope's Happy Man,

> Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
> Whose flocks supply him with attire,
> Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

needs as collateral reading nowadays Cushy Cow Bonny, Willy Boy, Black Sheep, and Little Boy Blue.

Long ago Oliver Goldsmith, to whom, for all his treatise on 'Polite Learning,' a sonnet was just a little song, linked these 'Sonnets for the Cradle' with 'Those of Master William Shakespeare.' As time goes on, those

greatest lines of English poetry may find in Mother Goose their best interpreter. There are young people in high school to-day who could hardly read the dramatis personæ of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* without the aid of Mother Hubbard's dog. Hearts touched in babyhood by the troubles of 'robin, poor thing,' when 'the north wind doth blow' vibrate to the chill Æolian music of 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind!'

It is necessary to know that, as a rule,

> The cock doth crow to let you know,
> If you be wise, 't is time to rise,

before it is possible to realize how hallowed and how blest is Christmas when 'the cock of dawning singeth all night long.'

No editor need interrupt the splendor of Macbeth's last lines to gloss 'Out, out, brief candle!' if before the mind's eye Nannie Etticoat flicker once again. For ah, we know, we too,

> The longer she stands, the shorter she grows.

CEFALÙ

BY EDMUND G. KRIMMEL

CEFALÙ, mentioned in history as early as 397 B.C., has at the present time ten thousand inhabitants engaged in fishing and seafaring. Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, and Arabs fought for its possession; but it was an 'Act of God' that made it a place of interest to me, and it is now a social problem of our country that makes it a place of more interest to all of us.

In 1129 King Roger was lost and beaten in a storm on a journey from Naples to Palermo and, offering up a prayer for safe deliverance, promised to erect a church to Christ and His disciples wherever he landed. His ship, so the story is told, touched the shores of Cefalù, and a cathedral was erected befitting the gratitude of such a personage as King Roger.

The cathedral towers over the town, but it in turn is dwarfed by the limestone cliff rising directly in the rear and high above. The style of the architecture records the reign of Norman rulers in Sicily, and recalls certain churches in Caen, France. And now, forlorn, neglected, unappreciated, stands this great pile of stone. A few inveterate loafers block the entrance, and it was heresy for them to move simply because I wanted to see the interior. Stripped of all the furnishings that must have adorned it stood the great nave, flanked by columns of granite majestic in the mission they were performing. There was something in the atmosphere that made me feel the strong pulse this building had in its youth. What pageantry existed at its christening: great processions, rich robes, inspiring chants, strands of incense permeating the air, all commemorating the safe deliverance of King Roger and the fulfillment of his vows!

I was moving with the procession up to the tribune, and here I paused to study the walls covered with mosaics, the finest in all of Sicily. A small door gave out on a Norman cloister where

palm trees and the cathedral pooled their shade to entice one to linger in the coolness.

A storm landing King Roger at Cefalù can be credited with my pilgrimage there eight hundred years later to see mosaics commemorating the event. My interest satisfied, I sauntered in and out among winding streets, down to the sea, and out on a wharf built of hewn stone blocks. Looking back at the town, I could see ledges of rock rising out of the water and, upon these, rough masonry walls leading up to smoother surfaces of stone or stucco, set back, projecting, leaning; and all of these surfaces pierced by openings placed without symmetry, as if forms on the cliff piling up above the houses inspired their creation. And all around me sea, boats, filth, flies, boys, men—young and old, sleeping, playing at games, mending nets or repairing boats, as if one were essential to the other.

As a morsel of food draws insects around it, so my sketch pad gathered all the boys on the wharf, and they had a mischievous interest in every line I drew. Eager to see, they pulled at the pad or turned it to an angle of advantage. My limited Italian vocabulary they could not understand, and their mutterings were less comprehensible to me. A carnivorous fly lit upon an ear and, my hands engaged, I wiggled my ears in an effort to dislodge him. There was a shout full of glee and surprise as one of the urchins noticed the motion. All eyes and interest centred on my ears and a few well-timed wiggles permitted of enough freedom to finish the sketch. Then my levity was sobered. I heard one of the boys say in English, 'How does he do it?' Who was this, coming to take me back to my world? I asked, 'How came you here, my lad?' 'With my father and brother,' he answered.

Back in a cove in the direction indicated by the boy I saw figures moving, purposeful figures, more alert than their fellow men about me. They slipped into the boat whose bow was slowly showing itself beyond the cove. There was a dull explosion or two, followed by a series in rapid succession. The sleeping men, awakened by the din, rose to rub their eyes. Others dropped their work to gaze out across the bay. Every window along the water front filled up with one, two, or three figures. Inhabitants rushed to the end of the streets and all stared at the sight of one of their boats skimming across the water, driven by an outboard motor, leaving a churned lane in its wake. A modern invention had come to disturb the peace, the quiet, of this primitive town.

I sat later, waiting in the shade of the small station for a train to take me to Taormina, and I looked at the town that had taken me back to antiquity and then rudely dropped me into our modern age again. A figure turned a corner, came into the shade and paused.

Rounded shoulders topped a slender body barely forty, but looking fifty, and as the man came toward me I could see glassy eyes sunken in a bony face covered with pallid skin. A square hand clutched a cane with a willingness to help even in its frailty. From the shell that slumped on a bench came a hollow voice, talking to me.

Yes, he had been in America. Twenty years ago with thousands he went to work on our railroads. In and around Chicago he labored until his savings enabled him to rent a little store. Profits warranted the use of a larger store and then he bought property. Every day and night, every holiday, he worked incessantly, building up his fortune to return, some day, to Sicily. Then fate took the reins. Ill health was the reward. To the hospital he was taken; an operation was necessary.

Long weeks recuperating did not retrieve the desired vitality. Sicily called to him. There he could bask in the sun along the shore of his native town, and get well. And here he was, still weak, broken. Had he brought his gleanings with him? No, he held property in America on which he paid one thousand dollars a year for taxes and from which he derived a good income; he felt that his money was safer there. Would he undergo the second operation necessary in Sicily or in Italy? No, he had more faith in our doctors, and was planning to return to the United States.

Not a few Sicilians have come back from America to use their money transforming barren slopes into small gardens, and orchards laden with lemons and oranges. And now while at work they sing of their contentment, their mellow voices in tune with the surrounding color and atmosphere laden with the scent of almond blossoms.

Now it is easier to make money in the United States, I was told. A cane was slowly raised and its quiverings betrayed the trembling hand that held it. Following the direction of the cane, I saw a section of the town I had not explored and I noticed a number of new houses of no mean size and a few under construction. All of these houses were owned by natives, men who had no compunctions about the violation of our prohibition laws, no scruples about their right to supply something that was much sought after and whose acquisition was a subject of boast and a focal point of conversation in many homes. The man I saw in the motor-driven boat had been a bootlegger in Baltimore and had just returned with his family to enjoy his spoils. I was directed to two new houses owned by his cousins, retired bootleggers, who, tired of the peace and quiet of Cefalù, closed up their homes and went to dip again into that great pot of gold accessible to them because of our experiment with the prohibition problem.

To visit a town like Cefalù, in a strange land, off the beaten tourists' path, is conducive of strong emotions. The complete detachment from the modern world is refreshing. All the more stunning is the blow when we hear echoes of all our problems — the daily grind, keen competition; money, money, and the price we pay for it. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Normans, have left their stamp upon these people, and to-day political struggles in the United States are being reflected in their habits and means of livelihood. Because of the money coming into it from America, Cefalù will probably receive the greatest stimulus it has felt since the time of King Roger.

LET US GET BACK TO FUNDAMENTALS

BY BISHOP WILLIAM LAWRENCE

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

THE world feels sick, and is bewildered. It is no wonder. Since August 4, 1914, we have lived a century and more; and what thrills we have gotten out of it! No age ever dreamed of such an orgy as the World War gave us. We smashed billions on billions of property, slaughtered millions of men, and gave a big setback to civilization. We have dipped into the valley of financial depression, have leaped up to delirious heights, and are now in the depths again. We have knocked out many of the underpinnings of faiths, customs, and traditions upon which civilization was supposed to be built; and we know not the end thereof. This New Year's Day we wake up feeling like the 'morning after'; our head aches, our eyes are blurry; but we still have the brains and the will to think.

Up from the ruins rise elements of great value. We recall memories of an heroic past, sacrifices for home, country, and liberty; discoveries in many fields which will bless mankind; a sincere desire for international peace with honor and justice, and a determined movement toward that goal. Conciliation is now a word to conjure with in industrial and political life. We have broken shackles of tradition and superstition which have held down many faiths, virtues, and hopes, and have set them free.

With all this said, we must, if civilization is to be sustained, gird up our loins and determine upon vigorous thought and action. In this New Year we will reach down and rediscover some of the foundations upon which our lives and happiness are built.

First, and most conspicuous, we will learn again the economic and spiritual truth that 'if any will not work, neither shall he eat.' Billions of dollars in property once destroyed cannot be replaced with paper, margins, and speculation. We will pay our bills. Patient, quiet, dogged work will do it; each of us must pull his own weight and his share of the weight of the boat, too. He who habitually spends a dollar above his income is headed toward poverty. He whose balance is on the other side is laying up a reserve; and for safety, enterprise, and advance a reserve is essential. In a self-sustaining democracy (and all nations are coming to that), every man, woman, and child has his place and his job.

Second, this is the time for us to think, review, and work out a practical philosophy of life, for it is certain that in the long run a man cannot have force, happiness, the respect of others, or anything but defeat, unless he has and is ready to stand by some principles.

This is the time for each of us to ask himself what his highest hopes and ideals are, and on what foundations he is building them. Philosophers, wise

and foolish, may argue about the origin of conscience, the sanctions of right and wrong; they may carry us into the mist and leave us there. But we everyday people have got to act to-day and to-morrow; assuming that there are a right and a wrong, we must make our decisions as best we can, — based on our intelligence and conscience, as we have them, — and stand by the result.

The application of moral principles changes with the movement of social and political life, and demands thought, discrimination, and wisdom. It also calls for moral courage, and sometimes for daring to stand alone.

Third, while the times call for vigorous, rugged, straight character, they demand men and women of such grace and consideration that they may win, not drive, others to support their standards.

The younger people have made a great stride toward the right of the individual to do as he or she wishes. They have smashed many conventionalities and traditions which are well smashed. The next step for them is to have the confidence in their cause and the courage to be considerate of others. Only thus will they have charm or win their way. We are familiar with the formal, stately gentleman of the old school; we look for the informal and easy gentleman of the new day.

Fourth, a healthy, happy civilization calls us back to the worth of beauty in life and nature.

We Americans are a quick-moving, intense people. We transform our athletics into spectacular shows; we turn our love of flowers into highly organized garden clubs; and we think we see and enjoy the country as we speed along metaled roads in cars which shut out the treetops, the hills, and sloping fields. An immediate problem in the shortening of working hours is the use of our leisure. The cultivation of the little garden, the children's game, the comradeship of poetry, the love of art in painting and music, the reading of finer literature, the quiet atmosphere of home and family, give real and lasting happiness. Let us dare to give play to our finer tastes, and, if we will, live the simpler life.

Fifth, fifty years ago science seemed to be on the way to make our heavens brass. Now we have a fuller sense of freedom. Life may now be more than conformity to law. Life for us all is a venture of faith; and unless we recognize the fact that there are spaces, and atmospheres, physical, moral, spiritual, beyond our ken, we are stupid and without hope. 'Young men see visions.' Of course they do; they are young, and a people that has a future will see visions of glorious discovery, transformed character, and moral exaltation, opening up vista after vista.

By the overthrow of many traditions of religion and the emphasis on material forces and laws of nature, we have caught the habit of thinking that there is nothing above and beyond. If that is true, we are lost as men and women who live, lead, and move on to higher and higher realms.

To-day, as never before, the ways are open to every man to think and believe as he will. The history of man's faiths is behind and with us. The spiritual experiences of to-day are confirming us in the faith that in the mysterious beyond, and the more mysterious beside us, there are forces of the spirit living in and through us.

And in the great venture of Faith, a consummate belief in a living, loving God, revealed in His Son who walked this earth, we have a confidence and a courage to meet what comes which give to the men and women who are enveloped in them what all men and women sorely need to-day — the spirit of serenity.

INDIA AND NATIONALISM

BY LORD MESTON

I

INDIA is essentially the child of its history. Not one of the features in its life to-day which bewilder the Western observer is without its origins in a more or less remote past. Whether we examine the tangled maze of the caste system, with its bearing on individual progress, or the status of women, with its dysgenic reaction on the race, or the prevailing illiteracy, with its inaptitude for free institutions — if we examine these or almost any other of India's major problems, we must turn for a better understanding of them, not only to the pages of history, but to the induced knowledge of pre-history. For pure intellectual fascination, few achievements of modern scholarship can equal that by which the pre-history of India is being reconstructed. Every year adds to the structure; but which of us can foresee its majestic future? For the wealth of material which awaits exploration in India, chiefly by the spade of the trained archæologist, is still immense. What we know already, however, enables us with some confidence to trace the far-off beginnings of much in India that occupies men's minds to-day.

Permeating all our general conceptions of bygone India must be that of a country singularly isolated and absorbent, with few entrances and practically no exits.

In Europe the ancient world was one of much racial movement and migration; the mediæval world was busy with the comings and goings of soldiers and adventurers, travelers and scholars, for whom national boundaries were of small account. Not so with India. There was no continental interchange of men and thought. Almost a continent in itself, its land frontiers were great mountain masses, the loftiest and densest on this globe, while elsewhere the unknown terrors of Ocean guarded it. Into this pocket on the earth's surface there flowed wave after wave of the human race — not to recede again (for, though Alexander of Macedon receded, he had never reached the real India), but to soak into the soil. There was, it is true, a certain amount of commerce by sea with the West, from Phœnician times onward, and we hear of occasional missions to Western courts. But it was all very partial and spasmodic, this intercourse with the outer world. India received nothing of the critical artistry of Greece, or of the Roman spirit of history and practical administration, or of the rivalry between faith and works which came later with Christianity. It lived in seclusion, in itself and for itself, churning over and over for centuries, under enervating skies, its own speculations on life and eternity. No cleansing winds of outside thought swept through the galleries of its mind.

Of the real aborigines of India we know so little that for our present purpose we need not go further back than the neolithic race known as the Dravidians. Who they were, and whence they came, are problems yet unsolved.

That their languages have no affinities elsewhere except perhaps with the so-called Scythian family is a fact of some negative importance; that they may have entered India from the Northwest is a positive speculation, also with a linguistic basis. That they covered the greater part of the land is apparent, mingling with the still older races in the more habitable parts, dwelling in fortified places, and building up a civilization of their own. It was probably one of the great cultures of the ancient world. The Indo-Aryan invaders, when they swarmed down with simpler mind and from healthier lands into the old and complex life which they found in the plains of India, thought little of it and wrote despitefully of it, just as we can imagine the Goths belittling and despising the civilization of Rome. History has long followed their example; and it is only now that we are coming to recognize the richness of the Dravidian background. Its connection with Sumerian culture has been revealed by recent excavations in Sind and Beluchistan, and private scholars like Dr. Gilbert Slater have begun to trace its enduring penetration into the India of to-day.

Whatever may have been the ethnical origins of this ancient race, they had clearly passed, as all their successors have done, under the domination of their environment. Their isolation, the pressure of a tropical climate, the scourge of flood and drought and pestilence, the suddenness of epidemic death, the insidious power of the magic and devil worship of the older inhabitants — all these must have combined to turn the Dravidian mind into channels which are still active in India. When, therefore, the second great wave of invasion began to surge into India, it brought with it a people whose outlook on life was fundamentally different from that which they found on the soil. The Indo-Aryans, as scholars deduce from the Vedic records, were a simple, open-air people, of pastoral pursuits. Fond of horses and of sport, adept hunters, meat eaters, and not averse from fermented liquors — the type has been perpetuated with the Aryan blood in other lands, down to our own day and generation. Their women were free, and chose their own mates. Family ties were strong, and family discipline effective. In their religion there is no trace of totemism, or of any revolting rites; their gods 'were the great phenomena of nature, conceived as alive, and usually represented in anthropomorphic shape.' And they were mostly cheerful gods, amenable to simple offerings and sacrifices; but they were many and various in power, from the Sky, the Fire (sun, lightning, and so forth), the Dawn, the Morning and Evening Stars, down to water nymphs and sprites of the air. In every feature, both of mind and of action, the invaders must have differed, as poles asunder, from the people upon whom they flung themselves as they emerged, after their long wanderings, from the northwestern passes into the fertile Indus valley.

How they girt their loins and hardened their hearts we can readily picture. Even so did the Israelites, as they cleared their way through the heathen of Arabia to the promised land; and the old Dutchmen of South Africa, as they trekked into the unknown among Kaffir and Hottentot. Racial arrogance asserted itself, and the pride of color. They were a dark-skinned people, those autochthones — not men, but demons, says the Veda, fit only to be extirpated or enslaved, and woe betide the Aryan who has commerce with them or mercy upon them.

To imbibe the spirit there is no need to wrestle with the ancient Sanskrit texts. Turn to the twenty-

third and twenty-fourth chapters of the Book of Joshua, and you have it in all its essentials: Remember the God of your fathers, said the dying warrior-king, and have no dealings with either the gods or the women of the Amorite. From these inhibitions was sown the seed of the caste problem generally, and of that section of it which is commonly known as the problem of the 'untouchables' — the presence, to wit, in India to-day of many millions of worthy, industrious people whose mere touch defiles the members of a higher caste.

The first beginning of caste was merely a color bar, intended to preserve the purity of the Aryan blood, as well as to protect, we may conjecture, the old simple Nature worship of the Aryan tribes from contamination by the mysteries and superstitions of the older world.

II

From the Indus valley, the Aryan invaders pushed onward and eastward, lured by adventure and fresh pastures, goaded from behind by new incursions of kindred tribes. At first it was a progress of war and conquest; there are echoes of the Dravidians retreating into their strongholds, of sieges and triumphs and captive slaves. In the thinly held tract between the Indus and the Jumna, the newcomers possessed the land in strength, settled it with their wives and families, and lived the glowing life of the earlier Vedic epics. But, with the continued advance into the richer and more densely peopled Ganges valley, came change. The men-demons were no longer in flight before conquerors. We hear of wealthy and powerful chiefs among them, and of alliances, possibly the outcome of equal contests. Alliances we can imagine to have often been cemented, as in all history, by marriages. With intermarriage came new gods, new rites, new tongues; and the slow process of absorption and assimilation had made its insidious start. It is thus the Ganges valley which was the cradle of modern India. As the Aryan waves gradually penetrated and soaked into it, there grew up that marvelous system of social life and religion, of entwining the seen with the unseen, time with eternity, which we know as Hinduism.

Of all its marvels, the Brahman is the chief. According to his own account, he sprang from the head of the Creator; regarding his more prosaic human origins we can only speculate that he was the product of specialization. In earlier days the chief of the tribe was competent to make the necessary offerings to the friendly gods on the eve of the march or battle. Later, king and priest became differentiated as the task of securing divine aid grew more solemn and complex; and, once the priestly rank was established, its aggrandizement was sure. In the process we seem to see at least three stages. First of all was the organization of a social system which was waxing more and more involved with the steady fusion of the Aryan and Dravidian stocks. This work the Brahman took in hand, and his tool was caste. M. Senart has explained how the root conception of endogamous and exogamous groups was the common heritage of the Indo-Aryans with the Greeks and Romans. The Brahman used it, moulding it to Indian conditions and endowing it with a range and an elasticity which almost baffle scientific description.

In the later Scriptures, when the old race tradition had faded, much ingenuity was wasted in grounding the caste system upon four imaginary pillars — the Brahman or priest, the Kshatriya or warrior (who afterward disappears miraculously), the Vaisya

or merchant, and the Sudra or menial. In reality the first three were merely a rough classification of Aryan society, similar to that which Herodotus recorded for Egypt and Plato for ancient Athens; while the fourth stood for the whole despised Dravidian world. At the best, this division was never more than a literary convention, designed to emphasize the Brahman primacy. The true caste system was a grading of society in a formal framework of the type which is always dear to the Indian mind; and the Brahman made the task his own.

The old ideal of maintaining the Aryan blood pure and undiluted gradually waned. Intermarriage became no longer a matter of color, but of permitted or forbidden groupings, to which the key rested in Brahman hands. Startling occasions of mixed marriages were condoned by being taken as the origins of new castes. But to check indiscriminate unions the rules of caste and the penalties for their infringement became more stringent, an invariable ingredient in the penalty for these and all other social offenses being that the Brahman must be paid or fed. With invaders much later than the Aryan — with the Scythians, the Huns, and the Mongols — the Brahman proved equally successful in welding the newcomers into the hierarchy of caste, and continuing thus the age-long absorption of mankind into the scheme of Indian life. It is no exaggeration to say that caste is the keystone of brahmanical Hinduism.

The second stage toward Brahman domination was the development of the Hindu pantheon. The stately gods to whom the Aryan forefathers raised their altars consorted ill with the godlings and the goblins which the Dravidians feared; but for good or ill their association had to be cemented, and here again was a duty that the Brahman alone could undertake. In some cases his ingenuity identified one of the older gods with an Aryan deity, as when Rudra, the storm god of the Vedas, becomes one with Siva, the cruel Destroyer, rejoicing in blood, of the Dravidian legends. In many cases the old Nature gods faded away into abstractions: the Sun is still an object of worship in Vedic form for the initiated, but Vishnu the Preserver has replaced him in popular veneration. Most frequently, however, there was no attempt at reconciling the irreconcilable; each worshiper was left at will to erect his own shrine and choose his own god.

There was no congregational worship; the priests did no leading their people to the deity, no interceding for them; every man propitiated in his own way the particular unknown power which he most feared or whose help at the moment he specially needed. At certain holy places of immemorial age, venerated long before the Aryan invasions, the Brahmans established themselves in force and promulgated the doctrine of pilgrimage and purification: Hurdwar, Benares, Ajmere, Jagannath, are monuments of their methods. The old Aryan divinities were drawn down from the starry heavens and imprisoned with the goddesses of smallpox and gaming and the like in the one vast gallery of superhuman powers where Hinduism roams in perpetual twilight.

The third aspect of Brahmanism triumphant is very different from the accepted function of a priesthood in Western eyes. The long process of stocking the Hindu pantheon developed a synthetic side at an early stage. As the Brahman specialized in the work of the mind and the study of religious emotions, his thoughts seem to have focused on the unity amid the vast diversity in which he moved, and the

conception soon took shape of the essential oneness of what we should call the Godhead. For anthropomorphic visions of deity, however, there was no place in the inner mind of Brahmanism; it was the nature of a universal divine essence which became the food for its philosophy. One school of philosophy, indeed, succeeded another, each more daring and more profound than its predecessor, and all engaged in speculation on the relation between sense and cognition, illusion and reality, man's soul and the infinite Ego, time and eternity. Not for the humble worshiper evidently was all this. He was fobbed off with what he could understand — the jealousies of one godling, the malignity of another, the virtue of pilgrimages, and above all the primary duty of feeing and feasting the Brahman. The future of his soul was not on the priestly conscience or in priestly care. The priesthood was too busy with the fine-drawn subtleties of its own intellectual world, in which brotherly kindness and charity played no part.

For present-day purposes, the main fruit of all those centuries of speculation is the doctrine of Karma, sometimes imperfectly translated as Salvation by Works, at other times as the Transmigration of Souls. The idea of an omnipresent God had matured into the conception of a universal Soul or Self, absolute, unknowable, pure intelligence emptied of all thought. All else was Illusion; but Illusion permitted of men's souls seeming to separate from the universal Soul, to be born and reborn in endless chain, until they became absorbed once again in the Infinite. According to a particular soul's deeds in one birth would be its rank in its next birth; elevation, it might be, into the body of a Brahman, or degradation into the body of an outcaste or a reptile. By deeds, however, the doctrine did not inculcate works in the Pauline sense; the import is ceremonial purity and abstention from actions capable of evil — in fact, by preference, complete inaction and self-centred meditation. Through meditation it may be possible for the soul at last to pierce the veil of sense and Illusion, and to recognize that it is part of the Universal Absolute; whereupon — and only then — it is released from the chain of reincarnations and flows into the omnipresent Self as the river flows into the sea. This, in brief, is Karma, the dominant notion in Indian religion to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

And thus the terrors of a primitive rebirth are always in the mind of the ordinary Hindu, as a stimulus to that ceremonial purity for guidance in which he needs at every turn the Brahman's aid. At the same time, the conviction that whatever he does or suffers in this life is the unalterable consequence of something that has happened in an earlier existence acts, throughout his days, as a drag on all improving effort and a steady premium on apathy — the real secret of Indian pessimism.

III

Here, then, we have the three great achievements of Brahmanism and the three essentials of Hinduism — a social system enveloped in the bonds of caste, a vast pantheon to be feared rather than loved or reverenced, and the doctrine of Karma. Nothing has ever shaken, nothing, believes the orthodox Hindu, ever will shake, these three pillars of life. Not that efforts have been wanting. The greatest of all reforming endeavors, and in its inception one of the most beautiful of the world's faiths, was Buddhism. It was a revolt against the hopelessness of the Brahman creed. For its simple followers the

orthodox Hinduism held out no hope of a better world. It gave them no guidance to that supreme spiritual concentration by which alone they could escape from the endless misery of birth and rebirth. But with Gautama Buddha came a new light. After years of fruitless penance and meditation, a new gospel was revealed to him. It was the fourfold truth and the eightfold path of right living and right thinking by which the soul could slip away from the tireless wheel of existence and reach Nirvana or emancipation. There was to be no searching for the Unknown God, no caste, no violence; and a monastic life for men and women who desired to hasten the perfection of their souls.

The story of Buddhism ended in tragedy. For over a thousand years it rivaled Hinduism in the affections of the people, but in the Brahmans it had to face an enemy implacable and indomitable. It suffered also from internal decay, drifting into a religion of inaction, sloth, and formalism. It developed a complicated hagiolatry, hardly distinguishable from Hindu pantheism, and in the end it is said to have been extinguished by persecution. That it failed in India, while it still rules the hearts of hundreds of millions in Burma and the farther East, is perhaps the greatest of all tributes to the skill of brahmanical Hinduism in adapting itself to the needs of the Indian mind. There was a time at which it seemed as if one ruler, the Emperor Asoka, might consolidate the greater part of India into political unity under a common faith; but with his death the vision faded. Hinduism learned and borrowed from Buddhism, but discarded it and ultimately beat it down, as it did with Jainism and the many other protests of reform. Caste and Karma triumphed, as they believe that they will triumph to-day.

It was in the Ganges valley that the welding together of Aryan and Dravidian was effected by that code of life which we know as brahmanical Hinduism. From there the system spread slowly into the southern lands which Asoka never conquered; and in the Deccan and Madras it found, as late as the Christian era, a Dravidian world advanced in civilization and organized into warring kingdoms. Of actual physical penetration the Aryan, whether of the pure or of the half blood, did little, though we hear of Brahman colonies in the area. It was the doctrine that made its way into the Dravidian mind, and practically moulded a pure Dravidian people into the same social framework as had been devised for very different conditions. With the proverbial zeal of the recent convert, South India has adopted the Hindu framework more fervently than the land of its origin. Castes have been created; Brahmans and Rajputs have been manufactured wholesale, without a drop of Aryan blood in their veins; and the communities which refused or were unable to come into the caste system have been stigmatized as untouchable, and treated with an arrogance which not only is unknown in Northern India, but is unsurpassed in any other social scheme now surviving in the civilized world.

IV

While Hinduism was thus organizing society and religion throughout the land, India on the political plane was the scene of endless disruption. On the internecine wars in the North before the expedition of Alexander the Great, we have the evidence of the Epics, and in the Dravidian South the records are even more definite. With the Mauryan dynasty something of an imperial nexus was established, but with the

downfall of the great Asoka's successors chaos again broke out. Insurgents from the South attacked the imperial zone, and weakness on the northwest frontiers admitted one inroad after another from Persia and Central Asia. 'The attempt to make India a great world power had failed; and its history now becomes a complex struggle within its own borders of elements both native and foreign, such as was to recur many centuries later on the downfall of the Mogul Empire.' During all this period of struggle, however, two movements continued unchecked and unswerving. The brahmanical framework of Hinduism was strengthened, cross-tied, and buttressed, whatever might be the regional or dynastic struggles within. And as to the invasions, whether the peaceful Mongoloid penetration on the East or the armed descent of Parthian, Scythian, or White Hun from the Northwest, the residuum of settlement which they left on Indian soil was steadily and effectively sucked into the brahmanical ordering of social and religious life.

Hard and enduring though Hinduism had become before Buddhism disappeared, it was yet to pass through a fiery crucible, in order to emerge as the fine steel which it is to-day. That crucible was provided for it by Islam. After some tentative attacks on the coast, the Mahomedan invasions became systematic about 1000 A.D. At first they were raids of blood and plunder. Later they developed into campaigns of annexation and settlement, into centuries of chaos and oppression culminating in the imperial sway of the Great Moguls. They differed from all previous and all subsequent invasions, for Islam was essentially a proselytizing faith. The Koran exhorts its followers to 'fight till opposition shall cease, and the religion becometh God's alone.' In India the injunction was obeyed for something like six centuries, and of the seventy million Moslems who inhabit the country to-day no small proportion are descendants of Hindus who were converted to Islam by force or by the strongest self-interest. It was a steady, agonizing process, calming down at times, blazing into fury at others, but always at work.

The ordeal was such as probably no other religion in the world but Hinduism would have survived. In many senses, however, its effect was disastrous. It put an end to all chances of internal reform, and it hardened and exaggerated the purely defensive and materialistic side of Hinduism. Whether, with the final absorption of Buddhism, the time would have been ripe for shedding the archaic crust of Hinduism, it is now impossible to guess. There would seem to have been indications, in the rising cult of Vishnu, that men's minds were reaching out toward a kindlier incarnation, a loving God compassionate to human weaknesses. But all this went by the board under the direct attacks of Islam upon the whole tabernacle of the faith. Any softening of the doctrine of Karma was strangled by the necessity for using the terrors of rebirth as a check on apostasy, compulsory or otherwise. And for similar reasons, in almost every direction, there was a stiffening of faith and practice. The Joint Family System, a device which in times of peace deadens individual effort and multiplies human parasites, became in troublous days an insurance against alien rapacity. The position of women deteriorated, the bonds of caste grew more rigid. On all sides Hinduism ossified in self-defense. Speculation on the eternal verities flourished, for adversity often stimulates the philosophic mind. And some of the masterpieces of Hindu literature belong to these hard centuries.

But the social structure and the

cardinal doctrines of the system were far more unbending when the British replaced the Mogul than they had been six hundred years earlier. It was on this rigidity that there then impinged, with an intellectual impact very different from the physical onset of Islam, the spirit of the West.

V

Before reviewing this new influence, let our minds dwell for a moment on the ethical triumphs of Hinduism throughout and despite the turbulence which brooded over India for at least three thousand years before the British occupation. Its first and greatest triumph was in bridging the gulf between the early dark-skinned occupants of the land and the formidable invaders of an entirely different human stock, who poured into India, it may have been for centuries, with a view to conquest and settlement. It then spread slowly into the southern lands, where conquest had not penetrated, and took into its capacious bosom a whole civilization which melted in its embrace. It next turned to the absorption of a new series of varied adventurers from across the borders, who broke up the only purely Hindu empire in India's history.

During all the conflicts which preceded the consolidation of that empire and during the chaos of warring kingdoms which followed its downfall, Hinduism steadily increased its dominion over the minds and lives of men, to whatever camp they belonged. On the one hand, it established a minute and despotic rule over the daily routine of social relations; on the other, it developed a habit of intellectual research into the How and Why of existence, for which there is no parallel elsewhere; while all the time it left the multitudes of its followers in a morass of ignorance and superstition. When its supreme trial came, it strengthened its discipline and tightened its hold over its people, so that for something like six centuries it resisted the fiercest proselytizing power in the world. From that struggle it emerged bruised and stunned, but undefeated. It emerged to find Islam established by its side in India, permanently hostile, but for the time a spent force. Though here it had failed, under sheer physical violence, in its tactics of absorption, it had vanquished all other rivals. It had drawn into its fold Aryan and Dravidian alike, the Mongoloid races which had drifted into the Ganges valley from the East, the Parthian, Scythian, and Hun invaders from beyond the Himalayan screen, and — what was possibly its only missionary effort — it had climbed into the mountains of Nepal and enveloped the Gurkha Kingdom.

The progress of Hinduism is not without a certain similarity to the spread of Christianity over Europe. There also, in a world of grim ferocity, a priestly organization grew up to direct the spiritual side of life, and continued its work unabated through centuries of racial and dynastic strife. It brought into its fold a great variety of different peoples — Latin, Byzantine, Goth, Teuton, Norseman, and Gael. It conceded to its converts, though always with some change of form, the retention within their new religion of rites, traditions, and festivals belonging to their more ancient faiths. It aimed, and the Roman Church preserves the goal, at a community which would transcend all national boundaries; and in a large measure it succeeded, though it has not been generally successful in composing national animosities. We cannot, however, push the parallel much further. The community at which Hinduism aims is not a *Civitas Dei*, but a highly complicated and

stratified human society. The religion for its guidance is not a system of faith or belief, or even philanthropy, about which Hinduism cares little, but a close observance of ritual determined for every step in men's daily lives. Its object is not so much the well-being of men or the care of their souls as the strength of the social strata, in which are involved the reward of right living and the penalties of wrong living. In maintaining the structure of society and in performing the ritual, the Brahman is indispensable. Consequently, in all circumstances must the position of the Brahman be respected. Whatever storm may rage in the ocean of Hinduism, the ark of Brahmanism must ride in safety.

With the decay of the Mogul Empire and the rise of British power, Hinduism had a new situation to face. The terrors of forcible conversion were over, but only to make way for the attractions of a new type of civilization. Its very novelty was stimulating: India got a glimpse of new commercial customs, of new systems of law, and ultimately — when missionaries received their begrudged licenses to work in the country — of a new religion. None of these were enforced on her, and a healthy interest in them was consequently aroused. In Calcutta, the centre of the most emotional and artistic of the Indian peoples, this interest bore its first fruits. A society for the reform of Hinduism, the Brahmo Samaj, was started in 1828 by a group of learned Brahmans. It aimed at getting back to the Vedas, the primitive Sanskrit scriptures, and ridding Hinduism of many intermediate accretions. Bearing very definite marks of Christian influence, it soon encountered the hostility of Hinduism proper; and though some of the most eminent Bengalis of the last century were its adherents, the sect now makes little headway and its energies are spent.

More formidable, however, than any specific movement of reform was the spirit of curiosity and questioning which began to stir when English education was adopted as the policy of the East India Company a century ago. The exact and experimental methods of Western science crashed into a realm of vague speculation. The teachings of the utilitarian school, then in vogue in England, fell like a cleansing douche upon the musty mysticism of orthodox thought. Political doctrines of personal freedom and equal opportunities had all the fascination of a delightful heresy. There grew up a young school of educated Indians who received with genuine enthusiasm these breezes from the outer world.

VI

At this point India suffered at the hand of destiny its most grievous blow in modern times — the Mutiny of 1857. How far this upheaval was what it professed to be, a military rising; how far it was a protest against the imperialistic policy of Dalhousie; or how far it sprang from a general reaction against the new spirit, still remains for the historian to decide. Whatever its causes, it left two deplorable sequels behind. On the one hand, racial bitterness was its legacy; the treachery and cruelty which characterized the outbreak poisoned the minds of Englishmen; the severity with which it was crushed evoked a parallel resentment in the Indian mind, at least in later years when the provocation was forgotten. On the other hand, the promise of a new Hinduism moulded by Christian influences was shattered. The thirst for Western education continued, but mainly as a passport to official and professional occupation rather than as a desirable thing in itself. And about

1870 a series of movements took shape in defense of the old faith and in direct antagonism to the attempts that had been made to reform it from within or from without. Chief among these was the Arya Samaj, a militant organization which, while disavowing caste and calling for a return to the simplicity of the Vedas, has concentrated on attacks upon Christianity and Islam, and has adopted the mission of reclaiming converts to those religions back into Hinduism. Other movements were more orthodox; but the whole trend was a protest against the attractions of Western thought and the seductive freedom of its outlook.

This, however, somewhat anticipates the sequence of events. What we seem to see from the seventies of last century onward is a steady march of India's fate along three lines. Most obvious was the forward movement in administration, the extension and elaboration of the machinery of efficient government by British officials. For half a century that process went on untiringly. Lawmaking, the strengthening of the magistracy, improvements in the police, the building up of a powerful bar — all made for the securer enthronement of justice in the land. The establishment of universities, and the multiplying of colleges and schools, brought education to the doors of the people. The rapid expansion of railways, coupled with the construction of vast irrigation reservoirs and canals, increased the products of the land and enabled them to be mobilized, thus turning the flanks of those terrible famines which used to decimate the population. Material prosperity was enhanced, and all the executive paraphernalia of the modern State were imposed upon the country. This was the first and most impressive line of advance.

The second line was somewhat parallel. It marked the magnetic influence of Western thought and ideals upon a small but notable section of the educated classes. It drew them into the study of utilitarian philosophy and of Christian ethics. It touched chords in them which vibrated to the liberty preached by Cobden, Gladstone, and John Bright in England. It shook them out of their bondage to the rigid observances of orthodox Hinduism, especially when they crossed the ocean and left caste behind. And it set them speculating on political emancipation. It was a fine type, the dignified learned Hindu of that period, who was equally at home in the classics of his own faith and in the concepts of Western culture, and equally tolerant of both; but it has almost disappeared.

The third line of change ran an oblique course to the other two. It was in effect a revulsion against them. The old Hinduism was distrustful of the new outlook which British rule was bringing into men's minds and resentful of the defections of the younger generation. Recovering from the stunning blow of 1857, it began its long, patient, tortuous striving for the restoration of its dominion, of which we are witnessing some of the results to-day. The revival of orthodox Hinduism and its struggle against the heresies of new thought are dominant features in the last half century of India's psychology.

Out of these three movements has emerged what, for want of a better word, may be called the Nationalism of modern India. Nationalism is a word which many writers have striven, and not with complete success, to define. There is, however, a consensus that it involves a sentiment of unity in race or language or religion or tradition or some combination of the four. No such sentiment exists in India. The country has been torn by every conceivable form of dissension within itself, but

through all its agonies one constant influence has been at work, the influence of Brahmanism and caste. At intervals and for lengthened periods the country has been pressed into a common mould by alien government; and the result has been a hardening of the tissues and a toughening of the crust of the same enduring social system. Dynasties have risen and fallen, kingdoms have been formed and dissolved, invasions have swept the land, centripetal and centrifugal forces have alternated; but one power has grown through it all — the power over men's minds and lives which is inherent in brahmanical Hinduism.

Thus it comes that the battalions which face us to-day, and which we call the army of Indian Nationalism, are the forces of Hinduism; the sentiment which the Indian extremist would have us accept as a subjective nationality is the sentiment and tradition of the orthodox Hindu. The power and the sentiment have a reality, an intensity, a dominion, to which there are few, if any, parallels in the world; but they have not that binding force which welds nations into solid units of fervent patriotism. What we call the Nationalism of India to-day is something radically different from, to take three familiar types, the nationalism of England under Queen Elizabeth, or of Italy under Garibaldi, or of Czechoslovakia under Masaryk. It is not the movement of a people united by some common danger or intolerable burden or all-consuming ideal—a movement driving them forward to some definite form of political organization which will enable them to express themselves or to achieve their common purpose. It is rather the revolt of a privileged class against modern influences which are threatening its social predominance. It is the struggle of an ancient civilization, which has drawn into itself many races and cultures in its time, to absorb now whatever in Western civilization suits it and to reject the rest.

There is much in the movement with which we can sympathize, or which at least we can understand. On the other hand, it is disguised and overlaid by masses of artificial sentimentality and false analogies, as well as often by the gravest misstatements; and we must get rid of all such top-hamper before we can squarely face the peculiar complexity of the problem of gauging and handling the demands which are now being advanced in India's name.

'SAID THE SOVIET TO THE TOURIST'

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

RUSSIA is an odd country to visit — odd from the very moment when the traveler decides to visit it. For Russians are quite as suspicious of outsiders as outsiders are of them; and if the traveler wishes to enter the country as a normal visitor he will find that the filling up of an application for a normal passport involves a revelation of his past, which may or may not bear revealing, and that he is at once on the defensive and regarded as an international spy or, at best, as an over-inquisitive and unwelcome Nosey Parker. But a tourist visa is a far simpler matter, since, for reasons connected with economics and remote from politics, Russian policy to-day is to encourage tourists. 'Only,' says the Soviet, 'no tourist visa unless you take our tourist excursions.' It is, maybe, polite blackmail: there is no private enterprise in Russia, and the Soviet manages its own tourist trade and makes state revenue out of tourists. But there is no alternative; and I was one among four hundred other inquisitives on a Baltic cruise who accepted the Soviet terms. All of us got in, save three unfortunate parsons who were described on their passports as 'Ministers of Religion.' 'Ministers' are highly political in Russia and religion is taboo. Three other clerics were wiser in their generation. 'Clerks' work in offices; what 'Holy Orders' conveys to a Russian, goodness only knows. Anyhow, the three 'Clerks in Holy Orders' sailed in — and I with them.

Once ashore, I might have been back in a war-time atmosphere of red tape and regulations; at the same time, I might have been back at school. But it was a Bolshevist Dames' School. For the official guides in Russia are all women, — girls of the university type with a leavening of matrons, — and their guide curriculum for the education of tourists follows with tense concentration the school syllabus laid down by the Soviet Government.

In Leningrad, I came under the wing of a pleasant, plump, middle-aged lady, who had had a pre-war education in England and whose family had been rich under the old régime. In her altered circumstances she was, first of all, a housewife, and secondly a politician. But in Moscow my guide was too young to have clear memories of Tsarism, and had grown up entirely as a Bolshevik of the new régime. Both were extremely pleasant, extremely forthcoming, and extremely efficient. Both spoke English fluently, and their different outlooks gave me a wider view. For in Leningrad I listened to lowbrow domestic details; in Moscow conversation was on a highbrow political level. It was a good combination.

Mrs. Leningrad had a husband, two children, and one servant. They all lived in four rooms, in a house which had once belonged to a court chamberlain. They had not chosen it, she told us, and their quarters were most in-

convenient. But in Russia man proposes, and the State disposes. The house hunter applies to the local commissar, with details of his salary and of his family, and the State must produce something; but he must accept what is produced. The rent is according to his salary, and the number of rooms according to the number and the ages of his family. Mrs. Leningrad asked us whether foreigners like ourselves could still move easily.

'Here,' she said, 'it is terribly difficult. In fact, if a family is not comfortable, the only way to secure a change is to have another baby, after which one can return to the commissar to fill up a new form.'

Her husband worked as a state doctor and she as an official tourist guide and dressmaker, and they could just afford a servant, at twelve dollars a month, with an extra dollar, paid by Mrs. Leningrad, for health and unemployment insurance. Domestics, surprisingly, can go on pension at the age of forty-five.

But when we hinted at sympathy with her altered circumstances, Mrs. Leningrad was not at all sorry for herself.

'Oh, no,' she said, 'even if there were luxuries none of us would want them. We get all we need from the State and everybody works except the ill and the superannuated. And as for money, according to the way we live now, we need next to none, as the little we want to buy can be bought with next to none. Nor has anyone to save — indeed, it is illegal to hoard. There are state pensions for everyone; and after all, savings are only for one's old age.'

Money, indeed, can be dangerous in Russia. One of my tourist companions had been asked to bring a hundred and fifty dollars to a Russian living in Leningrad. But the man, instead of being pleased, was terrified. 'For goodness' sake, put it away,' he said. 'What use is it to me? Luxuries? It's a crime to hoard and I should be caught at once if I suddenly appeared with unaccountable money to spend. But I should not be the only one to be punished. You smuggled the money in, and if you were caught you would quite likely be an unwilling guest in Russia for a very considerable period.'

From the moment we arrived, we had been aware of this Soviet control of foreigner's money. There are no State Banks in Russia, but a Soviet Exchange Bureau was established on board ship before we landed. Our money was changed at the rate of two rubles to the dollar, and we were given certificates, which we had to sign, containing particulars of the transaction. And whenever we bought anything, this certificate had to be produced before we were given possession of our purchases, and on it had to be endorsed the amounts we had spent. Mrs. Leningrad told us we had no cause to complain. 'It is only self-protection,' she said. 'You capitalists refuse to recognize our ruble or to quote it on your foreign exchanges; and, as a result, outside Russia our money can be bought at very low rates. We watch every visitor to see that he does n't import cheap rubles to spend here. You will see the scheme working if you want to change your surviving rubles back into dollars when you leave. The Exchange Bureau will only pay you after they have verified, from an addition of the shop endorsements on your certificate, that you have not spent more rubles in Russia than you originally received when you exchanged your dollars on arrival.

'I suppose,' she went on, 'all this sounds very queer to you. But, as a matter of fact, our life is far easier than yours in its routine. Our State is responsible for every Russian in Russia

during the whole of his life. As a child he gets education and rations; as a worker, he gets pay and rations (and there is always work — we have no unemployment); as a pensioner, he gets pension and rations. And there is always cheap and good food for everybody. Into the bargain, housekeeping is easy, although I expect you would find it dull. Every householder has a series of ration books, covering both the essentials of life and luxuries; and only vegetables are an open market. The only shops belong to the State Coöperatives; and nothing can be bought without the production of the necessary ration book. We are only served if our books show that we have not already bought more than we are entitled to buy, according to state rationing regulations. I know exactly what I can have and cater accordingly. But my family only get the second scale of rations. We are sedentary workers. Manual workers get twice as much as we do. You see, it is not so complicated after all, and we understand rationing now and accept it because it suits us. And it applies to everything; not only food, but clothes, boots, soap, candles, oil — everything.'

Mrs. Leningrad was possibly speaking for many of her compatriots — but not for all. Another of my fellow travelers had an introduction to a professional Russian in Leningrad, and went to see him. His clothes were ill-fitting and worn; and in apologizing for them, he explained that three years ago he had had quite a good wardrobe, but that in 1927 the State had made an inventory of all the clothes in Russia, and had laid down by law what each person might possess. He had been left with only two suits and, according to ration regulations, he was not entitled to another for twelve months.

We told the story to Mrs. Leningrad, who shrugged her shoulders. 'He is not used to it yet,' she said, 'and probably does n't see what value this rationing has for the State. We buy what we need at cheap state prices, and the State provides without foreign imports. And as no one can buy more than his ration, money loses its point and the State can keep wages and pensions low. The scheme only hits me in one way. I should like to travel again as I did as a child. Of course, I can have a passport for abroad, provided I promise to return; but what should I do in Paris or in London or in New York? I could not buy my cheap Russian rations in the Rue de la Paix, or in Piccadilly or on Broadway. And I certainly know that the little money I have would not last me one meal according to your restaurant prices.'

II

Mrs. Leningrad was timid in her comments on the State and Church issue. She had certainly been devout before devotion went out of fashion in Russia. But the more politically-minded Miss Moscow was bluntly expansive on the topic. It was raised fortuitously. Sight-seeing over three weeks destroys all contact with time; and in Moscow one of us, surprised, after the emptiness of the Leningrad streets, to see crowds thronging the pavements, assumed that they were Sunday crowds enjoying their day off. The suggestion greatly entertained Miss Moscow. 'Those people *are* enjoying their day of rest; but it's not Sunday,' she said. 'We don't go in for Sundays or Mondays or, for the matter of that, for weeks. We work on a five-day cycle — four days' work, one day's rest. Thus the factories never stop and the shops never close. Sunday with everybody off together is out of date. It would interrupt our progress.'

'But what about church?' we asked.

'Of course the priests keep Sun-

day,' she answered, 'and everybody can go to church who wants to. But very few do.'

We carried the war into the enemy's camp.

'That is, if they can find a church open,' we countered. 'Have n't you closed most of them?'

'Not a bit of it.' Her voice was very metallic. 'We don't close churches; they close themselves. It is only when the priests and their congregations fail to keep them in good repair that the State intervenes. Churches with special claims to interest then become museums; otherwise, they are converted into warehouses and factories, of which Russia has far more need. The State has no objection to religion and tolerates every religion — but only so long as religion does not clog the machinery of our social and economic development. Under the old régime, our Church as a malevolent agency in Russia was second only to Tsarism. And the two worked hand in glove.'

The scene of our discussion moved to the Church of the Redeemer, which celebrates the French defeat in 1812. Miss Moscow brought us to a small dais on which were two thrones. 'While the common herd stood at worship,' she said, 'the Tsars alone sat, and this dais was to raise them above their subjects and nearer the Almighty, whom they claimed to represent on earth. As such, they could do and did what they liked without control or criticism — and the Church fostered the fiction. Now we have disestablished and disendowed it. It must never again have temporal power.'

In Leningrad, we had had a foretaste of how the Soviet is teaching the proletariat to regard religion. We had stopped opposite the Blue Mosque by the Peter-Paul Fortress. 'It,' said Mrs. Leningrad, 'was built by the last Tsar to conciliate his Moslem subjects. In the mornings it is still open for Mohammedan prayers; but in the afternoons there are daily antireligious meetings for all and sundry.'

But Moscow is the headquarters of the movement, and there we were shown the Soviet Antireligious Institute, where students qualify as antireligious teachers in the government schools. 'The next generation,' said Miss Moscow, 'will have been trained to regard religion purely as a spiritual force; and this knowledge will make it impossible, for all time, that the Church in Russia should again thwart the rights of the people.'

The Soviet has already in twelve years made great headway. On our peregrinations we overtook a tawdry, white-painted trolley, clattering briskly over the cobbles. On it was a coffin; it was unattended and, from the pace at which it was being carried, I assumed it was empty.

'Oh, no,' said Miss Moscow, 'it is going to the cemetery. The family has paid the driver to fetch the corpse from the house, and someone else has been paid to dig a grave. The two between them will bury the body and that will be all.'

'But,' I said, 'won't there be any religious service?'

'Maybe yes, maybe no — but most likely no.'

And there was a sequel. Later in the day the same trolley passed us clattering in the opposite direction. The coffin was still on it. 'Corpses,' said Miss Moscow, 'are no longer buried in coffins. Coffins are far too expensive.'

III

There were repeated indications that the Soviet wished us to take a good impression of Russia away with us, and it positively pandered to our physical needs. Our meals were Gargantuan

— but strongly *à la russe*. I met one elderly North of England merchant who expressed himself forcibly. 'Sturgeon!' he said. 'Never want to see the stuff again. I thought I was eating horse.' Personally, I enjoyed my meals extremely. I contrived always to seat myself at table opposite the caviare, and in three days ate at least ten dollars' worth. Only the Soviet waiting was poor. 'Buttling' as a profession is out of date, for New Russia lives on state rations and waits on itself.

And Soviet attentions could also be delicate. In our train from Moscow, we were brought *free* early morning tea in glasses and *free* rusks; and just before journey's end, the *doyen* of the Lady Guides, a lovely creature just like Pavlova, toured the whole train, like a hospital matron on her morning round. Speaking particularly for the men among us, we were charmed when, with a sweet smile, she asked us individually whether everything had been all right and whether we had had a really nice sleep.

But the Soviet Government, despite its solicitude for tourists, ostentatiously and, at times, pretentiously parades its belief in the maxim that charity should start at home. There are scores of canteens in the industrial quarters, where workers can queue up for their meat and bread rations and eat on the job, instead of having to go back to their homes for meals or bring food with them; there are *crèches* for workers' children; and, on the Neva and Moskva Rivers, there are workers' Lidos with swimming pools and water chutes and punts and skiffs and sun bathing. After we had seen the Moskva Lido, Miss Moscow showed us a full-blown Fun City with a fine helter-skelter, swing boats, roundabouts, and an ornamental lake. It was a pleasant and harmless, if slightly vulgar, resort; but Miss Moscow, whom we were coming to consider as being something of a prig, did not call a spade a spade. 'We have christened this place The People's Home of Culture and Rest,' she said pompously. The idea was really comic, and it was not the only incident which betrayed a Soviet lack of humor. In Moscow and Leningrad, we were shown old music halls, riding schools, closed churches, and the like — only to be told that they now pass under the most wonderful high-sounding titles as 'Institutes of this,' 'Seminaries of that,' and 'Symposiums of something else.' And even in the cinemas, nearly all the films are improving in tone or propagandist; hardly any are even vaguely amusing. There is a similarity between this Bolshevist pretentiousness and that of suburban commuters, who will call their semi-detached villas 'Sans Souci,' 'Quirinal,' 'Versailles,' and even 'The White House.'

In pleasant contrast, the Workers' Rest Home which we visited on the Neva Islands had the spontaneity and unassuming simplicity of a mixed summer camp. These homes are all through Russia, and are established in the suburban and country houses of the *ci-devants*. Workers are entitled to a fortnight's free holiday a year, and they run the homes themselves with one Soviet restriction only — prohibition. The home we saw had belonged to an imperial general and the grounds had been lovely. In ten years they have been allowed to fall into unlovely decay. But near the mansion there were badminton courts and gymnasium apparatus, and we met party after party of holiday makers returning from boating and swimming in the Neva.

Mrs. Leningrad gave us her set piece, standing beneath a huge picture of Lenin crudely frescoed on the wall of what had been the general's hall. 'Formerly,' she said, 'the house was

open for, at most, three months in the summer, and then only for the benefit of the general, his wife, and his son; to-day, it accommodates 270 workers and is open all the year round. Under Tsarism there was nothing but work, work, — day in, day out, — for the workers. And now I will show you how jolly this place has become.'

In the kitchen, 'duty-men' were cutting bread and chopping meat for *rissoles;* in the four dining rooms, 'duty-women' were laying the tables; the dormitories, where they slept by sexes, were tidy and well, if simply, furnished; in the recreation rooms — the old drawing-room, library, and boudoir — groups were talking and reading; finally, in the music room, a large party was listening to a long-haired impresario, who only broke into bourgeois jazz when we appeared. But Lenin was everywhere, the fairy godfather, as it were, of the holiday makers.

The Soviets are past masters of propaganda. We, as tourists, expected to be propagandized; but to all of us it was a surprise to realize the intensity of Soviet propaganda among their own people. Wherever we visited — in churches, in museums, and in palaces — we met scores of other touring parties — Russian parties of soldiers, sailors, and workers, each in charge of an official guide of the Soviet Educational Corps. In the Hermitage, I saw Mongols from Turkestan gaping at a Rembrandt; a spectacled girl of eighteen was explaining Velasquez to a group of bucolic soldiers; a class of children tittered over an overdeveloped nude by Rubens.

To watch them was to be moved to mirth; but in Tsarskoye Selo, the last Leningrad home of the last Tsar, I was moved to inarticulate wrath. In the imperial bedroom, we overtook a group of sailors standing round a blackboard, on which was pinned a photograph of Rasputin. It had been placed opposite the Tsarina's bed by the Soviet, and the sailors' guide was tense and fanatic in her explanations. What she said I could only guess; but I saw the sailors grinning and nudging each other. The presence of that photograph in that room was an outrage to common decency.

And on two occasions I had cause to marvel over the thoroughness of Soviet psychology. These propaganda visits are wearying and promote hunger. In the Hermitage, I came across a peasant workers' group, enjoying a ration lunch of garlic and black bread on a silk-covered Empire sofa, placed specially for their repose; and in the Hall of the Winter Palace, where formerly the Imperial Guard watched imperial departures, a long snack-counter now provides workers, who have completed their educational tours, with fish and onions at a dime a plate.

IV

There was no suggestion in our guides' explanations of monuments of any tinge of apology for the past. We were bourgeois; as likely as not we were Imperialists; some of us might even be aristocrats. Offense is the best form of defense. So, in St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad, we were told that the building was crying evidence of the callousness of imperial squandermania. It cost mints, and thousands of serfs died in the digging of its foundations in the fever-stricken Neva mud. In the Hermitage, British Royalty was ridiculed. Mrs. Leningrad halted us before a Van Dyck portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria. 'In life she was ugly and squat. Here she is lovely and graceful. Queens always insisted upon being passed down to posterity as fair as Venus.' But she was crudely gruesome in her belittlement of the

beauty of the Church of the Resurrection, where Alexander II was murdered by Nihilists. 'All this grandeur is bourgeois vulgarity,' she said, 'and it was only to hoodwink the world that we Russians mourned the murdered man. As a matter of fact, we were delighted when he was killed.'

Finally, in the libraries at Tsarskoye Selo, she stressed the maps and the long rows of military books on the shelves. 'Tsars, after Napoleon's time,' she said, 'thought only of wars and Empire aggrandizement. Russia and its needs — education, hygiene, industry — were nothing to them, so long as they were the most magnificent monarchs in the world.'

As sight-seers, we were absolutely under the thumb of our fair guides; but as visitors we became more independent. And my party of four wanted to shop. There was no objection; and, with Miss Moscow, we learned how shopping is done in Government 'Loot' Shops. They are stocked with the débris commandeered by the State after the Revolution from the houses of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie. But the one we visited might have been a jumble sale. We were at least two hundred tourist clients, and there were, at most, six saleswomen, and they spoke English indifferently. We snatched and grabbed like bargain fans at a summer sale; but eventually I succeeded in earmarking six imperially crested Wedgwood plates. And then the queues began. First, I had to queue up for my bill; then, in a different place, for another official to check the bill; next, farther down the shop, to settle the account; finally, with my receipt, I started again at the bottom of my first queue to get possession of my plates. Four officials were doing the work of one efficient salesman.

That experience taught us all we wanted to know of 'loot' shops. But we had not yet sampled 'queue' shops. We had seen scores of them; but in discussing them our guides had betrayed no irritation with the system. 'The people can only go in one by one,' they explained, 'as each ration book has to be checked individually before anyone can buy anything.' Miss Moscow, however, was less calm when we suggested joining a long queue outside a candy store. 'It is impossible.' 'Why?' 'It is impossible.' 'We don't see why.' . . . Five minutes' *poste* and *riposte* before she capitulated. Ten minutes later, we had our invitation from the Soviet shop manager to make some purchases 'privately.' 'Privately' in Russian does not mean 'privately' in English. With us in her wake, Miss Moscow bullocked straight through the queue. Thank goodness Russians are stolid. A low-town pit queue would have murdered us. But once inside we might have been buying candy at home, save that my two ounces of chocolate creams were filthy and cost half a dollar. But while we bought bourgeois fashion, the queue carried on Bolshevist fashion. Candy, it turned out, does not need ration books, and in turn the shoppers demanded at the cash desk whether the candy they wanted was in stock and at what price. If both answers were satisfactory, they passed what they wanted to spend over to the cashier, who gave them a coupon. With this token, they bought their candy at another counter. It all seemed a futile 'much ado about nothing.' But in answer to our torrent of questions, Miss Moscow's replies were masterpieces of feminine evasiveness.

'We have got used to them,' she said. 'To these people candy queues are no more irksome than theatre queues to you. In fact, many workers pass all their rest days queue-ing up. They only buy enough at one time to last

them to the top of another queue; then they buy again and go back to the bottom of the next one — and so on and so on. After all, queues are grand places for gossip. Some, of course, buy to resell at a small profit; and others on commission for those who are too lazy to go for themselves. I, personally, never stand in a queue.'

I felt exactly like Alice talking to the White Queen; and although I have seen a Russian queue in action, all I can say about its working is that it is a good thing that the New Russian has such a strong queue complex.

During our three days, the Soviet fed us well and guided us brilliantly; but transport was not so uniformly satisfactory. We started well in Leningrad in a well-sprung government car, — there are neither private cars nor taxis in Leningrad, — and presumably, while we toured, some commissar who normally rode was, to his deep disgust, walking to his office. But in Moscow our cruel fate was one of the few private taxis in Russia. It had no springs, the windows would not open, and the engine functioned on the principle of dot-and-carry-one. Miss Moscow gave us no sympathy. 'You are spoiled,' she said, 'with your money and your luxury. Here, taxis are utter luxury. We Russians never use them. We either walk or ride in trams which are run by a Department of State with very low fares.'

And further shocks awaited us on our last day in Leningrad. It was pouring with rain, and presumably the weather had given the commissars an excuse to demand the return of their cars. Anyhow, our last excursions in Russia were made in a hard-sprung bus, which was not only an agony but a peril. But our railway experiences were happier. The whole two hundred of us for Moscow had clean and roomy sleepers; the linen was fresh; and all the stories of things walking and crawling in our mattresses proved to be moonshine. But one lady had believed them disastrously. At Hels ngfors, she had bought a kill-me-quick insecticide, the whole of which she at once broadcasted over her cushions. The liquid was a virulent form of tear gas, and she and her very indignant daughter wept all the way to Moscow.

V

While I was in Russia, I found myself listening rather than looking; what I saw was of less interest to me than what I heard. Leningrad was the more depressing of the two towns we visited. The streets, mainly empty, were in shocking condition, with potholes as large as shell holes and mud inches deep. But they were in keeping with their surroundings. Slums succeeded squalor; genteel poverty succeeded slums; and over all brooded melancholy and despair. It was a tenement town. Plaster was peeling from dingy walls; drainpipes were rusted and broken; the glass in the windows was cracked and dirty; nothing had known the feel of paint for years. Shops were boarded-up caverns gaping on to the road; and in street after street those queues propped themselves patiently against the walls. 'Ichabod' was written black over Leningrad.

The centre of the town was less dead. There were trams; there were policemen and policewomen, both smoking; there was some horse-drawn traffic; and there was movement on the pavements. But, though the people looked sturdy and well-fed, my depression deepened. Their clothes, though possibly warm, were subfusc and ill-fitting, and I longed for a splash of color to relieve the general drabness. And there were no advertisements. Here, gaudy or crude, they would have been actually welcome. And it rained continuously,

and the street walkers had no umbrellas. Leningrad was ghastly.

Moscow, after Leningrad, seemed alive — almost impudently alive. The streets were as bad, if not worse, and the houses cried as loudly for paint and plaster; but the pavements were crowded and so were the trams, the shops made some show of window display, and there were signs of building activity. Above all, the people seemed less drab and more virile. Many were in summer whites, and their linen was well laundered; and the inevitable crowd outside our hotel seemed somehow to convey almost a sense of superiority in their looks. 'You may have fine clothes and any amount of money; but now, we can get on quite well without you, thank you.'

In one respect only did Leningrad take the palm from Moscow. The Oktober Prospekt is the only modernly paved Russian street we saw. Our first view of it was at night, as we were going to our Moscow train. It was brilliantly lit all down its three miles of straightness; it was crowded, and the shops, being closed, did not betray their nakedness. 'Only at night,' said Mrs. Leningrad, 'when the lights are on can I remember that this Prospekt used to be the Nevsky Prospekt of my girlhood.'

I had been told for years what a terrible place Russia was, and having seen it, I do not at all want to live there. But when I am now asked how Russians behaved toward us . . . well, you might as well try to analyze the feelings of one cow toward another cow.

We were incidentals, not features, in the Russian landscape. Only once was there an incident of articulate hostility. We were standing harmlessly round Mrs. Leningrad listening to some explanation of a monument, when a country cart rumbled past. No sooner did the carter spot us than, in uncontrollable fury, he began to shout himself black in the face, and the air became so thick with invective that our chauffeur leapt from his seat and tore after the cart and took its number and the carter's name. What the sequel was, goodness knows. Mrs. Leningrad confined her comment to the statement that such incidents gave tourists a bad and a wrong impression of Russia.

But another incident, in which I was the hero, completely blotted out all bad impressions of the carter and his oaths. When I got up to dress in the train from Moscow, it was streaming with rain and the carriage was cold. Drowsily, I seized what I thought was the lever of the heating apparatus. Instead, I pulled the communication cord, and, with a hiss from the Westinghouse brake, the train stopped. I was horror-struck. What would be the Russian penalty for 'improper use'? Archangel? But in the end I thanked my lucky stars that I was in Russia, and that the guard looked and was as paternal as Hindenburg, and had a sense of humor. Although our only language was by signs, my pantomime, as I reconstructed the crime in my flannel pyjamas, was so ludicrous that the Hindenburgian traits relaxed and suddenly, to my great relief, the old Field Marshal was roaring with laughter. He whistled the train on and went to tell some colleagues the joke. When I was safely back on board our good ship, I wondered to myself what would have happened to me had I pulled one of Mr. Mussolini's communication cords.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

What's behind the name

The stories of family names have proved of wide personal interest. The pioneers in the field found that every yard of the ground over which they traveled was beset with obstacles in every way as great as those that impede the advance of students in the field of etymology. We have names that are supposed to be derived from the seasons of the year, such as Christmas, Easter, Lammas, Noel, Pask, and so forth, yet when one discovers that there exists in a certain English county the parish of Lammas, and that the Rolls of the County contain the name of Richard de Lammas, one may be justified in believing that the name is derived from the place where the said Richard lived, rather than from Lammastide. Noel may have to do with Christmas, but it has been suggested that it is a mere Anglicism of the French name Noailles, and not an appropriation of the French *Noël*, Christmas.

Perhaps a more interesting example is afforded by the name Leach, unquestionably one of a physician; but the surname Blackleach is not derived from it. In the *Hundred Rolls* for 1273, William de Lèche is described as a physician, but in 1397 the name Henry de Lache indicated a man who lived by a lake or pool, and the name Blackleach means a man living by a black pool.

Our personal and family names have been derived from many languages and from many sources — Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Danish, Celtic, Gaelic, Teutonic, Norman, French, Flemish, Dutch, and so forth. When Julius Cæsar landed in Britain in B. C. 55, he noticed that the natives were painted in woad with signs and symbols. These symbols designated the members of the different tribes that opposed him. After this form of tattooing passed out, distinctions of costume took its place.

The origin of the family name is explained as follows: A man who founded a family had the personal name Adam; his sons became Adamin. The families multiplied; they spread over the land, and the head of each branch became the ancestor and gave his name to the sept or group of related persons who claimed descent from him. We may get an idea of how this worked from the Book of Genesis, in which we read: 'Now these are the generations of the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth: and unto them were sons born after the flood. The sons of Japheth: Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. . . . And the sons of Javan: Elishah, and Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim. By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations.'

Later, to the individual name, terms descriptive of personal peculiarities were added. If the descendant settled in some other part of the country, the region where he settled was added to this name, and so, in due time, characteristics, emotions, relationship, occupations, location names, dignities, common or official positions, pursuits, skill, natural phenomena, birds, beasts, fish, and other creatures, weights,

measures, characteristics of locality, and even of disease, were used.

Every Roman had three names: the first, his individual name, as Cornelius; the second, one designating the family to which he belonged, as Scipio (a stick or staff, because this particular Roman served as a stick and might be used in guiding his blind father, and so the name was handed down as a family name to his descendants); the third, indicating his gens — Cornelia — that is, the house or tribe of which he was a member. All of the members of a gens were one people. Sometimes an agnomen, or name associated with some place of achievement, or the manner of achievement itself, was added — as Africanus, or Asina.

When the tribe or clan name was given up, only the personal name was left. The clan is a body of kindred having a class name and a tribal organization, usually ruled by a hereditary chieftain, as among the Highlanders of Scotland; a tribe, family; as, the 'clan Campbell.' Differing from the family, kinship in the clan is traced by only one line of descent. The clan is distinguished from the tribe in that the latter may consist of several classes of brotherhoods. It differs from the village in that the villagers are bound by territorial obligations rather than by ties of kinship.

Personal names were found to be insufficient to differentiate one man from another, and there were not enough names to go around. Consequently, descriptive appellations were introduced. These were strictly personal, and expired with the death of the bearer. Ultimately surnames became hereditary, and in due time laws were passed requiring persons who traveled around without surnames to assume them.

In ancient Ireland the sept was a group of related persons claiming descent from a common ancestor, and subject to the paternal rule of a hereditary chief, especially in a branch of a race or tribe. These family names have come down the years with practically no corruption, and so, in their pristine purity, we have a galaxy, from Brian Boru to William T. Cosgrave or MacCosgair, the like of which cannot be matched by any other nation — the Scots included, for in the latter there has been so much crossbreeding that in some cases the original family name has been displaced by a later patronymic.

The history of proper names affords an interesting chapter to the etymologist, for it mirrors the progress of society, and it casts side lights upon the customs and pursuits of the people. We have borrowed names from everything, good and bad. Of the names on the London Stock Exchange of a century ago we have the following record: —

A Raven, a Nightingale, two Daws, and a Swift.
A Flight and a Fall!
Two Foxes, a Wolf, and two Shepherds.
A Taylor, a Collier, a Mason, and a Tanner,
Three Turners, four Smiths, three Wheelers.
Two Barbers, a Paynter, a Cook, a Potter, and five Coopers.
Two Greens, four Browns, and two Greys.
A Pilgrim, a King, a Chapel, a Chaplain, a Parson, three Clerks, and a Pope,
Three Baileys, two Duns, a Drab, and a Hussey!
A Hill, a Dale, and two Fields.
A Rose, two Budds, a Cherry, a Flower, two Vines, a Birch, a Fearn, and two Peppercorns.
A Steel, two Bells, a Pulley, and two Banisters.

This list contains the names of birds, beasts, occupations, callings, colors, officials, flowers, and so forth.

A name, no matter how insignificant, invariably brings to mind the person who bears it; the personal appearance, moral attributes, or some event with which he or she is identified. Its mere mention may cover with blushes the cheek of a maiden who believes her

secret about to be revealed, or increase the heart throb of the man who loves her, fire with rage the eyes of an enemy, or awaken the deepest emotions of one separated by distance from a beloved friend. This is the power that distinguishes a proper name from a common one. So many of our common words have been used to form proper names — to wit: Goodfriend, Greatheart, Dearborn, Love, Darling, and the like. With 'love' alone we have formed ten names, from Loveday to Lovethorpe.

Originally all names were significant. The father of a family would call each one of his children by some distinctive term, and they in return would give him a name by which he was distinguished from other men. At the outset a single name was assigned to each individual, and that name was given to him in allusion to some circumstance connected with his person or relating to his birth, or some hope that sprung from the heart of his parents. Color and complexion are responsible for a number of these, such as Fairchild, Lilywhite, Blackhead, and Whitelock. Sometimes the form of the head was used, and so we have Greathead, Longhead, and Littlehead; then again, the size of the man was taken into account, and so we have Longman, Longfellow, and Longshanks, Short and Shorter, Slight and Small, and Tallman. The name of a well-known lexicographer, for example, is to be traced to a physical characteristic — long sight. It is a corruption of the Italian *visiatello*, a word that means farsighted. The name was spelled Visiataly in old English registers; an ancestor, the first Henry Vizetelly, was buried in the parish of Saint Botolph's, Bishopsgate, London, in 1691. Early forbears left Italy for England in the days of Mary Tudor.

When only given names were common, and they were too few to go around, some distinguishing characteristics were added, and so we got Black Barnabas, whose family, by transposition of the given name and assumption of the characteristic, later became known as Black. Timothy Blunt was once Blunt Timothy. Dignities and the priestly offices gave us King, Prince, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron, Lord, and Knight; Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Fryer, Monk, and Priest. The habits of persons were sometimes responsible for patronymics. From this source we get Allwork, Careless, Drinkwater, Godliman, Goodchild, Greatheart, Pert, Reckless, Quickly, Stiff, Still, Slowman, and Whistler. Sometimes property owned was used, as in the case of the names Chisel, Chicken, Leatherbarrow, Birdwhistle, Appletree.

In time the localities where men dwelt supplied their names. In this way place names became personal names, whether of hamlet, village, or town, pond or lake, forest, wood, or green, hill and dale, ferry, bridge, or stream.

This was a most prolific source and includes, among names beginning with *At-* alone, At*hill*, At*moore*, At*bridge*, Att*ridge*, Att*water*, and Att*wood*. Then there are such others as Bath*gate*, Ba*thurst*, Bel*combe*, Beech*am*, Bird*brook*, Black*burn*, Bos*well*, Bodi*cote*, *Bridg*man, By*wood*, By*water*, and *Burn*side.

Next in number were, and still are, the occupational names. Among these may be cited Abbott, Aleman, Archer, Arrowsmith, Ashburne, Blacksmith, Butcher, Carder, Carpenter, Caterer, Chapman, Constable, Cooper, Ditcher, Farmer, Ferrier, Webster, and many more. The elements were represented by such names as Dawn, Fairweather, Fineweather, Freeze, Frost, Sky, Shade,

Summerfield, Sunshine, Spring, Fall, and Midwinter.

Bird life has provided names through nearly all the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Bird and ending with Wren. We have to this day Corbett from 'corbie,' and Cranes, Crows, Drakes, Daws, and Doves; Fowles, Finches, and Falcons; Grouse and Goslings; Hawkes and Herons; Jays, Kites, Nightingales; Peacocks, Partridges, and Parrots; Rooks and Swans; Sparrows and Swifts; Tealls and Turtles. From quadrupeds we have drawn Badger, Bullock, Beaver, Catt, Fox, Hart, Hare, Lion, Lamb, Stagg, and Tiger. The fish have furnished a number, too, such as Bass, Chubb, Grayling, Herrington, Ling, Pike, Perch, Ray, Roach, Salmon, and Whiting.

Another source of personal names is that derived from weapons, as Gunn, Dagg, Spear, Spearman, Spareshot, Pike, Pickering, and so forth; and from utensils, such as Spooner and Spoon, Pitcher, Ewer, Jug, Napkin; and in connection with the last the following story is told. In the County of Sussex, England, there once resided a farmer from Lewes, one of its two county towns. He bore the name of Napkin Brookes. Both of these names he inherited from his grandfather, a foundling, who had been exposed at some place in Surrey, tied up in a napkin, and laid on the bank of a brook. As no trace of the child's parents could be found, it was named Napkin Brookes. Another Sussex family bears the name of By-the-Sea, because, according to tradition, the first member of the family was discovered, when an infant, abandoned on the sandy beach.

All that has been said here applies not merely to the names of the English-speaking races, but to the names of the other races of Europe and elsewhere. For example, the French names Charpentier, Delair, Lesueur, Parfait, Rameau, and the like, are all occupational names; so, also, are the German names Bauer, Dichter, Lehrer, Kaufman, Schmidt, and so forth, and such Spanish names as Carpintero, Carnicer, Herrera, and Zapatero.

Cock o' the walk

At dusk, it began to spit snow out of the northeast through the ragged remnants of a fog that for weeks had inundated the Puget Sound country like a soft Lethean tide. In the morning, the half-dozen chipping sparrows that I had been feeding through the fall came to the cherry tree in front of the dining-room window as usual; but when I raised the sash and threw out to them their regular allotment of broken bread, it disappeared in the soft snow. Each bird turned a cheerless eye upon the pitted white surface into which its breakfast had vanished, but did not stir. Then I scattered more crumbs over the narrow strip of bare ground protected by the eaves. These they fell upon greedily, each grabbing a fragment and heading for its usual retreat under the fence. But they were not snow-wise as are Eastern birds, and promptly sank out of sight into this strange new something that had buried all their familiar runways among the rank grass and stark, overtopping weeds. Presently they fluttered out, bedraggled and breadless, and did not repeat the blunder, eating the remainder of their meal upon solid earth under the window.

On the third day of the snow a fox sparrow, all bunched up with the cold, dropped casually into the cherry tree during the morning meal, and after a few moments of deliberation slid quietly down among the cheery company of chipping sparrows at breakfast. But his lordship would not condescend to eat with common folk, and, ruth-

lessly assailing his humble cousins, scattered them in a panic.

As the corner under the dining-room window was sheltered by two walls and faced the southwest, a crust soon formed over the snow, and upon this spotless tablecloth the food for the birds was thrown. On the fifth day, just as the lordly fox sparrow was hustling away the vulgar proletariat from the festal board, a towhee appeared. For a few moments he stood beside the cherry tree, head high and white-edged tail jerking spasmodically; then with three jumps (you know how he jerks along double-footed) he fell upon the fox sparrow with such enthusiasm that that thick-necked bully scurried away to the neighboring thicket, shedding every vestige of his dignity as he gathered speed.

Toward evening the towhee was joined by his less conspicuously colored helpmeet, and after all the 'small fry' had been driven off these two proceeded to enjoy the good things vouchsafed to them. But hunger is no mean stimulator of courage, and in a few moments all the sparrows were back, hastily grabbing what fragments they could behind the backs of the two tyrants, who, like the little Corsican, could not be everywhere at the same time.

On the sixth night more snow fell, and in the morning the thermometer on our back porch stood at ten above zero — cold weather indeed for Puget Sound! Desperate with hunger, a flock of Californian quail ventured up within a rod of the food thrown out. But there they halted; looked as long and wishfully at the tempting titbits as did ever Moses at the Promised Land; then, at a warning cluck from their alert leader, who had spied me at the window, ran back to the shelter of the grove as only quail can run. Later they discovered the manure pile under a shed at the rear of the barn, and there they would sit by the hour about the smoking litter, like marooned and downcast sailors about a beach fire.

That afternoon a pair of flickers, which for several years had frequented a huge Douglas fir stub beyond the cherry orchard, warily inspected the food supply from the roof of the house, but contented themselves with drumming a resounding tattoo upon the shingles. In summer, by the way, the male flicker, while the female is nesting in the fir stub, drums lustily upon a five-gallon oil can that I have nailed to the top of a post at the pasture bars as a shelter for the cow's halter in wet weather. Throughout the cold snap these two old aristocrats never joined their feathered neighbors at the common board. They did not go hungry, either; for they discovered a pile of refuse apples under the wide eaves of the barn shed, and upon these they dined sumptuously every day, delaying their meal, though, until the afternoon sun had somewhat softened the frozen fruit.

One day I noticed a third bird upon the pile of discarded apples, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be an unusually large cock robin. For a time he hung about the barn with a red squirrel that had taken up its quarters there and was shamelessly feeding upon my choicest Wagener apples, gaining access heaven only knows how to the root cellar in which they were stored.

One afternoon when the sun failed to soften the frozen fruit, Father Robin sauntered over to the cherry tree by the dining-room window, halting and cocking his head to one side several times along the way, as if the habit of listening for earthworms was ineradicable. Flying up into the tree, he watched for some time the feasting below him with an air of apparent indifference; then he dropped leisurely

down among the feathered diners, whose number had so greatly increased that dear old Ann, the officer in immediate charge of our domestic commissariat, declared that if the cold spell continued our bread bill would bankrupt us.

The number of pensioners had indeed multiplied. There were now a score of chipping sparrows, three towhees, three voracious and pugnacious varied thrushes, a sizable flock of small orange-crested birds that I could not identify, and a solitary Western evening grosbeak that would sit in the cherry tree by the hour solemnly watching the food over its exaggerated and grotesque beak, but never, so far as we knew, deigning to sample it but once.

One morning the regular boarders were joined by a trim visitor about the size of a robin, whose entire plumage was a pure rich buff, suggesting England's historic Ross-shire Buffs. It was shy and restless, alighting and realighting almost continuously, not venturing near enough to taste the food, and remaining not longer than a couple of minutes. It was so serenely, assuredly beautiful that, had not other members of the family seen it, I might regard it as an illusion. Thus far, my fascinating caller remains unidentified.

When Father Robin finally decided upon more substantial fare than frozen apples, the situation under the window was about as follows. When the sash went up, the sound brought all the birds with a rush, and the feasting and quarreling promptly began. The chipping sparrows always arrived first, on smooth and even wing, the embodiment of modesty and good manners. The fox sparrow always ran the chipping sparrows a close second. When he had charged them with a fury that admitted of no compromise, he would select the choicest titbits and, fluffing up his rufous feathers until he looked positively odious in his self-esteem, proceed to eat in a most leisurely manner. But his sangfroid was usually of brief duration; for the three towhees would follow close upon his heels, their beady black eyes greedily aglitter. After a rapid survey of the edibles, they would dash in upon the solitary diner and put him to ignominious flight; then each would seize a substantial chunk of bread and scamper round the corner of the house to the shelter of the honeysuckle, where he could eat with his back to the wall, thus preventing any feline surprise from the rear. Often before the towhees had made good their retreat the three thrushes would swoop down and scatter all the birds in sight, the sad old grosbeak watching the whole unmannerly performance from the top of the cherry tree with an air of utter disgust.

On this particular occasion the thrushes had just alighted, cutlass in hand, so to speak, when Father Robin decided to join in the game. He slipped indolently down from a near-by branch, stood for a few moments as if contemplating another nap, and then rushed at the larger of the male thrushes with a verve that made that colorful gentleman depart precipitately. The towhees, returning for another snack, took one look at the sturdy warrior in red, and then discreetly withdrew to the shelter of a bristling hardhack that guarded the nearest fence corner. Father Robin, with head high, breast out, and his short, straight back set pridefully at nearly right angles to the snow, hopped leisurely about until he discovered a beef bone. This he proceeded to strip clean, while the lesser birds dined upon dry bread snatched as best they could from behind his back.

The table etiquette of these birds was interesting. The chipping sparrows daintily severed crumb after crumb from the larger pieces of bread,

working their tiny jaws with great rapidity. The fox sparrow went solemnly and formally about the ceremony of eating, reminding one of an Englishman at dinner. The towhees evidently knew nothing of Lady Macbeth's advice to her guests on the night of the tragic banquet, but bolted their food in truly quick-lunch fashion. The three varied thrushes were just plain gluttons. It was difficult indeed to associate those greedy and rowdy-like varied thrushes with one of the most remarkable bird songs heard on the Pacific Coast. For the song of the male during the nesting season, as he tarries among the moss-draped cedars high up on the side of Mount Rainier, would touch the hardest heart that ever lay in human breast. The single long-drawn note, uttered in varying keys by scores of invisible choristers, kindles in one 'those thoughts that wander through eternity,' and makes one feel the mood of Keats as he listened to his beloved nightingale.

Perfectly natural

There are certain types of behavior that we ordinarily explain as perfectly natural. We are so constructed that behavior of this sort is inevitable, we say. Because we behave in a particular fashion, we assume that all men do. I hope to demonstrate otherwise: that there is no more overworked excuse for our peculiar ways than to say that they are 'perfectly natural.'

I remember distinctly a frosty morning in the White Mountains of Arizona. Saddling my horse, I jammed my finger in the latigo strap. I hopped up and down with pain and, of course, stuck the finger in my mouth. When the paroxysm was over, I looked up to find my Apache guide leaning over his saddle. 'What for you do that?' 'Do what?' 'Why does a white man stick his finger in his mouth?' 'Don't you?' 'No, Indians never do that.' (Apaches alone, he meant.)

Here was a new twist of human nature. I suppose I have always stuck my finger in my mouth, just as everybody does; or at least so I thought until Friday, my Apache, brought me up short. One does not have to be taught the habit: it is just natural. A rational enough explanation can be given: the warmth of the mouth mitigates congestion in the blood vessels, and the sucking, acting on the pressure buds in the skin, substitutes another feeling for pain. But Friday's observation makes me think that this explanation is not so much the reason for the reaction as a rationalization of it. For certainly an Apache's crushed finger hurts quite as much as ours and he has surely had as much experience in sticking it into his mouth. The act is habit with us, not with him.

The next Indian tribe I lived with that summer was the Havasupai, and I took occasion to inquire about this. No, no one ever stuck his injured finger in his mouth there — it was unheard of. How far this prevails generally among Indians and other peoples I do not know, but I am convinced that sticking a crushed finger in the mouth is by no means the perfectly natural reaction I had thought it.

Among the same Havasupai we were playing a game — rolling a hoop and casting poles after it. While waiting my turn, I balanced one of the poles on the tip of my finger. No trick at all, especially with a heavy pole. But there were my Havasupai pop-eyed with astonishment. They had never seen it done before. Not that they could not do it: in fact, their hands were steadier than mine, and within a few minutes all the young men were more or less adept at a new and fascinating game.

Years ago, at Zuñi Pueblo in New

Mexico, Dr. A. L. Kroeber called my attention to the way the Zuñi sneezed. They stuck their tongues out, or at least popped the tip between the open lips. One would suppose they would bite it off, but somehow they manage not to. It is certainly different from our way of sneezing, but it comes to the same end. For no one but a boor among us allows a sneeze to go loud and unrestrained. We cover it with the hand or stifle it by sheer might. Whether we constrain the muscles of throat and mouth to react against the spasmodic ejaculation in our fashion or follow Zuñi habit, it comes to the same thing: good taste demands that the paroxysm be repressed, and habits condition how it shall be done.

We do have to learn that. We admonish our children to cover up a sneeze and we usually tell them outright how it is to be done. But whether we are deliberately taught or as children imitate our elders, we learn more or less unconsciously to follow the stereotyped behavior of our kind.

Yet another example to make this learning of behavior patterns clear. Some of us use a wink significantly; by this I mean that we signal someone or call attention to a hidden meaning. I discovered that the Havasupai simply did not understand a wink. Here is another 'perfectly natural' action which 'everybody would understand,' but which with this Indian tribe simply did not take effect.

The fact is that a deliberate wink is by no means natural. I have watched my own youngsters learning to wink; yes, *learning*. As babies they could imitate a blink, and when old enough to understand they would blink on command. But wink with one eye — not a bit! At first when they closed both eyes they opened their mouths. A little later they controlled that. But it was not until they were four that they could manage to wink with one eye without screwing up the other side of the face. As a matter of fact, if my gentle reader will try it at this moment, he will discover that with one eye he is adept, while the other cannot be used quite so well. We develop a set of muscular habits for one eye quite different from those for the other.

The situation is quite analogous to learning to tie a knot or fasten a button. We have to learn how. So far as I am aware, every people in the world, primitive or civilized, knows how to tie knots. It is by no means obvious that this should be so, for knot tying is not natural in the sense of being inborn; it must be learned. A knot is a simple enough construct, but manipulating the fingers to tie it is a complex series of coördinated movements. Knot making may well be part of the ancient heritage of man, carried over the globe as he settled the outlying lands. At any rate, someone discovered the manipulation and others followed suit, but only by deliberate learning.

Fastening a button is of the same order. Little children have difficulty in managing it. Their hands are all thumbs. Their clumsy attempts to get the button through the stubborn cloth are only gradually transformed into that skillful thrust of the thumb that drives the button through the hole, as the fingers swiftly manœuvre the edges. These habits, as with tying knots, become automatic, and being automatic are swiftly executed, and executed without thought or watching. Given an unfamiliar situation and the process requires concentration — don't those of us who are accustomed to four-in-hands have a devil of a time managing bow ties? And, as a matter of fact, the mirror does not help much; we rather fall back on the automatic movement of the fingers, only checking the result in the mirror or the eyes of a wife.

We recognize that all these cases are complicated enough to demand training. The little child is plastic in its activities: all sorts of random movements are presents to be trained, moulded, into set forms. The particular personal habits that develop are those that are customary in the social group in which the child grows, and these vary widely the world over. But this is no less true of seemingly simple actions, such as walking, posturing, gesturing. Again, what is 'perfectly natural,' 'the only possible way,' turns out to be fixed by convention — that is, by learning.

Let us take a simple problem: we wish to point out something. The 'natural' way — the 'only' way, we might say, is to lift the hand and stretch out the index finger. But the Zuñi, for example, solve the problem otherwise; for them, pointing with the finger is in the grossest taste, as too ostentatious. They protrude the lips, barely turning the head; a swift, fleeting gesture, but enough. This is a common behavior pattern among Indians generally, although varying conventionally from the rather prominent protrusion affected by the Zuñi.

Gestures in general follow conventional forms. Northwest Europeans and Americans make far less use of gestures in conversation than southern and eastern Europeans. It is nonsense to hold an excitable Latin or Slavic temperament responsible. Italians growing up in thoroughly American communities show none of this. We too indulge in gesticulation under set conditions, and that always of a stereotyped sort. Compare the flamboyant gestures of a spread-eagle speech with the restrained movements of a man in a business conference. Not only is their general character fixed by the occasion, but the particular motions are a matter of convention. There is nothing more amusing than to read in an old-fashioned manual of public speaking how by waving the arms the 'future,' 'abnegation,' 'resignation,' 'on the one hand and on the other,' are to be indicated.

What of posture and gait? Here are traits that should be fixed by anatomical structure and physiological limitations, if any. But let us see. When a Pueblo Indian woman sits on the ground, she stretches her legs out straight before her. For a plains woman such a position would be the height of indecency: she sits with her legs drawn back under her to one side. Adult Americans cannot easily manage either, because of our chair-using habit. The position of ease of one people is intolerable for another. At the command 'At ease!' our infantryman slouches, leaning on his gun, shifting his weight from one foot to the other (and, watching the R.O.T.C. drill at this moment from my window, I observe that the student rookies are deliberately imitating one another). In Africa the comparable position is for the warrior to stand stork-like on one leg, leaning on his spear, with his lifted foot resting behind the other knee. Curiously enough, Dr. F. G. Speck came on this posture transplanted among the Nanticoke Indians of Delaware, where an appreciable admixture of Negro slave blood is known.

How old are such conventional habits is difficult to say. They are old enough at any rate to have become characteristic over wide areas and to be unconsciously assumed. That an Indian of both Americas, so far as I am aware, always whittles toward himself like an east Asiatic is suggestive that this trait goes back to that remote time when the ancestral Indians migrated across Bering Strait. This brings to mind a painting in the American Museum of Natural History in New

York, which depicts a group of neolithic hunters resting. Some of these stone-age European ancestors of ours are shown seated on logs; others stand about slouching as we should. Apparently it never occurred to the painter, Mr. Charles Knight, nor to Dr. H. F. Osborn, under whose direction he worked, to inquire whether neolithic men would have held just these poses. We do not know. It may well be that our present-day habits are as old as neolithic times (some ten thousand years). But we cannot assume that what we do to-day is the 'natural' way, which we must have followed since time immemorial.

If postures are fixed by customs, so are gaits. They tell me that college professors 'clank' when they walk. I see for myself that business men affect a quick, choppy stride, although it differs enormously in New York and Oklahoma City. Just as the budding engineer invariably wears a bow tie and demonstrates with a pencil, while the embryo medic takes on a bedside manner, the young lawyer the flapping characteristics of his guild, the dude-ranch cow-puncher the get-up of the real thing, so gaits are assumed. Among ourselves they are all variants of a single style. It is not easy to define how we walk in so many words, but the manner is clear if we contrast it, for instance, with the curious heel-to-ground shuffle of the Japanese. One can almost always spot in our streets a Japanese born on the islands, despite his American garb, by the way he strikes his heels to the pavement. American-bred Japanese do not have the trick. Gaits are learned, imitated in early childhood.

Motor traits of the type we have been discussing are as much the subject of learning as the acquisition of the alphabet or the Lord's Prayer. By little children these acquired skills are learned perhaps largely unconsciously; in later life, the modification to a new habit may have its inception in a more deliberate attempt, but even then, it seems to me, the subject is usually only vaguely aware of his imitation. It is quite disconcerting to discover the youngster in the corner imitating my laugh or other mannerism. He does it spontaneously and adopts it wholeheartedly. When he walks beside me he more self-consciously attempts to match my stride. In a thousand and one things — habits, attitudes, modes of thought and expression — he soaks up unconsciously what is set before him.

The essential point is that our common activities are fixed by the social mould just as our ideas, our language, and our use of things mechanical. No one doubts that we go to church, keep a bank account, join a service club, because we are members of a particular society. But to find that common bodily actions are also culture-conditioned is eye-opening. It looks very much as though culture made serious inroads on the core of personality; little is left which is surely natural in the sense of being inborn.